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# WESTERN AMERICANA

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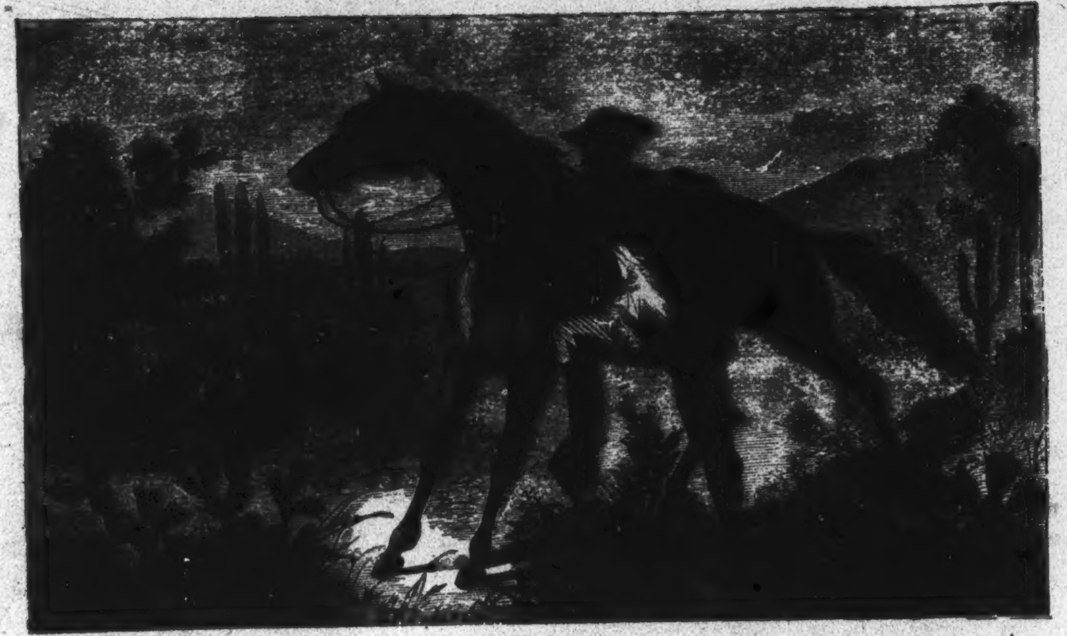

QUI VIVE LA?

# Á LA
# CALIFORNIA.
## SKETCHES OF LIFE
## IN THE
## GOLDEN STATE.

BY COL. ALBERT S. EVANS.
Author of "Our Sister Republic."

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY COL. W. H. L. BARNES, AND ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY ERNEST NARJOT.

SAN FRANCISCO:
A. L. BANCROFT & COMPANY,
Publishers, Booksellers and Stationers.
1873.

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TO MY MOTHER,

IN TOKEN OF

AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE,

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED

BY

HER LONG ABSENT SON.

# AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

SOME years since my deeply lamented friend, the late Albert D. Richardson, who keenly appreciated Western character, called my attention to the fact that the first chapter in the history of California, following the American occupation of the country, and the discovery of gold, was drawing rapidly to a close; and, under the influence of railroads and the telegraph, and the influx of a different class of immigrants from the older Atlantic States, society would soon lose its distinctive character. He suggested that I should collect and prepare for publication a portion of the fund of anecdotes illustrative of the reckless, adventurous, stirring life of the generation now passing away, which he knew I had accumulated from personal observation, believing that the material was worth preserving, and that the reading public would appreciate the labor and enjoy the perusal of the book. The suggestion struck me favorably; and I commenced the work immediately, following it until the volume was more than half completed, when I was called away to the tropics, and the project was for the time abandoned. It is only recently that I have been able to resume the work and push it to completion. I have not endeavored to produce a statistical work upon California, and do not think it would have paid me if I had, but to give a vivid and truthful picture of scenes for the most part unfamiliar to the residents of the older States of the Union, avoiding, so far as might be, traveling in the beaten track of tourists, and the discussion of subjects already grown hackneyed and tiresome to the general reader.

The book, I think, will repay perusal, and if it does not, the reader will at least have the consolation of knowing that the author is after all the greatest loser in the operation.

# INTRODUCTION.

MY lamented friend, Col. Albert S. Evans, was engaged upon this book for some time prior to his death. Of its success he entertained confident expectations, and had spared no pains to render it attractive in every respect.

He perished in the unfortunate disaster by which the steamship "Missouri" was burned at sea in October, 1872, while on her passage from New York towards Havana; and his work has thus unexpectedly fallen on those who had no other thought than one of sympathy with him in his hopes of its success, financially as well as in a literary point of view.

The author was quite widely and favorably known from his long connection with journalism and previous literary efforts. To a large circle of friends he was endeared by admirable social qualities and a career of unswerving integrity. Whatever may be the judgment of careful critics as to the merits of this posthumous publication, to those who knew him it will have a value beyond the reach of any standard of letters. It is the final and unfinished work of his day of life, and for that reason, if no other, they will cherish it. It is, alas! one of the few presently available resources of a desolated family; and for that reason, if no other, they will cheerfully, I am sure, contribute towards its pecuniary success.

That it has high literary merit, will not be doubted. To other than Californian readers it will commend itself by the freshness and vitality of its style, and the charming though rather strongly localized character of its descriptions and incidents. Doubtless there is somewhat of incompleteness in the detail and final arrangement of its parts, which would have been remedied, and perhaps remodeled, had Col. Evans' life been spared. Still his friends have not thought it advisable to attempt to revise or change it for better or worse. It goes to the press and the reading public just as his own hand left it—a literary orphan.

To those who may have to deal with it in the way of book notices, may be suggested the propriety of distinguishing between what are or might have been remediable faults, and those which are inherent in the nature of the undertaking.

To the public of our own city and State it commends itself as a work of strong local interest, embodying, in a permanent and attractive form, much that otherwise would have early perished from sight and memory; as the production of one of our own citizens; as the resource of an interesting family, which has been doubly bereaved in the sudden death of husband and father; and it appeals forcibly to that sentiment of generous sympathy for the living and regret for the dead, which is so singularly characteristic of Californian social life.

WM. H. L. BARNES.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1873.

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# CALIFORNIA.

## CHAPTER I.

### MY FIRST PASEAR.

**The Sierra Morena and the Redwood Forest of San Mateo and Santa Cruz. —The Sportsman's Paradise.—Looking back at the Golden City.—Yesterday and To-day.—Along the Bay of San Francisco.—The Valley of San Andreas.— Harry Linden's Speculation in Oats.—Good Resolutions and what came of them.—A Dream of Tropic Life.—An Evening on the Mountains.—A Scene of Wonderful Beauty.—The Avalanche from the Pacific.—Descending the Mountain by Moonlight.—The End of my *Pasear*.**

STRETCHING away southward from the Golden Gate, at the northern point of the peninsula of San Francisco, through San Mateo, Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, and San Diego Counties, in Alta California, and thence on down through the entire peninsula of Lower California to Cape St. Lucas, on the border of the tropics, is an almost unbroken range of mountains, known at different points by different names, and presenting the wildest variety of scenery to be found in any mountain range in North America.

Just back of the Mission Dolores, on the southern boundary of the city of San Francisco, they rise from low hills into minor mountains, and are known as the Bernal Heights, and Mission Mountains. Farther southward they increase in height, and become clothed in forest. Twenty miles south of San Francisco they form a majestic sierra, and thence, for some distance, are designated as the Sierra Morena. Still farther south they are known as the Coast Range of Santa Cruz, and farther yet as the Gabilan Mountains. Along this range, in San Mateo and Santa Cruz Counties, is one of the largest, if not the largest, of the redwood forests of California. This forest-belt is from ten to twenty miles in width from east to west, and from thirty to forty miles in length from north to south, and contains timber enough to build twenty San Franciscos. The redwoods nowhere come down to the Pacific coast, and the traveler on the San Francisco and San José Railroad catches so few glimpses of them that he would never dream of the existence of such a forest; while from the decks of passing steamers one sees only small patches of them in the cañons, miles back in the interior. The giant redwood—to which family the big trees of Tuolumne, Calaveras, and Mariposa Counties belong—flourishes best at a high elevation and in a warm, moist atmosphere. This great forest, like that of Mendocino, crowns the mountains with tropical luxuriance, and is watered by the mists which, rising for a considerable part of the year from the bosom of the Pacific, are driven inland by the trade-winds and condensed on the mountain slopes, keeping the rank vegetation which clothes them almost perpetually dripping. The redwoods themselves rise to a height of one to three hundred feet or more, and attain immense size. Beneath their shade springs up an almost impenetrable undergrowth of flowering shrubs and trees—California lilac, tea-oak, pine, ceonotus, laurel, or the fragrant bay, buckeye, manzanita, poison-oak, the giant California honeysuckle, which, half bush, half vine, rises to a height of ten to twenty feet, and from its thousands of trumpet-shaped flowers, tinted like the wild crab-apple blossoms, loads the atmosphere with a delicious perfume; and last, but not least, the madroño, pride of the forest, and fairest of all the trees of earth. These woods are for the most part in a native state. Here and there the axe and saw-mill have made sad havoc, but in the more mountainous and least accessible localities the forest stretches unbroken for miles and miles, and silence reigns supreme. Horse trails are few, and the dense undergrowth and the ruggedness of the country make traveling almost impossible. Here the grizzly bear hides in security, and from his mountain fastnesses sallies forth at intervals to forage on the flocks and herds, orchards and gardens, that dot the lowlands. Here also the California lion, wolf, fox, mink, raccoon, wild-cat, lynx, deer, eagle, and great vulture abound, within hearing of the whistle of the locomotive which sweeps through the valley of Santa Clara, and almost within reach of the echoes of the guns of Alcatraz, and the bells of the Golden City. It is still, to the great majority of the residents even of San Francisco, a *terra incognita*, and for years to come will be a veritable hunter's paradise. Quail, doves, pigeons, rabbits, squirrels, hares, and other game, are found everywhere, and the pure mountain streams swarm with the beautiful spotted trout of California.

Parties of ladies and gentlemen from San Francisco, San Mateo, Santa Clara, San José, Santa Cruz, and Pescadero, skilled in woodcraft and wise in the ways of adepts with the gun and rod, make excursions into this tangled wilderness, camp out, hunt, fish, pic-nic, and enjoy themselves for weeks at a time annually; but to the general tourist and the great world at large the country is as little known as the savage and inhospitable wilderness of central and northern Australia.

Between this forest and mountain country, and the shore of the Pacific, there is a narrow but productive farming and grazing country, but seldom visited by travelers, as it lies off the main lines of communication, though quite readily accessible from San Francisco. This too has its attractions for the tourist who is not sight-seeing by the guide-book, and much that is novel, curious, and enjoyable may always be found there.

The Spanish language has many words and terms having no equivalent in the English tongue, which are so identified with the geography and every-day life of California that they have become engrafted upon our local vernacular, and must forever form a part of it. Among the most expressive of these is the *paseár*. Literally it means to walk, or to take out upon a walk, but conventionally it is a journey devoid of business object, a quiet pleasure jaunt, a trip for rest, relaxation from care and toil, for recreation. When the lazy days of summer come, you ask for your San Francisco friend the doctor, the lawyer, clergyman, or merchant, and the chances are that you will be told "he has gone on a *paseár*" to the Yosemite, to Lake Tahoe, to the springs, or to the mountains where the trout-streams abound.

The country of which I have been speaking is just the country for an enjoyable *paseár*, and many times, when incessant toil in a close, dark office, or the too bracing winds of San Francisco had worn me down, and made rest, recreation, and a change of air imperative, I have shouldered my gun, mounted my horse, and galloped away to these mountains, there to find refuge from care, anxiety, and exhausting labor, purer air, lighter spirits, a better appetite, and, in the end, perfect health again.

It was a bright September afternoon when I started on my last *paseár* out toward the Sierra Morena, mounted on brave old Don Benito, a veteran campaigner in Algiers and Mexico, who had borne me many a weary mile over the hot sands of the desert, up and down the red mountains, and through the Apache-haunted wilds of Arizona. My son and namesake,—I would say heir, were it not that it would seem like A. Ward's last joke, in view of the present extent of my landed estates and the condition of my exchequer,—as bold a rider and skillful fisherman as any boy of twelve may be, accompanied me, mounted on his plucky and spirited little California mustang, his pet and companion for years. Out through the dusty streets of the city proper, and through the Mission Dolores, we rode at a gallop, and only paused, at length, to allow our fretting horses a moment's rest, and look back upon the city we were so gladly leaving behind us, from the heights beyond Islais Creek. It is, after all, a goodly city, and a goodly sight to look upon from these hills; and as we look down upon it, and upon the ancient mission which stood there, as it stands to-day, when the site of San Francisco was a trackless, uninhabited waste, the beautiful lines of one of California's most gifted writers, Ira D. Colbraith, come vividly to our memory:

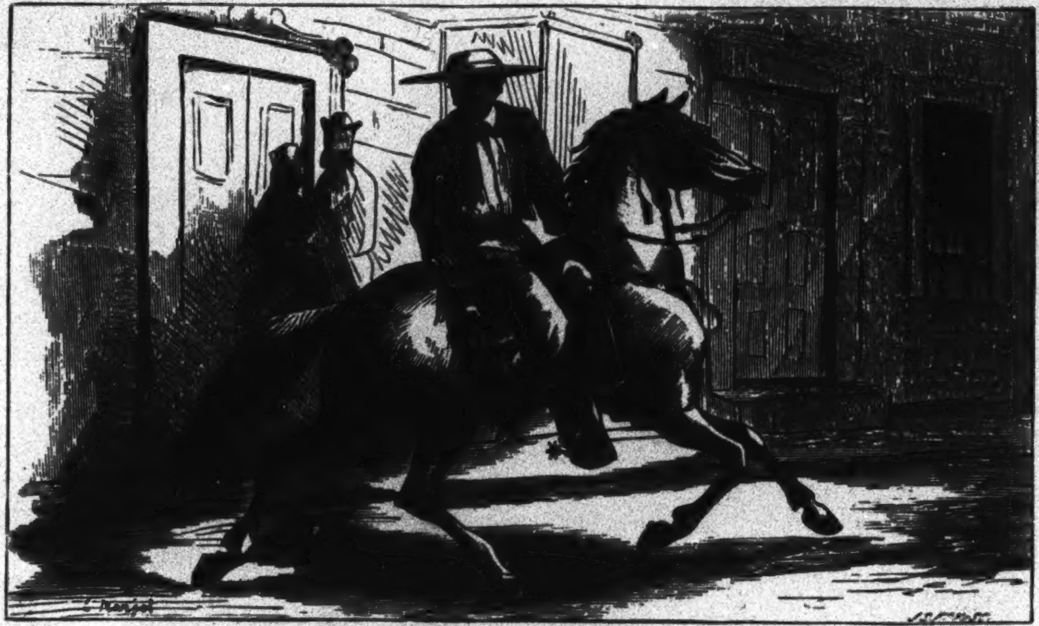
"Little the goodly Fathers,
Building their Mission rude,
By the lone untraversed waters,
In the western solitude,

"Dreamed of the wonderful city,
That looks on the stately bay
Where the bannered ships of the nations
Float in their pride to-day;

"Dreamed of the beautiful city,
Proud on her tawny height,
And strange as a flower upspringing
To bloom in a single night.

"For lo! but a moment lifting
The veil of the years away,
We look on a well-known picture,
That seems but as yesterday.

"The mist rolls in at the Gateway
Where never a fortress stands,
O'er the blossoms of Sancelito,
And Yerba Buena's sands;



LEAVING TOWN.

"Swathing the shores where only
The sea-birds come and pass,
And drifts with the drifting waters,
By desolate Alcatraz;

"We hear, when night droops downward,
And the bay throbs under the stars,
The ocean voices blending
With ripple of soft guitars;

"With chiming bells of the Mission,
With passionate minors sung,
Or a quaint Castilian ballad
Trilled in the Spanish tongue.

"Fair from thy hills, O city,
Look on the beautiful bay!
Prouder far is the vision
Greeting our eyes to-day;

'Better the throngèd waters,
And the busy streets astir,
Purple and silken raiment,
Balsam and balm and myrrh;

"Gems of the farther Indies,
Gold of thine own rich mine,
And the pride and boast of the peoples,
O beautiful queen, are thine!

"Praise to the goodly Fathers,
With banners of faith unfurled!
Praise to the sturdy heroes
Who have won thee to the world!"

Descending from these heights, the road—the San Bruno turnpike—winds in and out for miles along the bluff shores of the Bay of San Francisco, and the views, changing at every turn, are wonderfully diversified and beautiful. At one point we saw a land-locked basin, in which a dozen Italian fishermen's boats lay rocking idly, and at another we paused to watch a party of "dagos," who were wading in the bay up to their necks, hauling a seine, while their felucca-rigged craft rode at anchor as it might have done in the Levant or the Grecian Archipelago. Cut out that section of the blue bay, with the felucca and its crew of red-capped fishermen, put it into a frame, and you have a matchless "Scene in the Levant," by one of the very oldest of the masters. Great white pelicans winged their way in silence over the waters, and flocks of gulls, shaugs, and crooked-billed curlew, rose as we galloped along. Long streamers of snowy vapor hung out like flags of truce from the summits of the mountains on the west, and looking back to the north we saw the mist driving in through the Golden Gate and scudding across the bay.

Leaving the shore of the bay at last, some ten or twelve miles from San Francisco, we galloped over an open plain, and at San Bruno crossed the Southern Pacific Railroad track, and turned by a by-road into a long, winding cañon leading up to the summit of a range of hills to the westward, between which and the higher and forest-crowned Sierra Morena, still farther on towards the sea, lies, hidden wholly from the outer world, the lovely valley of San Andreas. The plain upon the western shore of the bay, and all the Contra Costa and Alameda valley and hill country on the eastern side, was brown, and dry, and sear as it ever is in the interior of California in summer and autumn; and the valley of San Andreas, embowered in shade. and the cool, green, mist-nourished forests on the mountains beyond it, grew more beautiful by the contrast as we approached them.

The Spring Valley Water Company, which derives its water supply for San Francisco from the head of the Pillarcitos Creek, in the redwoods, some forty miles south of the city, and has a beautiful lake for a reservoir in the mountains, was here building another reservoir, equal in size to anything on the continent. A dam, seventy feet high, with foundations sixty feet deep, has been thrown across the valley; and the waters of the San Andreas, thus thrown back, form a lake two miles and a half long, and containing one thousand million gallons. This is held as a reserve supply for dry seasons. John Chinaman did the work, with white men as superintendents, and, as is his custom, did it well. He was then at work, in the same quiet, methodical way, making bricks for the barriers of the flood-gates. John is a law unto himself, and can do a wonderful amount of minding his own business within a given time. Pay him regularly what you agree to, give him his New Year's holidays, and a chance to supply himself with chicken and duck for his Sunday dinner and rice for his regular daily rations at fair rates, and he is contentment itself. The question of woman suffrage does not worry him, eight-hour laws he holds in contempt, and no lazy, jaw-working demagogues can fool him with their plausible sophistries into agrarian combinations, strikes, and riots. He is a philosopher in his way, and not without claims to respect and better treatment than he usually gets from his Caucasian "betters."

Winding down the hill-side and around the great reservoir, we enter the valley of San Andreas just as the sun is sinking in the roseate bank of fleecy mist which, like a great snow-drift, is piled up against the mountains on the west to their very summits. The bare plain, and brown, verdureless hills weary the eye no longer, but instead fresh green chaparral and tall, full-foliaged trees stretch out on every side, and we ride down a road embowered with shrubbery, and dark with the cool shadows of evening. Coveys of tufted quail rise and whirr away as we gallop on, and rabbits creep into the bushes at every turn in the road. At the entrance of a cañon stands a cottage, shaded by broad, spreading oaks and fragrant bay-trees; and by the door, book in hand, sits a fair young daughter of California, with great brown eyes, as beautiful as those of a sea-lion,—I can think of no more complimentary simile. She tells us that game is swarming, and that there will be rare sport for the hunters after the 15th of September, when the prohibition on shooting is removed. A huge grizzly took possession of the pasture on the hill-side opposite the house some weeks previously, and stayed there undisturbed for a fortnight, only leaving when the wild clover, upon which he came to luxuriate, failed. Deer are seen almost daily, and a few days before a lynx, or wild-cat, or California lion,—the women could not tell which,—came down to the cottage in broad daylight, caught a fowl, and sat down by the door to eat it. A lady threw a shoe at the creature, which thereupon trotted off, with a growl, carrying his stolen dinner with him.

How vivid is my recollection of my first *paseár* in the valley of San Andreas! I had started out from San Francisco at the urgent solicitation of my old friend Col. Harry Linden, who then lived here upon an extensive mountain rancho, a part of the Domingo Feliz Rancho, determined to leave work and the wearing cares of business behind me, and have one good, quiet *paseár* with him in his bachelor haunts in the hills. I had brought along my gun and any amount of ammunition, with a good supply of fishing-tackle as well, and was determined to be up with the dawn and make it very lively indeed for everything which wore feathers, fur, or scales, during my stay. In the early evening I arrived at the house, and was warmly welcomed by Harry, and introduced to the ladies of the family; it was not exactly a bachelor's lot after all, and Harry, as I found, was a boarder and a petted member of a pleasant and refined social circle, not the solitary tenant of a comfortless lumberman's or ranchero's cabin, as I had fancied him. We left the ladies sitting under the trees, and went in to supper. Harry has always been fancying himself a farmer, and many is the good joke that has been perpetrated upon him in the agricultural line. At that time he had been doing a big thing in that way. An enthusiastic farmer of Alameda County had imported, for seed, from Scotland, at great expense, a quantity of black Scotch oats, such as are used for making oatmeal in the "land o' cakes." He was very choice with them; would only part with them at one dollar per pound, and, in his anxiety to introduce them as widely and generally as possible among the farmers of California, had made a positive rule to sell only one pound to any one individual. Harry, not a whit less enthusiastic than himself, and, if possible, a little more public-spirited, determined to have a field of those oats which would astonish the natives. So he went around among his friends, and got them to go one at a time to his importing friend, and purchase a pound of the precious oats, each on the pretext of desiring to plant them in their gardens to raise seed for hypothetical ranches in the country for next season. His virtue and perseverance were fully rewarded. He succeeded in getting together, in this manner, fifty-seven pounds of the coveted oats, which he proceeded to sow in a nicely prepared field of goodly extent. He had sown many a field with oats of the wildest variety in his younger days, but never had he regarded the expected crop with such blissful anticipations as in this case. He watched and waited. Days grew into weeks, and weeks into months, and still no green sprout showed itself above the surface of that promising field. Painful doubts began to oppress his bosom. He dug down and found some of the oats; they were just in the condition in which they were first put into the earth. Sore afflicted in mind, he waited yet a little longer, tried them again, and with the same result. Then he hurried away to his friend, the public-spirited importer, and sought an explanation of the mystery. It was easily given. He, the importer, had written to a friend in Edinburgh for "One thousand pounds of black oats such as are best liked in Scotland for making oatmeal, clean and thoroughly dry before packing for shipment." The order had been filled conscientiously. The best ones for making oatmeal are of course *kiln-dried*, and to insure their coming in good condition the shippers had taken the precaution to have them dried in an extra hot kiln. They would have made oatmeal, a single pound of which would have kept a Scotchman on the scratch for a year; but for agricultural purposes he might as well have sown so many hailstones or shoe pegs. Had he written that he wanted them for seed, the matter-of-fact Scotch shippers would have sent him seed oats; but he wrote for best oatmeal-producing oats, and they sent them. The joke had just got out, and we discussed it at supper with hearty relish, and one joke and story brought on another until the waning hours admonished us it was time to retire for the night.

No one ever had a larger stock in trade, in the shape of good resolutions, than myself. I allow nobody to beat me in that line, whatever may be my short-comings in other matters. After a glorious night's sleep I awoke with the warm sunlight pouring in at my window, and the sweet song of wild birds falling on my ears. As I have said, I had come into this inexpressibly lovely and secluded valley to hunt wild game, and fish for mountain trout, and I arose with the firmest resolution to swallow a hasty and early breakfast, saddle up, and be off into the hills without the loss of a moment's time. The matter of breakfast was soon disposed of, and I went out into the open air and the sunshine. Great spreading buckeyes and California laurels, the fragrant bay, stood in groups all around the house; and between two gnarled tree trunks, in the fragrant shade, I saw a hammock swinging temptingly. There was a world of romance and dreamy rememorances of other days and tropic climes in the sight, and—shall I say it?—the cherished daughter of the house, she of the soft rippling hair, and great brown eyes, sat near the hammock, in the shade, with an open book before her. To see how it would seem to swing in a hammock in the shade once more, I stretched myself therein, and, to complete the reproduction of my dream of the tropics, drew out a bunch of fragrant cigarritas,—genuine Havanas, from the factory of "the Widow of Garcia,"—rolled one, lighted it, and engaged in conversation with my fair young friend. I found her highly educated, refined, accomplished, a glorious conversationalist, entertaining, and companionable. The smoke of that cigarrita, and another, and another, and another, went curling up in blue transparent wreaths, and floated lazily away. The sunlight filtered through the leaves in rippling streams of golden glory, and the soft autumn breeze fanned my cheek and played caressingly with the locks upon my forehead, grey and harsh no more, but curly and raven-hued again, "in my mind's eye, Horatio." The view down the valley, between hills on one side clad in deepest green, on the other in brightest gold, to the great Cañada del Raymundo and the high, forest-crowned mountains of Santa Clara, enveloped in, and glorified by, the soft blue haze of the September morning,

A DREAM OF THE TROPICS.

was poetry itself; and, beggar that I am, I swung in that hammock, smoked the fragrant cigarritas, and talked of books and poetry and travel in foreign lands, with that fair daughter of the Golden Land, until four o'clock in the afternoon.

I ought to say that I am ashamed of myself; but I am not. I glory in my shame! I would do it again, and think none the less of myself and my fellow-man—and woman—for so doing. And so would you, my reader, or you are no friend of mine, —a blockhead, an idiot, a confirmed misanthrope, or something worse. If you do not sympathize with me in this feeling, drop the book right here, and never take it up again; you and I will not do to travel together.

All earthly things end sometime and somewhere, and my siesta followed the rule. At four o'clock I saddled up old Don Benito, who had been neighing and manifesting his impatience to be off for hours, and, with Linden, rode up a long, winding pathway in the cañon, through the thick, overhanging forest of laurel, madroño, live-oak, tea-oak *ceonotus*, buck-eye, and wild cherry, to the summit of the high hill range, above the valley upon the west. Doves, and pretty, tufted California quail rose up and whirred away into the thickets as we rode along, and rabbits and hares ran before us in the pathway, affording us abundant opportunity for using our guns.

On the summit of the range was a fine wheat-field of two or three hundred acres, and there the birds fairly swarmed. We used our guns until the sport became such no longer, and then threw ourselves down upon the grass under a tree to admire the quiet beauty and subdued grandeur of the scene, and talk of old times and plans for the future. Eastward, miles away beyond the valley of San Andreas, the lower hill range and the wide marsh-lands, but seemingly at our very feet, lay the blue Bay of San Francisco, flecked here and there with the white sails of ships. Beyond this lay a bank of semi-transparent vapor, which had drifted in through the Golden Gate and over from the city of San Francisco, and grown coralline and roseate-hued with the warm rays of the setting sun. This vapor half concealed the shores of Alameda and Contra Costa, on the eastern side of the bay, and made the high hills of those counties appear to come down bold and precipitous to the very water's edge, the intervening valley, miles in width, having wholly disappeared. High above these hills, magnified and lifted up as it were, and made to look far higher than he really is, loomed, like a thunder-cloud against the deep blue sky, the dark head of Mount Diablo.

Looking westward, at our feet was a deep cañon, beyond which was another range of hills, or more properly mountains, the real coast range, shutting out the view of the sea. These mountains are covered with a dark, redwood forest at the summit, kept dripping wet by the mist from the Pacific which rolls up over them in an unceasing torrent, white as an Alpine avalanche, all day long. An effect is here produced of which I despair of being able to give anything like an adequate description. The white vapor came rushing over to the eastward towards us, with a current like that of a thousand Niagaras rolled into one, and the beholder expects every moment to see it come down the slope, cross over the intervening cañon, and overwhelm him; but stay as long as he may, for hours, days, months, or years, it comes never a rod nearer to him. As it meets the hot air ascending from the dry valleys, it is dissipated at a certain point and disappears. You behold a mighty avalanche, white and solid in appearance as Alpine snows, ever advancing to overwhelm you, but never reaching you. Two great eagles with snow-white heads circled around and around over the dark cañon below us, in which they had their nest. There was not a sound save that of our own voices to break the stillness of the evening, and, save what I have described, not a sign of life to mar the solitude of the scene. The high, rugged mountains of Santa Clara and Santa Cruz, robed in deep-green chemisal and crowned with feathery redwoods, bounded the view on the south, and made a fitting frame for the glorious picture before us. What wonder that we gazed upon the enchanting scene, fairly reveling in the feast of beauty and sublimity nature had spread before us with such a lavish hand, until the gathering shadows of night admonished us that it was time to remount our impatient steeds and descend once more to the valley!

The full, round moon was in the heavens, throwing her mellow light o'er all that fairy landscape, as we descended from the mountain height, and in fancy we were once more wandering in the mountains of

Sonora, or in the savage deserts of Arizona, masters only of the good steeds beneath us, and trusting only to the mercy of God and the good weapons in our hands and at our saddle-bows for the safety of our lives.

After supper we sat beneath the trees around the hospitable *casa* of our friend, and rehearsed the adventures and scenes of old times with a relish the stranger to wild frontier life can never know. Harry Linden is my senior by some years, and in the ordinary course of nature and civilized life should have lost his early penchant for Robinson Crusoe-like adventure; but such is the fascination of border life that I believe that at this very hour he would exchange all the comforts of the most elegant home in San Francisco or New York, and the best spring mattress ever made, for a seat by the camp-fire in Apache land, and a blanket and the warm sand of the desert for a bed,—and I am just boy enough to do the same at a moment's notice, did opportunity offer and duty permit. Sitting here under the trees in the valley of San Andreas, surrounded by appreciative friends and the enjoyments of refined society, he tells us of a long-planned expedition to the least known of the island groups of the Pacific, how one of these days he means to have his vessel rigged, manned, and provisioned for the trip; and laugh as we may at the idea of his going on such a voyage at his age, nothing will shake his earnestness in the project, or make him admit for an instant a doubt of his ultimately carrying it out successfully. This charm of danger needlessly incurred, toil self-imposed, and reckless adventure in unknown lands, once felt, becomes a part of one's very being, and never fully loses its influence while life remains.

Next day my fair friend showed me where to fish for the largest trout, helped me with her own white hands to prepare the tackle, and took part with us in the sport. A few more hours of swinging in the hammock, the last cigarrito was smoked, the last story told, and reluctantly I bade my kind friends of the valley of San Andreas good-by, beneath the laurel- and the buckeye-trees, and, mounting old Don Benito, galloped away toward the Golden City.

We are always happier for having been happy once; and I have lived longer, and I hope better, and enjoyed life more, for the recollection of that first *paseár* to the valley of San Andreas. And here, as we meet again to-night, the pleasant memory comes back to us and we talk it over once again with keenest satisfaction. In taking leave of our fair young friend I tell her that I start for Mexico in a few days for a long *paseár* under tropic skies; and, as we ride away in the gloaming of the evening, she bows gravely, and, in the soft Castilian tongue, as is the custom of the people in Spanish lands, bids me "*Adios, Amigo!*" adding, with a trace of something more than mere conventional politeness in her voice, "And the peace of God be with you!"

# CHAPTER II.

## IN THE MISTS OF THE PACIFIC.

**The Crystal Springs.—The Music of the Night.—The California Night-Singer and the Legend of the Easter Eggs.—The Cañada del Reymundo.—Over the Sierra Morena.—Down the Coast.—Pescadero and its Surroundings.—Pigeon Point and the Wrecks.—A Shipwrecked Ghost.—The Coast Whalers and their Superstitions.—An Embarcadero on the San Mateo Coast.—Ride to Point Anño Nuevo.**

Riding on southward down the valley of San Andreas in the cool, quiet evening, we came to the Crystal Springs, one of the most beautiful of the summer resorts in the vicinity of San Francisco. There is a fine, large hotel, with a broad piazza all around it, just the place to sit and smoke a good cigar, have a quiet talk with your friends, and admire the beauty of the surrounding scenery, brought out in all its loveliness by the full autumn moon which was pouring down its full flood of mellow light upon the scene. The San Mateo Creek runs through a wild, tangled thicket in front of the house; parterres of flowers of every hue, in full bloom, till the intervening grounds; and on the west the steep mountain sweeps around in a grand curve, forming a magnificent amphitheatre beside which the Coliseum is but the toy playhouse of a child. Away back in the air, cutting sharply against the horizon, stand great pines, from whose broad-spreading branches float long steamers of green-gray moss, giving an air of great age and venerableness to the forest. Densely wooded are all the intervening hill-sides with the fragrant laurel, tea-oak and many flowering shrubs interwoven with the glorious madroño, whose crown of bright-green leaves contrasts so pleasingly with its bark of brilliant scarlet—the madroño ought to be the favorite tree with the Fenian Brotherhood, who are so fond of seeing the green above the red. Sitting on the broad piazza, in the cool evening, we hear the whistle of the locomotive at San Mateo, only four miles away over the hills to the eastward. As the last faint echoes die away in the cañons, a coyote wolf, which has been prowling stealthily in the vicinity of the hotel, sets up a sharp, shrill yell in answer. Other wolves, far and near—there may be half a dozen of them, but it seems as if there were a thousand—take up the cry, and in an instant the woods and the night are filled with music, *not* exactly such as Longfellow sings of, but which for want of better will serve to induce "the cares which infest the day" to "fold their tents like the Arab, and as silently steal away."

Half a dozen huge Newfoundland dogs, good-natured, lazy fellows enough at the best, but anxious to convince the generous public that they are of some importance in the world, and make a show of earning their bread and butter now that their master is at home, roused from their slumbers by the howling of the coyote, with loud yells dash off into the woods, as if determined to exterminate the whole vile race right there and then, taking good care, however, to yelp their very loudest at every jump, that the gentlemen in gray may have abundant notice of their coming, and get out of the way in time to avoid unpleasant results to either party. I have known valiant duelists start out from San Francisco to shed each other's blood, but manage to produce much the same result by simply making so much noise as to attract the attention of the police, and insure the arrest of one or both parties before reaching the field of honor. Instinct and reason are much the same in their practical workings after all.

When the wolves have decamped, and the dogs, with the air of conquering heroes, have returned from the bloodless campaign, and turned in for the night, the cigars are smoked out and the stories told, our company breaks up, and we retire for the night. Through the open window comes at intervals a sweeter music than that to which we have just been listening: the low, sweet song of a little bird of the finch species, which is found, though not in great abundance, in all the coast range country of California. This little night-singer stays concealed in the thickets all day, uttering no note to give notice of his whereabouts; but when the cool shadows of the evening fall it comes forth into the gardens, and through all the long hours of the otherwise silent night, pours out its sweet and plaintive song as if in mourning for the loved and lost. In size and form it is not unlike the common wild California canary, to which it is doubtless allied; but, curiously enough for a night-singer, its plumage is far more brilliant and beautiful,—green, orange, and blue, with a narrow bar of red on the wings. I have never been able to see it save in captivity, but many a night have I lain awake in my home on Russian Hill, in San Francisco, and listened to its plaintive little song, as it flitted among the shrubbery in the garden, wondering what manner of bird it might be. One day a Mexican residing in the western part of the city, who gains a livelihood by trapping canaries and linnets, offered me a pair of these little beauties for two dollars, apologizing for the high price by saying that they were very rare and caught with difficulty. Struck by their beauty and delicate brilliancy of plumage, I asked him if they ever sang. "Oh, yes, señor; but only in the night. You must remember the story of the bird which sang all night before the tomb in which lay the body of the Saviour of the world"—touching his hat respectfully—"after the crucifixion? Well, señor, these birds are of the same!"

Then the story of the Easter-night singer of far-off Palestine, as I had heard it told in other lands, came back me; and going home I read with fresh interest the beautiful lines by Fitzjames O'Brien:

> "You have heard, my boy, of the One who died,
> Crowned with keen thorns and crucified;
> And how Joseph the wealthy—whom God reward—
> Cared for the corpse of the martyred Lord,
> And piously tombed it within the rock,
> And closed the gate with a mighty block.

"Now, close by the tomb, a fair tree grew,
With pendulous leaves and blossoms of blue;
And deep in the green tree's shadowy breast
A beautiful singing-bird on her nest,
Which was bordered with mosses like malachite
And held four eggs of an ivory white.

"Now, when the bird from her dim recess
Beheld the Lord in his burial dress,
And looked on the heavenly face so pale,
And the dear feet pierced with the cruel nail,
Her heart now broke with a sudden pang,
And out of the depth of her sorrow she sang.

"All night long, till the moon was up,
She sat and sang in her moss-wreathed cup
A song of sorrow, as wild and shrill
As the homeless wind when it roams the hill;
So full of tears, so loud and long,
That the grief of the world seemed turned to song.

"But soon there came, through the weeping night,
A glimmering angel clothed in white;
And he rolled the stone from the tomb away,
Where the Lord of the earth and the heavens lay;
And Christ arose in the cavern's gloom,
And in living lustre came from the tomb.

"Now the bird that sat in the heart of the tree
Beheld the celestial mystery,
And its heart was filled with a sweet delight,
And it poured a song on the throbbing night;
Notes climbing notes, still higher, higher,
They shoot to heaven like spears of fire.

"When the glittering, white-robed angel heard
The sorrowing song of that grieving bird,
And heard the following chant of mirth,
That hailed Christ, risen from the earth,
He said, 'Sweet bird, be forever blest;
Thyself, thy eggs, and thy moss-wreathed nest.'

"And ever, my child, since that blessed night,
When death bowed down to the Lord of light,

> The eggs of that sweet bird change their hue,
> And burn with red, and gold, and blue;
> Reminding mankind, in their simple way,
> Of the holy marvel of Easter-day."

I know that in a little time the march of reason will sweep this old tradition, as it has already swept away others which were once regarded as essentials of the Christian faith; nevertheless I envied the simple, uneducated bird-catcher his childlike, unquestioning belief, and the song of the sweet night-singer of California will ever henceforth fall upon my ear more gratefully for its pleasant association with that story of holy marvel, which, although some of us may doubt, we must surely all alike admire.

The sun was high in the heavens, next day, when I said good-by to Albert at Crystal Springs, and rode away into the Sierra Morena Mountains. It was a California autumn morning,—and, in saying that, I have left nothing unsaid in the way of description. Turning southwestward, the road, one of the finest I have ever ridden over, winds round and round, in and out, along the steep sides of a deep, rocky cañon, for miles, ascending by regular and easy grades the dividing ridge between the Bay of San Francisco and the Pacific Ocean. When nearly at the summit I paused to rest my panting horse and look back upon the scene below. And such a scene! It was a variation of that described in the story of my *pasear*, but, if possible, even more entrancingly beautiful. Eastward, the Bay of San Francisco, calm, unruffled, and blue, glittered in the sun. The ocean mists rolling in through the Golden Gate half hid the towns which skirt the bay. The hills of Alameda, high and etherealized, rested like great straw-colored and purple clouds against the horizon; while Mount Diablo, monarch of the inland country, reared his dark head into the blue sky, above the mists and the lower mountains, like some great rocky island, seen from the shores of an unknown sea. Southward, between the hills of San Mateo and the Sierra Morena, stretching away for miles toward the redwood-covered heights of Santa Clara, lay the ever-beautiful Cañada del Reymundo. Live-oak groves are scattered through it, and near its centre rests a quiet little lake, with an island of green tules in the middle. All around the sides of the valley, among the groves in the little cañons, nestle quiet farm-houses, and in the centre, upon an elevated *mesa*, stands the last relic of the old semi-feudal Spanish-American times. This is an adobe house of one story, with broad veranda, formed by the wide roof being carried out all around. No garden, no grain-fields, not a single fruit-tree flourishes near it. The ranchero who built it and dwelt here among his herds, and paid tribute to the Holy Mother Church and the Most Catholic monarch, Don Carlos "of Spain, and India King," some eighty years ago, thought the country capable of no higher improvement, and dreamed not of the paradise it was to become when he and his should give place to the stranger who dwelt beyond the great Sierra Nevada somewhere. He built no roads, planted no trees, and left behind only ous low-roofed *jaical*, and the musical Spanish name which he gave to the valley.

On again. One of those curious blue-and-brown birds, with peaked cap and tail as disproportionately long as that of a peacock, called here a "Road Runner," and in Mexico "*El Correro del Camino*,"—the courier of the road,—which never flies if it can avoid it, but runs with a speed which distances the fleetest horse, darted along in the road ahead of us. I galloped after it, vainly trying to get within shooting distance, until, tired of the sport, it jumped over the side of the mountain and disappeared in the bushes of the cañon below. The road is cut most of the way out of the solid rock, and you look down from time to time almost perpendicularly into cañons hundreds and hundreds of feet. It is a succession, on a modified scale, of Cape Horn and the scenery on the South Fork of the American River in the Sierra Nevada, on the Central Pacific Railroad route, and at the same time on a scale quite large enough to try to the utmost the nerves of timid travelers.

The flying mists, which had been scudding in broken clouds over the sierra, lifted and rolled away as I crossed the summit and began to descend towards Spanish Town. The Pillarcitos Creek murmured hundreds of feet below, in the narrow cañon, near the mouth of which, half hidden in shade-trees, is the hamlet of Spanish Town. Beyond rolls the deep-blue waters of the broad Pacific, and Half-Moon Bay lies a few miles to the northward. I pass a wayside house where the yard is full of goats and everything speaks of Spanish-Americanism.

A woman with lustrous black hair and eyes, and oval, olive-hued face, comes out with her black shawl or *rebosa*, folded Andalusian fashion around her head and shoulders. The Moors left those eyes, and that oval face and tawny-olive skin, in Spain; but the little girl who follows her has a fairer complexion, a sharper-cut face, and light-brown hair. Thus, little by little, we are conquering Spanish-America. At a little roadside grocery a whole family of Mexican or native Californians are in attendance. I called for a real's (ten cents) worth of apples, and they weighed me out four pounds; one holding the scales, another putting in the apples in a pail which a third held, while the rest looked on. It took the whole family to sell just ten apples; but such is "*el costumbre del pais, señor*"—the custom of the country, sir; and who is to commit the sacrilege of innovation?

Two miles above Spanish Town, at the toll-gate, is a small, neat farm, owned by an intelligent American, past the meridian of life. As he came out to take the toll, I engaged him in conversation. He has one hundred and sixty acres, nearly one hundred of which are under cultivation. In the valley he raises beans, onions, fruit, etc., and on the hill-tops he has his early potato-fields, from which he sends to market the finest potatoes in December, January and February, after the lowland crops have become "old" and less salable. He has three acres of strawberries in full bearing. These he irrigates, and thus secures fine crops all the year round. He sometimes gets as high as a dollar per pound for strawberries at Christmas and New Year's, and he estimates that the crop yields him, on an average, twenty cents per pound in coin the year round. He has no family, and wants to sell out and go to Santa Barbara, where he has relatives. He thinks his farm, with improvements, is worth forty dollars per acre. The potato and onion-fields he rents to a party of Portuguese. There is a family of Mexicans upon the upper end of his ranche, but most of his neighbors are Germans, though the population of the town is about equally divided between native Californians, Americans and Europeans. His sole companion is a Chinaman, who carries on the strawberry culture and does the housework, and is, as he told me, worth any other two men, though he gets but two thirds the wages. He could not say much for the society of the neighborhood, nor can I.

Spanish Town contains little to attract a stranger. Turning southward here, the road runs through a rich, sloping plain, between the ocean and the mountains, and for eight on ten miles passes through one continued grain-field. The country was parceled out at first in great ranches of many thousand acres, each held under Spanish or Mexican grants. These have been sold to Americans, and cut up to some extent into smaller portions, but the farms are still immense, and far too large for the most profitable cultivation. Barley and oats, principally the latter, are cultivated. The crop was cut months ago, but owing to the lack of "steamers," as the inhabitants here term the steam thrashing machine, most of it still lies in the fields ungathered. The straw becomes blackened by the fog, but the grain does not seem to suffer much. Thrashers were at work all along the road, and great piles of grain in sacks waiting to be hauled to Half-Moon Bay and shipped to San Francisco, were seen in many fields. The harvesting is done mainly by extra hands hired by the day. I met dozens of them tramping along the dusty roads, with their blankets on their backs. They do not stay long in a place, but get from two to three dollars in coin and their board for such time as they work, and then move on. Some of the old California Mission Indians still reside here, and work in the fields; and Chinamen are making their way on the farms and in the dairy. They get from fifteen dollars per month to nine dollars and fifty cents per week, and board themselves. A few get as much as two dollars per day in the harvest fields, and are highly spoken of by the farmers, many of whom, however, are afraid to give them employment, lest their fields of grain and stacks should be fired in revenge by the European laborers, who are savagely opposed to them. The farms in the hills are smaller and more closely cultivated. Onions, beets and mustard are largely grown.

The great beets of California are among her vegetable wonders, and have often sorely taxed the credulity of Eastern people. Californian though I am, I must own up that there is something just a trifle like an imposition on outsiders in this matter of the production of these mammoth beets. This is the way the thing is done. The largest beet in this soil may attain a weight of fifty or sixty pounds the first year; I do not think any grow larger. One is selected, carefully dug up, so as not to injure the root, in the fall, and housed during the rainy season. Then it is replanted in the spring, and instead of going to seed, as it would if left in the ground all winter, continues growing, and in the fall it is again dug up and housed, having probably attained a weight of eighty or ninety pounds. Next year it grows perhaps to one hundred or one hundred and ten pounds—the largest on record weighed one hundred and eighteen pounds, and was raised in Santa Cruz county—but now it is "played out," in California parlance, and will not grow another year. How they manage to raise lettuce seven feet in circumference, and cucumbers five feet two inches long and eight inches in circumference, such as are often on exhibition in the California Market, San Francisco, I do not know—but they do it.

The soil here is wonderfully rich, and often, as I have seen myself, from ten to twenty feet in depth, of a black loam, like that of the western prairies.

The road winds along the bold shore of the Pacific for miles—now passing over steep divides, and again descending to the bottom of precipitous cañons. At times the view of the ocean, for a long distance up and down the coast, is unobstructed, and from one height I counted not less than fifteen whales spouting at intervals as they sported in the calm blue waters, or sought their accustomed food along the edges of the kelp-fields, which in many places extend far out to sea. Whales have their parasites and minor annoyances as land-lubbers have, and sometimes they become so annoyed by the barnacles which fix themselves upon them that they run into shallow water and endeavor to rid themselves of their tormentors by rubbing their huge carcasses upon the sandy bottom. It not unfrequently happens that in so doing they venture too far in shore, and, being caught by the surf or the receding tide, are stranded and finally left to die high and dry upon the land. Every year whales are thus stranded on the beach in the vicinity of San Francisco, and their bones may be seen at frequent intervals scattered all along the shore from Point Lobos southward for many miles.

Meeting by the way an old Mission Indian, who, as he told me, was born and had always lived near Pescadero, and could hardly speak a word of English, though well posted in the Spanish tongue, I asked him how far it was to Pescadero. "Possibly a mile, or a league, or two leagues, señor." "Well, how far is it to Point Año Nuevo?" "Oh, señor, it must be a very long way! I think it is in the neighborhood of the other world!" I have never yet been able to get the remotest approximation to a correct statement of distance from a California Indian, those who were reared and educated by the old padres at the Spanish missions being as utterly ignorant on the subject as the diggers of the mountains, who never knew or cared to know anything beyond the condition of the grasshoppers on which they fatten in the summer season, and the acorn and piñon crops on which they subsist during the winter.

After a ride of thirty miles from Crystal Springs, done at a gallop, up hill and down, nearly all the way, and in just four hours and ten minutes, I reached the little town of Pescadero, in a small but fertile valley some two miles from the ocean, a popular summer resort for San Franciscans, and a favorite head-quarters of the hunters and fishermen of the coast. The long ride had given me a savage appetite, and as the fog had drifted in from the ocean, and shut down cold and damp on the landscape, a broiled trout dinner and a warm wood-fire never seemed more welcome than they did that evening at Pescadero.

The population of Pescadero does not exceed three hundred souls, who depend on the lumber-mills in the great redwood forest, the dairies, the grain and potato ranches, and summer visitors from San Francisco, for life and trade. The heavy fogs, and cold, raw ocean winds are unfavorable to grapes and other fruits, but potatoes thrive wonderfully, and are extensively cultivated on the rich bottom lands around the town. Half the "ground fruit" consumed in San Francisco comes from this section of the coast. An old ranchero told me that for ten years the average price of potatoes had been one dollar and twenty-five cents per hundred pounds, and the usual yield from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five bags, at one hundred and twenty-five pounds each, per acre. The digging is done by native Californians, or "greasers." Land, in the great ranches back on the road to Spanish Town, is worth from forty to fifty dollars per acre, but the potato lands, near this town, are worth one hundred dollars, or even more. A few old California Indians work in the fields quite faithfully after their fashion, but none of the old hands equal the Chinaman "year out and year in." Much lumber is hauled from the mountains, and, with potatoes, grain and vegetables, is shipped for San Francisco from the embarcadero at Pigeon Point, six miles south of Pescadero.

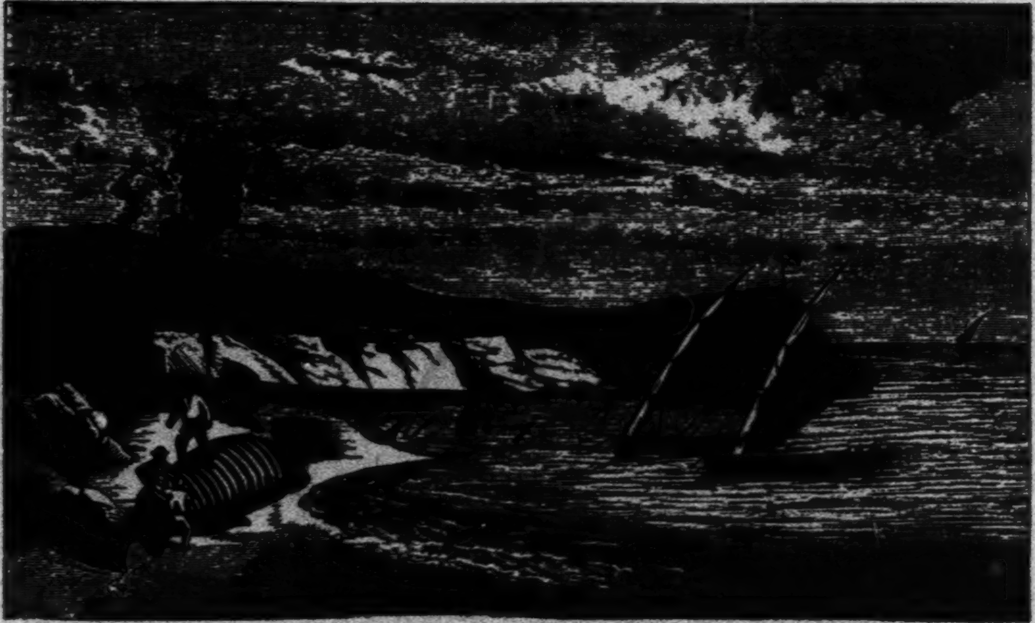
My stay in Pescadero being limited, mine host of the Swanton House volunteered, Californian-like, to take me down the coast to see the sights. A six-mile ride over an open, rolling country, devoted chiefly to grazing, brought us to Pigeon Point, a famous place for wrecks, and a depot of the coast whalers. It gets its name from the wreck of the Carrier Pigeon, a noble clipper-ship which drifted in here one night in the winter of 1853–4, and was shattered to pieces upon the terrible reefs running out from the foot of the bold promontory. Here, on the high headland, are clustered some dozen cottages, inhabited by the coast whalers and their families. These men are all "Gees"—Portuguese—from the Azores or Western Islands. They are a stout, hardy-looking race, grossly ignorant, dirty, and superstitious. They work hard, and are doing well in business. As we rode up, two long, sharp, single-masted boats, with odd-looking sails, shot out to sea. On the Point, by the side of flag-staffs, on

PIGEON POINT

which signals were to be hoisted to guide the boats in their pursuit, crouched two of the party with their sea glasses, intently watching the boats and sweeping the horizon.

Are there any whales about? Oh, yes, plenty! and the speaker handed us his glass. About three miles out was a large school of the black, humpback species sporting in the nearly smooth sea, rising to the surface to blow, showing their black backs, and going down again among the sardines on which they were feeding. The boats run out with sails set, and do not take in their canvas until a whale is harpooned. If a new school is discovered, the boats are signaled by the party on the Point. Looking through the glass we saw the boats running for different whales. All was bustle and excitement on board, the harpooners standing in the bows ready to strike, and every man at his post. One of the signal men could speak a little English, and thus soliloquized for our benefit: "E blow, e blow! One close herd starboard boat! Carraho, now he run! Ze son of seacook, how he run; dam a he! Believe myself he get away!" Then, carried away by his feelings, he proceeded to curse in good Portuguese, honestly and squarely, for fifteen minutes, and I felt my respect for him rising almost to the point of admiration.

Tired of watching, we at last started off to see what else there was of interest at the station. When we returned, near evening, the boats were far down on the edge of the horizon, and had apparently fastened to a whale, while another large school was playing undisturbed within half a mile of the shore. The trypots were placed on the other side of the Point, and there we found a party of men busy extracting the oil from heaps of blubber ready cut up from a huge humpback whale; flukes and wreck lay on the beach below. They were dripping and fairly saturated with the oil, and everything around was in the same condition. The stinking fluid had run down the face of the bluff to the water's edge, and the whole place was redolent of the perfume. A row of casks filled with oil testified to the success of the business. The tryers told us that they had cut up twelve whales already that season, and had killed and lost ten more. The fall season usually begins in October, but that year the whales had come down from the Arctic regions a month or six weeks earlier, and business had opened good. Last year they caught only two humpbacks, the rest being "California grays." This year, thus far, the whales killed had all been humpbacks. A good big fellow will yield one hundred barrels of oil, but the average is perhaps thirty-five. Whale-fishing is carried on in this manner at San Luis Obispo, Monterey, and other points all along the coast down to Cape St. Lucas. On the hill I noticed a pile of the blubber scraps from which the oil had been boiled, which are used for lighting fires to guide the boats home on dark nights. Did it ever by any possibility occur to these guileless Gees, that a fire thus lighted at this high point on a dark night *might* possibly be mistaken for a lighthouse light, and thus a noble vessel, freighted



TRYING OUT.

with precious lives, and freight liable to get badly scattered when cast ashore by the waves, be lured to destruction? There have been many wrecks along this rocky coast, and underwriters seldom secure much of the cargo.

There are no real harbors between San Francisco and San Diego, about four hundred miles south, and very few places where a vessel can in the fairest weather run alongside a wharf to load or unload. At Pigeon Point there is a semicircular bay, partially sheltered from the northern winds, but the heavy swells rolling in from the southwest prevent any wharves being erected. Out about two hundred yards from the shore is a high monument-like rock, rising to a level with the steep rock bluff which half incloses the bay. From the bluff to the top of this rock stretches a heavy wire cable, kept taut by a capstan. A vessel rounding the reef runs into the sheltered cove under this hawser, and then casts anchor. Slings running down on the hawser are rigged, and her cargo lifted from her deck load by load, run up into the air fifty to one hundred feet, then hauled in shore, and landed upon the top of the bluff. Lumber, hay in bales like cotton, fruit, potatoes, vegetables, dairy products, etc., etc., are in like manner run out and lowered at the right moment upon the vessel's decks. If a southwester comes on she slips her anchor and runs out to sea till it is over. This system is in extensive use along the coast, though in some places lighters and tugs are employed to load and unload.

This part of the coast has a terrible name, and may well be dreaded by sailors. Six miles south of Pigeon Point is Point Año Nuevo (New Year). The shore between bends inward, and all along black reefs of rocks rear their ugly fangs, like wild beasts watching for their prey. A current sweeps in from Point Año Nuevo toward Pigeon Point, and many a vessel has been drawn in in the fog, to be dashed on the rocks. Off Point Año Nuevo is a desert island of three or four acres of sand and rocks, a favorite resort of sea-lions and sea-birds. On this island the United States government proposed to erect a lighthouse, but the owners of the great Spanish ranch of seventeen thousand acres, to whom it belongs, asked forty thousand dollars for a deed of it,—they bought the whole grant originally for about twenty thousand dollars, and have realized twice that sum from partial sales; and so it was decided to place it on Pigeon Point, where a site equally as good was secured for five thousand dollars. Ultimately the demand for a site at Point Año Nuevo, at something like a reasonable rate, was conceded, and there will soon be a lighthouse on both points.

The most noted wrecks hereabouts have been as follows: 1. The clipper-ship Carrier Pigeon, of eleven hundred tons, from Boston, wrecked at Pigeon Point in the winter of 1853–4, the vessel and cargo being a total loss, although the crew escaped. 2. The ship Sir John Franklin, from Baltimore, with the cargo of the Pennell, condemned at Rio de Janeiro; lost at Point Año Nuevo, six years ago; captain, first mate, and eleven of the crew drowned. 3. The

British iron bark Coya, from Newcastle, with coal and passengers; wrecked between the two points, four years ago. No danger was suspected in this case, until in the early part of the night the vessel, supposed to be forty miles off shore, was discovered to be among the breakers. Before she could be put about she struck the reef, rolled over into the deep water beyond, and went down in an instant, carrying with her twenty-seven people, including three women. Two men and a boy, half naked, benumbed and exhausted, were cast upon the rocks, and reached a ranch, the only survivors of the thirty souls on board. 4. The ship Hellespont (British), from Newcastle, eleven hundred tons of coal, lost near Pigeon Point one night in the winter of 1869–70. Seven men perished, but a portion of the crew, naked, bleeding, bruised, and more dead than alive, succeeded in reaching the fishermen's station.

On the sandy bluff at Point Año Nuevo is an inclosure within which lie buried, side by side, forty of the victims of these terrible disasters. Others were removed by their friends, and one, the mate of the Hellespont, sleeps, undisturbed by the merry prattle of the children or the wild screams of the sea-gulls, beside one of the whalers' houses at Pigeon Point.

"You see that grave right behind that house?" said my companion. "That is where we buried the mate of the Hellespont. She went ashore in the night within a mile of the Point, and, owing to the roar of the breakers, the whalemen knew nothing about it. One of the sailors, bleeding from many wounds, more dead than alive, and wholly naked, every rag having been torn from him in his buffeting with the waves, managed to crawl up the bluff, and, groping in the darkness, stumbled upon the trail leading to the Point. Just as the day was breaking, he had crept within sight of the cottages. One of the whalemen coming out met the poor fellow at the door, and raising the cry, 'A ghost! a ghost!' ran back with such speed as his trembling limbs would give him. The supposed ghost, seeing a chance for life, and being too cold to speak, staggered after him. In his terror the Portuguese stumbled and fell headlong upon the floor, and the shipwrecked mariner stumbled also and fell upon him. The other Gees, hearing the outcry, ran to the spot and fell over the prostrate couple, and the horrible and grotesque were strangely mixed. At last the ghost related his story, and the frightened fishermen started down in search of the other survivors, two or three of whom were met crawling along the road. The bodies of others were lying on the beach, or tossed to and fro by the breakers, while the fragments of the wreck strewed the shore for miles. There is a telegraph station on the Point, communicating with the Merchants' Exchange in San Francisco and with the station at Pescadero, and the news of the disaster was soon known along the coast. We placed the body of the mate into a coffin, and asked the Portuguese to help us to bring it to the Point for burial, but the superstitious fellows would not touch the corpse for love or money. I coaxed, and pleaded, and appealed to their humanity, but all in vain. Then I swore that I would get even on them. We went up there and commenced digging a grave. When they saw what we were doing, they began to comprehend the situation, and so far conquered their prejudices as to offer to help us carry the corpse up the hill. 'Not much, darlings of my heart; I have changed my mind!' I said; and I had. I meant to give them a lesson which would last them a lifetime, or make them move their quarters. So three of us lugged it to this spot, and buried it beside the cottage, and his ghost has annoyed them every stormy night since, and will probably worry them as long as they stay here."

Thus chatting, we rode on down the coast, and when abreast of Point Año Nuevo, drove up to the door of the hospitable proprietor of Steele's Dairy.

# CHAPTER III.

## IN THE MISTS OF THE PACIFIC.

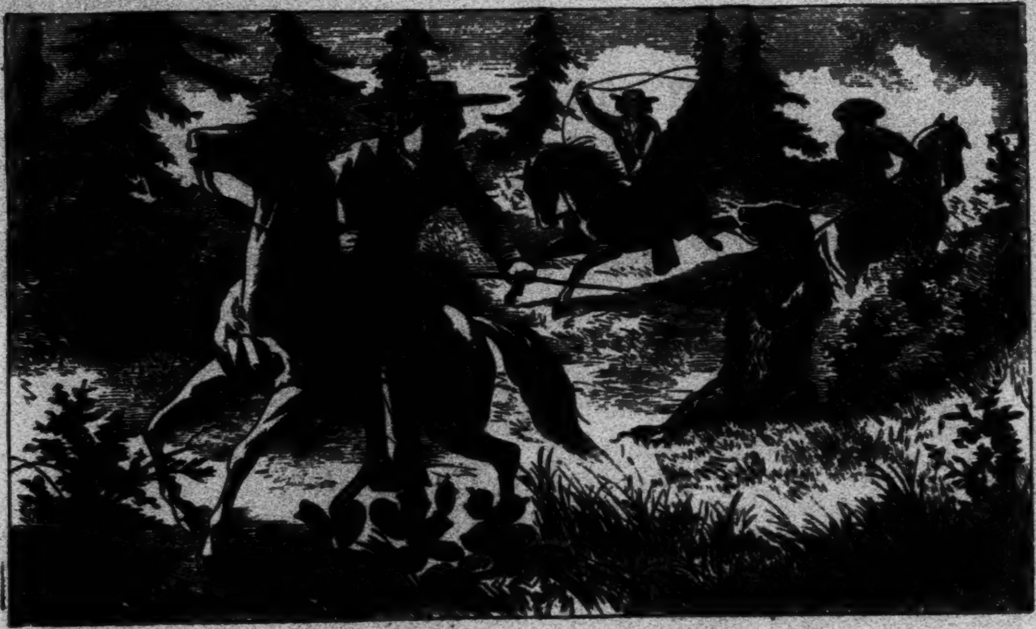
Steele's Ranch.—The Model Dairy of California.—Captain Graham.—A Semi-Tropical Garden.—Frightful Contest with a Grizzly.—Bear and for-Bear.—The True King of Beasts.—The Model of Conservatism.—How the Hunters lay for Bruin.—A Foolhardy Feat.—An Adventure on the San Joaquin.—A Bear on a Spree.—Don't stand on Ceremony with a Bear.—How a California Bear entertained a Mexican Bull.—How Native Californians Lasso the Bear.—How a Yankee did it.—The Bear ahead.—Pebble Beach of Pescadero.—Cona.—The oldest Inhabitant.—Don Felipe Armas.—Don Salvador Mosquito.—The Man who was a Soldier.—A Hundred Years ago.—Catching Salmon Trout.—Shooting Sea-Lions.—Wild Scene on the Sea-Shore.

STEELE'S is one of the largest dairy ranches on the Pacific coast. It is owned and run by the brothers Steele, formerly of Delaware County, New York. General Steele, who served in the Union army during the war, and the deputy-sheriff of Delaware County, who was murdered by the "Anti-Renters," some years ago, were brothers of the proprietors. There are two fine two-story frame houses on the ranch, a fourth of a mile apart, which, unlike the majority of houses on this part of the coast, are elegantly finished, surrounded with shade-trees and gardens, and provided with all the comforts of life. We found one of the Steeles at home. He told us that in the earlier part of the season they milked between six and seven hundred cows; but as the feed grows shorter with the advance of the dry season, the number gradually dwindles down twenty-five to fifty per cent. As fast as the cows dry up they are sent to the mountains and allowed to remain until the rains commence, in November and December. The Steeles came here about nine years ago, and rented this ranch of seventeen thousand acres for six thousand dollars per annum, with the privilege of purchasing all south of the Gazos Creek for six dollars per acre. The ranch was granted under the Mexican Republic to old Captain Graham, a Cherokee Indian half-breed, formerly a Rocky Mountain trapper. He had no business tact, and old age and *aguardiente* combined had completely unfitted him for carrying on this estate, and the still larger and more valuable one known as Seyante, near Santa Cruz. Mortgages and lawsuits eat it all up, and it passed out of his hands for the beggarly sum of twenty thousand dollars. It was considered one of the most barren and unattractive localities on the coast, but the Steeles saw its capabilities, and settled upon it. They soon purchased seven thousand acres of the land in the vicinity of their present homes, and went into the dairy business on a large scale. Others imitated their success on a smaller scale, and there are now over fifteen hundred cows on the ranch. These are fed only on the native "wild oats," which in place of grass cover all the open country of California, but with proper effort vegetables could be raised, to double the milk-producing capacity of the ranch. Alfalfa might flourish in some localities and thus largely increase the feed; but the long dry season, extending from the first of May to November or December, is too much for the tame grasses of the Atlantic States, and no improvement in that direction appears practicable. The native wild oats, however, furnish both green feed and nourishing hay naturally, no cutting or housing being required. As the ground grows dry under the heat of the summer sun, the oats dry up and become of a bright golden color. All the nutritious properties are perfectly preserved, and so long as no rain falls upon this standing hay, it is eaten with avidity by the cattle and keeps them sleek and fat. When the first rain comes, the oats break down and fall upon the earth, and in a few weeks totally disappear, leaving nothing whatever for the cattle to feed upon until the seed, which during the summer has been sowing itself in the cracks and crevices of the earth formed by the drying up of the soil, and been trampled in and covered up by the hoofs of the animals, starts into new life and in a few days clothes all the hills in vivid green again.

Six years ago the Steeles made, from one day's milk of their own cows, a cheese of the richest description, weighing within a fraction of four thousand pounds (two tons), which they presented to the Sanitary Commission. It was exhibited in San Francisco until it had produced several thousands of dollars, and then cut up and sold at one dollar in gold per pound for the benefit of the cause. A cousin of the family, who lives with them, enjoys the rare distinction of being the only man in California elected, in 1869, to the Legislature fairly and squarely on the Fifteenth Amendment issue. They find their business so profitable that they have bought another ranch of only forty-five thousand acres in San Luis Obispo County, which they were then stocking. They intend to carry on both dairies, but the business of each will be kept separate, and the style of the firms will be "Steele Brothers of San Mateo," and "Steele Brothers of San Luis Obispo." For the prices realized for their butter and cheese—they are too far from the city to sell their milk—see the market quotations in the San Francisco dailies. Yet California imports immense quantities of butter and cheese annually, while there are still millions of acres of cheap, unoccupied grazing lands scattered all through the State, from San Diego to Del Norte, and from the coast to the far recesses of the Sierra Nevada.

Mr. Steele asked us to walk back into the garden, and see what could be done in six years in the way of fruit-raising on land which had, until quite recently, been supposed fit only to raise jackass-rabbits and long-horned, worthless, and savage Spanish cattle. A little "arroyo" comes down from the cañon in the mountains near the house, and makes a bend around the ground selected for the garden. Along the bank of this "arroyo" willows and other trees were planted to aid the large, scattered, live-oaks which stood there in breaking the winds. Thus sheltered, the apple, pear, fig, plum, apricot, peach, soft-shelled almond, and other trees, grew up like weeds, and soon were loaded with luscious fruit. From one apple-tree, the second year after it was planted out, Mr. Steele picked two bushels of the finest apples. The pear-trees I found had every branch propped up separately, and on some the fruit would weigh at least four times as much as the entire tree, roots, trunk, branches, and leaves. The figs were covered with the second crop of the season, nearly ripe, and the plums were like great yellow balls of sugar and butter. All the fruit is perfect; even the grapes, which flourish best in the hot, sunny valleys, being large and delicious. Every variety of vegetable seemed to flourish; golden squashes and pumpkins covered the ground, and luscious melons lay ripening in the sun. Among the curiosities we noticed a bed of peanuts. These pets of the Bowery patrons grow luxuriantly in California, being largely cultivated by the Chinese in Sacramento Valley, and are larger and better than any imported; the tops look something like alfalfa. All this without irrigation or other cultivation than spading and hoeing, in the most inhospitable climate found in California below the snow-belt of the Sierra Nevada.

The grizzly bear still prowls in the redwoods, and occasionally comes down to levy tribute on the rancheros. My friend showed me where two huge grizzlies were seen lying in an arroyo sunning themselves only a few days before. The party who saw them had lost no cattle of that description, and he, in the expressive language of California, "got up and dusted" in the opposite direction as fast as his horse could carry him. And well he might. Mr.



LASSOING A GRIZZLY.

Steele pointed out where a fearful scene was enacted just above his garden in 1867. An old she-bear came down with her two cubs in the day-time and seized a hog. Two men employed on the ranch, both Portuguese, started to rescue the hog. One had a gun, the other only a garden mattock. They found her by the fence eating the hog, and yelled at her to drive her away. She accepted the challenge, and with a growl dashed over the fence and after them. The man with the gun pointed it full-cocked at her head, but, as he afterward admitted, when he felt her hot breath in his face, became demoralized, dropped the weapon and jumped over the fence. His companion followed his example, and they jumped back and forth for some minutes with the enraged brute in close pursuit. At length the man who had the mattock started to run across the field toward the house; but the bear caught him, threw him down, bit him through the thigh, and then started after the other assailant. Had the wounded man feigned death he would have been saved; but not understanding grizzly fighting, he jumped up and began shouting for help. At this she turned upon him more infuriated than ever, and, seizing him by the side, literally tore him in pieces, killing him instantly. The other man escaped. The next morning the bear, bear-like, returned to finish the hog, and was shot by a party lying in wait for her.

Three or four years ago a San Franciscan staying at the Forest Home, on the mountains between Santa Cruz and San José, a few miles east of this place, was one day digging up a honeysuckle bush near the house, when he saw something stir in the bushes and gave it a poke with the hoe. A moment later the ladies saw him vault over the fence into the door-yard, with a grizzly at his heels. He managed to escape, but left a portion of his pantaloons behind as a keepsake. That night the family slept in the second story of the house with the windows fastened down.

Almost every schoolboy in America is familiar with stories of the savage ferocity and immense strength of the grizzly bear of California. As a rule as I think I may have intimated elsewhere, hunters stories may safely be taken with some grains of allowance. The lion has generally been represented as the "King of Beasts," and numberless are the stories of his courage, strength, and ferocity. The truth is, the lion is nothing but a great overgrown cat, and his courage is just that of the cat on a large scale, and nothing more. A cat will fight when cornered, from sheer excess of cowardice, but she always prefers running. Find the weight of a cat and that of a lion, and just so many times as the lion is heavier than the cat, just so much more fight and courage of the same character exactly you will find in him. But the stories of the dangerous character of the grizzly, unlike those relating to the lion, are *not* and cannot be exaggerated. I know from observation that the oldest hunters are the most afraid of a contest with the grizzly, and take the greatest pains to avoid one. It is always the young, inexperienced hunter who sallies out half armed and alone to fight a grizzly; and one dose is generally found quite enough to cure him of such folly.

The plain truth is, that the grizzly is much better entitled to the title of King of Beasts than the lion. He fears neither man nor beast, and, instead of waiting to be attacked, will, if hungry or in any way out of humor, invariably become the attacking party whatever the odds against him. A lucky shot penetrating the heart, breaking the vertebra, or entering the brain, will sometimes cause almost instant death; but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the first shot only enrages and infuriates him, and renders him the most dangerous animal on earth to fall into the clutches of.

The bear, like the hog, is "set in his ways," obstinate, and inclined to adhere, with unflinching pertinacity, to established customs and habits. He never goes back on the traditions of his race. He is the true natural conservative, believes to the utmost in the wisdom of his ancestors, and hates innovation. He forgets nothing, and learns nothing from experience. You can always count on his doing a certain thing in a certain contingency; as they say out west, "he averages well." He invariably buries his prey where he kills it, and returns at night to feed upon it. The knowledge of this fact has before now saved many a hunter's life. The man who has the courage and nerve to lie still as if dead, and never cringe when he is lifted by the bear's teeth, stands a chance of being buried under a pile of loose leaves and rubbish, and left for hours or until night; but woe to him if he moves so much a finger before he knows that the bear is out of sight; his fate is then certain. Rancheros who are annoyed by the killing of their stock by grizzlies take advantage of this habit of the bear, and, on discovering where one has buried a steer, hog, or sheep, construct a platform high up on a large tree, if one is convenient, or dig a pit if no tree is near, and on the platform or in the pit await the bear's return at night, prepared to give him a volley from the largest and most formidable guns obtainable. I have often seen these platforms in the Sierra Nevada and Coast Range, and listened to the stories of the hunters who "went for" the grizzlies there.

On the 14th of March, 1871, George W. Teel, a youth of seventeen years, employed as a stock-herder on the foothills of the Mount St. Helena range, only five miles from Calistoga, discovered the track of a grizzly near his camp, and, boy-like, determined to lay for him. Six hundred yards from camp he dug a hole in the ground deep enough to wholly hide him, then hung a piece of venison on a tree near by, loaded his double-barreled gun with all the powder he dared place in it, and two-ounce slugs, and commenced his nightly vigil. About two o'clock in the morning he heard the snorting of a grizzly, and on looking up, he beheld, about eight feet off, two glaring eyes in the head of a large-sized bear. It was quite dark and foggy. The young man leveled his gun, took aim, and as he saw the bear raise his head, he fired, and the ball entered the animal's neck, breaking it, the slug ranging along the back and lodging under the skin. The

A CHANGE OF BASE.

bear was so close that the powder singed the hair on its breast. The grizzly had grasped in its teeth an oak bush, and in one leap fell dead at the feet of its captor.

Young Teel, having been successful, retired to his camp contented. At daybreak he left his couch and went to the place where he had killed the animal, and to his surprise found he had killed a grizzly of the size of an ox, weighing fully eight hundred pounds. He was in luck.

About the same time an experienced hunter in Southern California met with a terrible adventure, with more serious results. The affair is related by the Los Angeles *Star*, of February 19th, 1871: "John Searles, well known in this section of the State as an expert miner, left Soledad Cañon a few days ago, with a couple of friends, on a hunting expedition into the mountains north and east of La Liebre Rancho, which abound in deer and bear. Wednesday evening, the party encamped at the foot of a large cañon, and, leaving his friends, Mr. Searles took his rifle, a Spencer, and went up the cañon hunting; about a mile from camp, he killed and dressed a grizzly. Judging from the fresh sign that bear was plenty, he went on up the cañon, looking for a good place for a hunting camp. Half a mile from where he left his horse, in very thick brush, he came suddenly upon a large grizzly, breaking down the chemisal, in a thicket. After waiting in the trail a few minutes, with his gun ready, the bear emerged from the bush and made a rush at him. A ball from the Spencer knocked it down; but, almost immediately rising, the bear—one of the largest kind—closed with him. The Spencer missing fire three times, a terrible hand-to-hand combat ensued, the man fighting for life with his fists, and the bear fighting for death with teeth and claws. The unequal conflict was not prolonged. The bear, weakened by loss of blood which poured from the rifle-ball wound, left the man for dead, and crawling into the brush, bled to death. After the bear left, Mr. Searles, who had feigned death, arose and examined his wounds. A bite from the bear had broken his lower jaw in several places, one of his arms were broken, and terrible wounds in the breast and side were bleeding fast. In this condition he crawled to his horse, mounted and rode to camp. He was brought to this city last night, by his friends, and best surgical aid summoned to his assistance, although it is feared that his injuries are fatal."

"If you play with the bear, you must take bear's play," is a common saying, but its full force and significance can only be appreciated by one who has had a tussle with a California grizzly.

The Stockton *Republican* of March 14th, 1871—the very day on which both the last related affairs occurred—gave the following account of a grizzly fight which occurred in the Valley of the San Joaquin a few days previously: "W. D. Fowler and George Day were out hunting in the hills near Oristemba Creek, on the west side of San Joaquin River, in Stanislaus county, and came upon a large female grizzly bear, which they commenced firing at. The bear retreated slowly, and finally went to her lair in some underbrush. The men kept up a steady fire at her at long range, the bear fighting desperately, tearing the brush and breaking limbs, but refusing to leave her position. After awhile, they noticed her carry off, one at a time, two small cubs and hide them in the bush. Finding their range too long to be effective, the hunters undertook to reach a position nearer the bear by going around a hill, and just when they were ascending the knoll to get a sight of her, she suddenly came over the brow and dashed at them in the most ferocious manner When discovered, she was so near them that escape was impossible, and the men stood their ground. On she came, tearing up the bushes and biting the shrubs. When within ten feet of Fowler he fired, and the shot broke her neck. She fell, and a shot from Day's rifle passed through her heart. It was a narrow escape. The hunters captured the two cubs the mother had hid in the brush, and another, which still remained in the nest. The two cubs hidden in the brush were colored precisely alike, while the one remaining in the nest was somewhat darker, from which the hunters concluded that the old bear they killed had only secreted her own young, and that the one remaining in the nest belonged to another bear and another family."

In the spring of 1869, a grizzly of the largest size "ranched" in the San Andreas Valley, near the new reservoir of the Spring Valley Water Company,—from which San Francisco is supplied,—within fifteen miles of the Golden City, for several weeks. Nobody about there had lost any bears, and nobody went after him, so he fattened on the luxuriant clover and wild oats until the range began to give out, and then leisurely departed for the mountains. No one asked him to come, and nobody cared to delay his departure.

The grizzly is susceptible of domestication, but his moods are varied even then. A few years ago, while a museum was being moved from one part of San Francisco to another, old Samson—who chawed up "Grizzly Adams" once upon a time and rendered him beautiful for life—got out of his cage and took possession of the lower part of the city. A crowd of excited men and boys were soon at his heels, endeavoring to corral him, but for a long time without success. At length, tired of picking up damaged fruit from the gutters, upsetting ash-barrels and swill-barrels, and frightening all the women and children on the street out of their seven senses, he took refuge in a livery stable, where he was speedily surrounded and cornered. A number of men formed a hollow square around him with pitchforks, and an Irishman with a rope formed into a noose crawled up within reach of the beleaguered animal, and would have lassoed him, but for the fact that he was afraid to attempt it. "Why don't you slip it over his nose so that he can't bite?" shouted a bystander to him. "Well, you see I would, but thin I ain't acquainted with him jist!" was the hesitating reply. "Oh, never mind being *acquainted* with him; don't stand on ceremony with a bear. Just take off your hat and introduce yourself!" was the jeering rejoinder; and a roar of laughter from the entire crowd testified to their keen appreciation of the joke. In January, 1870, I saw that same bear in the Plaza de Toros, in the city of Vera Cruz, Mexico, dig a hole large enough to hold an elephant, take a bull which had been set to fight him in his paws as if he were an infant, carry him to the pit, hurl him into it head foremost, slap him on the side with his tremendous paws until his breath was half knocked out of his body, and then hold him down with one paw while he deliberately buried him alive by raking the earth down upon him with the other. Samson had not a tooth to bite with at that time, they having been in the course of years and many fights worn down to the gums; but his strength was that of an elephant, and his claws, eight inches in length, curved like a rainbow and sharp as a knife would enable him to tear open anything made ol flesh and blood as you or I would tear open a banana.

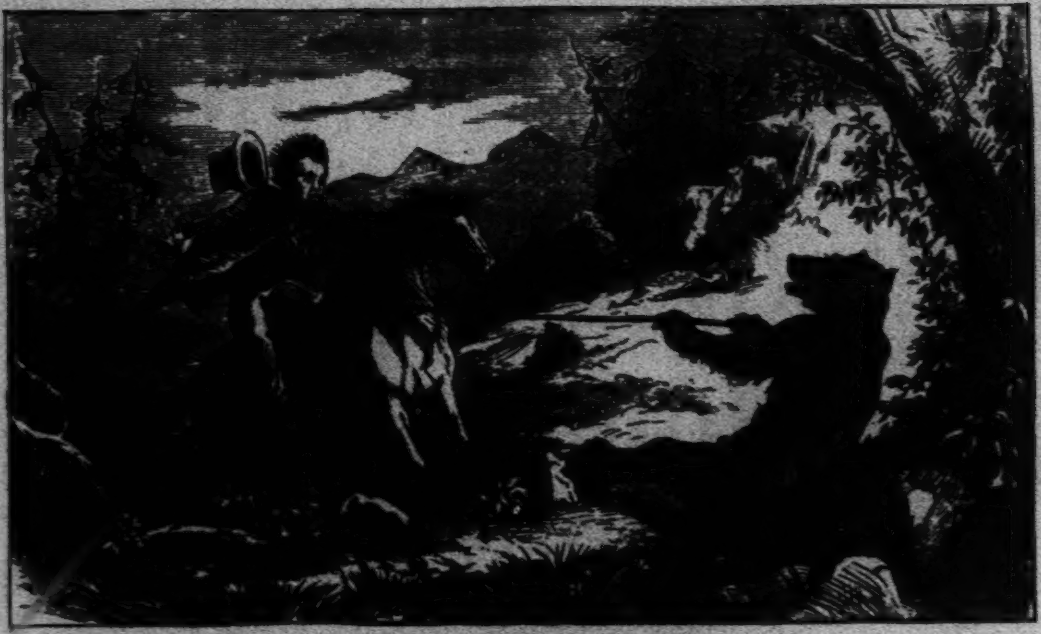
I am satisfied that an average grizzly could at any time whip the strongest African lion in a fair stand-up fight, while a full-grown bull is no more to him than a rat is to the largest house-cat.

The grizzly is becoming scarce in some parts of the State, but he is still found in great numbers in the Coast Range Mountains, from San Diego to Del Norte.

The Mexican or native Californian *vaqueros* in Santa Barbara and neighboring counties, riding out three or four together on their fleet, well-trained *caballos*, will without fear attack a grizzly, lasso him from different directions, and not only conquer him, but actually so tie him up and entangle him as to eventually tire him out, and bring him into the town an unresisting prisoner.

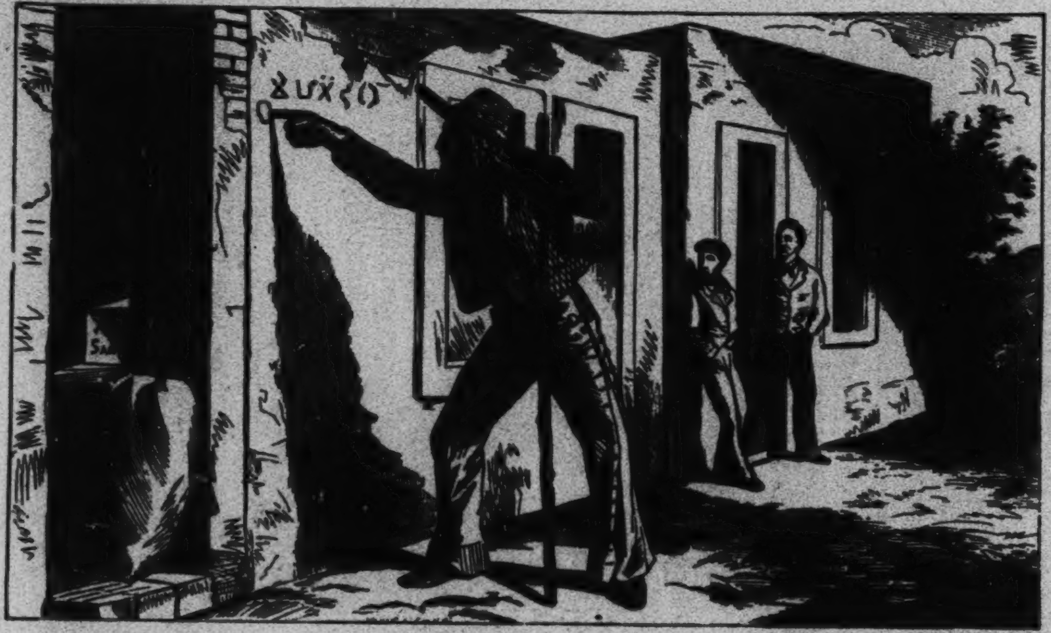
But it is not every man who can do that little trick. The natives relate with pardonable exultation the story of a Yankee who came to California in early days, and soon acquired the trick of throwing the lasso with considerable dexterity. Hearing others talk of lassoing the grizzly, he started out full of confidence, to show them that he could do what any other man could do in that line. He soon raised a bear, threw the lasso with unerring aim, and reined back his trembling steed to give the brute an astonisher; when the *rieta*—which is attached always to the pommel of the saddle—came up taut. Judge of his astonishment, my little friends, when that bear quietly assumed a sitting position, took hold of the *rieta*, and commenced to draw it in, hand over hand! The hapless descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers stuck to the horse and saddle until he saw the slack all drawn in, and the bear and horse coming rapidly together,—with what result could not be for a moment doubted,—then hastily descended and hunted a tree, abandoning the horse to the underwriters. He had learned only half of the trick. Two skillful men, operating from opposite sides, can master a bear and choke him between them; but with only one man, one horse, and one bear, it is "bear and for bear" all the time.

Returning from the Steele Brothers' dairy at Point Año Nuevo, we passed the famed "Pebble Beach of Pescadero," a great resort especially for



THE PULL ON THE WRONG SIDE.

ladies and children, in the summer season. Two ledges of sharp, jagged rocks jut out into the ocean about two hundred and fifty yards apart. Between them extends a sandstone bluff some thirty feet in height, in front of which stretches the beach some twenty to fifty feet in width at high or low tide. The beach is composed wholly of pebbles, from the size of a grain of wheat to that of a good-sized walnut. They are of all colors—white, red, brown, yellow, green, and variegated. Those of a beautiful opaline hue are most plentiful, and all are highly polished by attrition. Plain agates, moss-agates, cornelians and greenstones abound; and it is claimed that the more precious stones, including diamonds and rubies, are sometimes met with. The wife of Francisco Garcia, a well-known saloon-keeper on Montgomery Street, in San Francisco, has a genuine diamond which she found here, but I am not certain that it was placed there by purely natural agencies Hundreds of tons of the pebbles are washed up by every storm, and it is supposed that there is a layer or stratum of soft rock or clay in which they are imbedded, extending out into the sea from beneath the sandstone. Every day, in summer, many ladies and children go down to this beach pebble-hunting, carrying their lunch-baskets with them. They lie down at full length upon their faces on the drifts of polished pebbles, and with a stick dig down into the mass in search of special beauties. A quart of fine ones is a good day's work, and a lady of unusually fastidious taste will frequently work all day for a cupfull. Collections of these pebbles may be seen other name, but the stout-built Mission in which the ceremony was performed has long since crumbled into dust, and the *vaqueros*, who, under the direction of the Holy Fathers (also dead), went out to lasso him and bring him in for the glory of God, have for many a year been hunting ethereal cattle on phantom steeds over the ranchos of the blessed. I saw him the other day. He came down to the grocery to get a bottle of whisky, to which he is very partial when he cannot get milk, which is usually the case. This antidiluvian joker is always as dry as a fish. They trust him at the grocery until his bill amounts to two or three dollars, and then demand the coin. Lifting his hands, with the expression of a dying saint, the old rascal ejaculates, "*Yo muy pobre, señor! Yo tengo nada, nada, nada! señor!*" with solemn earnestnesss and every appearance of perfect honesty. But the clerk invariably goes for him in the most business-like manner. Placing his elbow against the venerable patriarch's windpipe, he pushes him back against the wall, and, bringing the pressure up to about the point of one hundred and sixty pounds to the square inch, gradually cuts off his supply of breath and consequent power of resistance; then running the other hand into his pocket produces a more or less well-filled purse, from which he repays the establishment and squares the account. Then Don Salvador denounces the act as a "damned Yankee trick," goes out in front of the store, spits in the dust, mixes up a little mud, in which he dips his finger, and making crosses and other cabalistic signs upon the door, and windows, and walls, calls down the



THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

vengeance of an offended Heaven on the accursed *tienda* and everything therein. "May its walls fall out, its roof cave in, its contents be ground to powder, and its site be given over, as a last crowning curse, to the everlasting habitation and proprietorship of the worthy descendants of the chief robber, son of a priest and a woman without virtue, who now occupies it!" Then he goes home with a heart full of wrath and righteous bitterness. Next morning he returns to see the ruins, is duly astonished at seeing the place stand unharmed, goes in and commences a new account. Mosquito appears to be a man of strong but transitory prejudices. His tribe many years ago dwindled down to some forty or fifty, who, under the command of the chief, Pomponio, made their headquarters in the redwood forest above Pescadero, near to the source of the stream now bearing his name. From thence they made periodical forays on the ranchos below; but as the good Fathers had caught and "converted" all their female friends, they finally went down to the old Mission Santa Clara or San José—I am not certain which—and, breaking into the corral one night, carried off a "mahala" apiece from under the very noses of their pious guardians. For this daring act of sacrilege they were pursued by the Spanish soldiers to their mountain fastness and exterminated. Mosquito not being big enough for slaughter was not killed, but was caught and baptized. He is a *buen Christiano*, especially when about half-full of whisky. I have calculated the number of red peppers he must have eaten since that time, and the aggregate is something more bulky than Mount Diablo, and it would take more figures to express it than are required in the annual exhibit of our national debt.

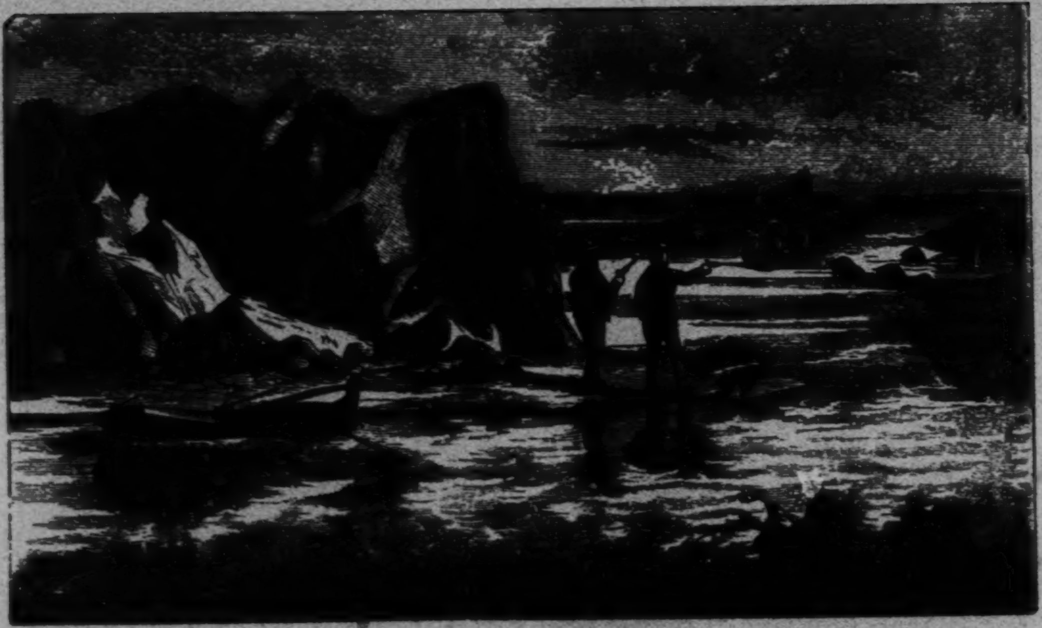
"Pescadero" is the Spanish for "fishery," and the name is indicative. The creeks which come down from the mountains all along this coast swarm with the spotted trout of California, and afford fine sport in the early part of the season. In places along their banks, the honeysuckle bushes and other shrubs and vines form a chapparal so dense that you must wade for miles to whip the stream; but one hundred, two hundred, or even three hundred trout are often basketed in a single day's fishing by one individual. It does not rain here from April until the last of November or December; but as the days become shorter, and the sun's rays less powerful, the evaporation which caused the streams to dwindle to mere strings of detached ponds decreases, and all over the State, especially in the Coast Range, the rivers commence to rise. Thompson, a hospitable landlord, took me down to the mouth of the Pescadero for a little sport. We sent a Mexican after worms for bait. The Mexican sent a negro, and we sent a Chinaman after the negro, and got them all at last. The row down the creek was short. We saw hundreds of mallards and teal, which we could not shoot, because the law forbids it—very properly—until the 15th of the month, and large flocks of long-billed curlew and other birds, such as crows, buzzards, gulls, etc., etc., which we did not want to kill. There is a bar at the mouth of the creek, and we chained our boat to a high rock inside it and walked down to the ocean. The shores were lined with drift, trunks of great pine and redwood trees, timbers of wrecked ships, etc., etc., and the scenery was wildly romantic. We passed the festering carcasses of half a dozen great sea lions, which had been killed by a fishing party with Henry rifles some weeks before. The fish come into the creek with the tide, and bite best before the ebb commences. If the sea lions who cover the rocks just outside, follow them into the creek, the fish all run out—and there is no more sport that day. So the fishermen shoot some of the sea-lions to make the rest leave. Before we reached the mouth we saw two wolves on the opposite shore, running around by the edge of the breakers and playing like dogs. One ran off when he saw us, and the other lifted up his nose and voice, and treated us to the most vivid illustration imaginable of

> "The wolf's lone howl on Onalaska's shore,"

and then followed his companion. As we rounded the bluff we saw some rocks just off shore covered with sea-lions. It was low tide, and we could run out to within fifty yards of them. I had a large-sized Smith & Wesson revolver, a capital weapon for such use, and as they threw up their heads to look at us, I sent a bullet into the side of a big spotted fellow who was lying high up and presented a good mark. The ball struck him with a dull thud, and as he rolled off into the waves the whole herd went splashing after him. Half a dozen of them swam down in a line to within twenty or thirty yards of us, and looked at us with their great lustrous brown eyes, whether in sorrow or in anger we could not tell, until I hit one on his head, and as the bullet glanced off, he disappeared with a grunt and porpoise-like plunge. Thompson took the pistol, and as one rose again fired and hit him squarely in the mouth. He shook his head from side to side, as if blind with pain, and then went down, leaving great dark spots in the water. They all started off then southward, and I was not sorry. Inveterate sportsman that I have been from my youth up, I cannot get over the feeling that the killing of defenseless creatures like these, and allowing their bodies to rot on the beach, is something akin to murder.

The rocks we stood on, and which are covered at high tide, were incrusted with mussels of immense size. Some of them measure twelve inches in length, and Thompson tells me that he has seen them fifteen inches long. They are fat and luscious, and a few epicures come down to the coast every season to indulge in clam-bakes and mussel-roasts; but this species of shell-fish is so common, and consequently cheap, that not one in ten of the people of California ever eat them. In holes in the rocks, filled with pure sea-water, we saw curious things like great sunflowers with bright-green petals. These we could not detach from the rocks, and at one touch they would curl up into a slippery ball with all the petals hidden inside.

We went back to our boat as the tide came boom-



SHOOTING SEA LIONS.

ing in, and prepared to fish for salmon-trout, as they are called; really they are yearling and two-year-old salmon. They will bite at a worm, spoon, or fly, but best at worms. I had hardly put in my hook before a noble fellow made the line fairly hiss through the water for a few minutes. Then we drew him, panting and exhausted with his struggles, alongside the rocks, and with a landing net got him into the boat. He was twenty inches in length, and the handsomest fish I ever caught. Eight- and ten-pounders are common, and they are the most delicious fish for frying or broiling which ever swam the sea. Great crabs came in also with the tide, and we dipped several of them out with our net. In two hours we corralled fourteen salmon-trout, losing several more by hooks breaking, and then, the slack-water coming on and the fish ceasing to bite with avidity, hoisted sail and went swiftly gliding back up the stream to the hotel. It was, all in all, the best morning's sport I have ever enjoyed in my life, and I have shot and fished from the Red River of the North to the Rio Grande, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

in most of the better class of houses in San Francisco, and along the coast, though they cannot be considered as of any great value. I walked along the beach, but did not see any diamonds, and filled my pockets at random. Some of the moss-agate and similar stones make really handsome jewelry when cut and set in gold. Santa Cruz, lower down the coast, has also a pebble beach, but it is not equal to this at Pescadero.

At the beach I saw one of the characters of the locality—Cona, an immense Newfoundland dog. One day a little girl picking pebbles was caught by a huge roller from the Pacific, and carried out into the roaring surf. Cona dashed in, caught her by the hair, and, after a stout struggle, brought her ashore alive. Of course Cona became a hero at once, and was duly lionized and spoiled. He enjoyed his dignity for some time, but eventually, finding himself neglected, he determined, by a bold stroke, to regain his popularity. Starting off for the beach, he saw a lady out swimming. He at once rushed in, seized her by the hair, and, in spite of her frantic resistance, landed her on the beach. He has become a necessary nuisance, and now insists on rescuing every man, woman, and child whom he catches swimming. He was looking for somebody to rescue when we came along there—but looked in vain; it was not a good day for rescuing, and he was sad at heart and dejected of mien.

The age attained by the native Spanish-American —and usually part Indian—inhabitants of this coast is truly marvelous. I never knew but one of them to die, and he might have lived to a green old age had he not been knocked down and run over by a runaway flour-mill truck team, on Pine street, in San Francisco, in 1868. He was one hundred and four years old when he was thus prematurely cut off. It is an undoubted fact that Cimon Avilos, now or recently living at Todos Santos Bay, Lower California, was one of the military guard who presented arms when Padre Junipero Serra raised the cross at the Mission San Diego, in July, in the year of our Lord and Master 1769. This old *conquistador* had been a soldier in the Spanish army several years before that event, so that his age to-day can be hardly less than one hundred and twenty-five years. I have half a notion to go down there some day and get the jovial young fellow to come up to San Francisco, and take a little *pasear* over the Pacific Railroad. At Pescadero the claim to being "the oldest inhabitant" is at issue between Don Salvador Mosquito, a Mission Indian, and Señor Don Felipe Armas, a Californian of Spanish parentage. Armas remembers that when King Kamehameha I., of Hawaii, found that the cattle which had grown up wild on his islands had become an unbearable nuisance, and sent over to this country for *vaqueros* to kill them off—a historical fact—he, Armas, was selected as one of the party. He was then said to be thirty-five years of age, but so many years have since elapsed that he "has lost the run of them entirely." The number of his immediate descendants is still increasing at the rate of one yearly. Salvador Mosquito was baptized under an-

# CHAPTER IV.

## PESCADERO TO SANTA CRUZ.

Down the Coast toward Santa Cruz.—The Moss and Shell Beaches of Pescadero.—A Disgusted Hunter.—A Grizzly Bear Procession.—A Mutual Surprise and Double Stampede.—The Bear Fever.—The Buck Fever and Prairie-Hen Fever.—How Jim Wheeler Killed the Buck.—How Old S. killed Three at one Shot. A Spanish-American Gentleman of Scientific Attainments and Undoubted Veracity.—View of the Bay of Monterey and the Valley and Mountains of Santa Cruz.

PESCADERO numbers among its attractions a "Moss Beach," where the ladies who visit the place go to gather the beautiful, delicate, many-hued sea-mosses which are found in such abundance all along the Pacific Coast, but in highest perfection on the shores of Central California. These mosses are torn loose by the storms, and thrown ashore by the tides in great abundance in some localities, this "Moss Beach" being one of them. The ladies gather them at low tide, strip them from the glutinous, leather-like substance to which they are found adhering, and place them in salt water, to be kept fresh until they are ready to dry them. The delicate sprays, with fibers finer than any silk, are with infinite labor spread out with pliers, or other small instruments, upon the open leaves of an old ledger or other book of hard paper, and pressed carefully while drying. When fully dried they are taken off the paper carefully, and cleaned with a soft brush to remove any mold or other blemishes, and are then ready for use in the preparation of moss-baskets, pictures, etc., etc. Nothing can be more beautiful than the work thus produced by ladies of taste, and no special teaching or experience is required to enable them to do it well. These mosses, when dried ready for use, readily command high prices at the East and in California, the demand being always large. There is also a "Shell Beach" in the vicinity of Pescadero, where beautiful sea-shells are gathered. The finest shell on the Pacific Coast is the great *abalone* (pron. "ab-a-*lo*-ne"), a mammoth univalve, which is found most abundantly and most perfect along the shores of the Bay of Monterey, and thence southwards to San Diego. The inside of the shell is rainbow-hued and very brilliant, and when the rough outside has been ground and polished away they make beautiful ornaments for the mantel and cabinet. Belt-buckles and other jewelry, which would be "perfectly lovely" if not so cheap and common, are made from these shells.

From Pescadero to Santa Cruz is thirty-six miles, by the road which winds along the coast past Point Año Nuevo and Pigeon Point to the Bay of Monterey, and thence southeastward, through a rich and highly-cultivated farming region, to the old Spanish Mission on the hill, below and around which the modern town, one of the most beautiful and thriving in California, has grown up within the past fifteen years. What a glorious gallop we—Chirimoya and I—had over the clean, hard, undulating road on that autumn morning after I left Pescadero! Californians will understand me and pardon my enthusiasm, possibly sympathize with me in it; but you of the older and more staid and conventional East cannot do so, and I pass the description, as you would inevitably pass it if you came upon it in print. Passing over a pine-clad spur of Santa Cruz mountains, which here come close down to the coast, we halted for a time to rest and look about. This is a famous place for gathering the pine-cones, with fragments of which ladies are wont to construct elaborately wrought picture-frames and other "ornamental" work, very ugly, and very effective as dust-catchers, but excellent things for presents to religiously inclined friends, who are thereby brought to a realizing appreciation of the force of the scriptural maxim, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." A hunter, who had followed a deer down from the heights above, toward the coast, but lost him, joined me as I reclined upon the warm, dry ground upon the hill-side, enjoying the delicious sense of quiet and absence of care and life's petty annoyances which comes with solitude, mountain air, and autumn sunshine, and we swapped stories of forest and mountain life and adventure, in this and other lands, for an hour or two. He told me with infinite gusto, and a true frontiersman's rude but hearty appreciation of the grotesquely humorous, how a friend of his, who was, and is, a sort of

Mr. Toots in sportsmanship and woodcraft, came down here once from San Francisco in pursuit of game, and wandering out into the woods upon this same hill, fell asleep one delicious summer afternoon beneath a shady tree. When he awoke it was almost sunset, and the coolness of evening was coming on. He sat up, looked about him, rubbed his eyes, wondered like Rip Van Winkle how long he had been lying there, and how long it would take him to walk back, empty-handed as he was, to his hotel. Just then a rustling and cracking noise, from a clump of chaparral about a hundred yards away, attracted his attention. Out walked a grizzly bear, a monarch of his kind, yawned, ran his red tongue lazily over the outside of his jaw, humped his back as if to test the condition and pliability of his vertebræ, then advanced directly toward the tree under which the astonished but hardly delighted San Franciscan sat, evidently without having noticed him and blissfully unconscious of his presence. His grizzly majesty had hardly advanced twenty yards when a female of the same species, and but a little less in size, followed in his wake and went through almost the same calisthenic exercises. The first bear's appearance made the man of "Frisco" gasp for breath, the second sent the blood back to his heart in a torrent, the force of which almost caused that organ to jump out of his breast. It never rains : a third bear followed the second, licked his chops, humped his back, gave a half growl, half whine of satisfaction and advanced in the same direction at a slow, shambling pace. Every word he had ever spoken in any near or remote sense disrespectful of bald-headed men flashed through our hero's mind in an instant. "Now I lay me down to slee——" the forward bear was already within thirty yards of him, and before the prayer could be half finished would be upon him. Something more energetic and positive had to be done immediately. Springing to his feet in frantic despair, the San Franciscan hunter threw his arms wildly aloft, and uttered one loud, long, terrific, unearthly yell, such as an able-bodied Irish banshee might have given on a particularly rough night, when a particularly bad scion of a particularly noble house was passing in his checks at the termination of a particularly long and infamous life. The effect was instantaneous and striking. The foremost bear, startled out of his seven senses by the yell, sprang about ten feet—more or less—into the air, knocked his nearest companion off her pins as he came down, rolled over her, gathered himself up, and bolted "like forty cartloads of rock going down a chute" straight for the chaparral again, his companions following close at his heels, and never turning to see what it was which had stampeded them. As they went bouncing and crashing away into the undergrowth, our friend, utterly oblivious from the first that he had a gun within reach of his arm, turned and ran the other way with such speed as Jackson or the Deerslayer never achieved, reaching his hotel, some miles from the spot, with his garments soaked with perspiration, hair wildly disheveled, and eyes almost bursting from their sockets, only to tell the marvelous story of his adventure to a party of practical hunters, who, with the true California instinct, scouted the entire statement as "too thin," affirmed that there never was a bear seen within ten miles of there, hinted that he had been frightened by a drove of cattle, winding up with an intimation that he had doubtless been drinking a little too freely of late, and if he did not want to have an attack of the "jim-jams" he had better switch off right then and there, turn over a new leaf, and reform his vicious not to say criminal habits at once and forever. Adding insult to injury was literally boiled down in this case, and our hero of "the three bars," as he was derisively termed, went to his bed that night in a frame of mind easier to be imagined than described. Next morning a small Spanish boy —who had been posted in advance by the party— rode out on a mustang to the scene of our hero's misadventure, brought back his gun, which was found lying on the ground just where he had left it, and on being closely questioned as to the "sign" he had seen, swore by all the saints in the calendar that there was nothing there save a few fresh hog tracks. This last straw broke the camel's back, and our Nimrod packed his traps and started for San Francisco by the morning stage, cursing in the bitterness of his heart the whole human race, and devoutly praying that the bears which the hunters affected to disbelieve in the very existence of might catch and devour them all. It is but just to add that the bears *were* there, and the hunters knew it all the time. They only wanted their little joke. Everything had occurred just as he had stated it, and in the frenzy of his terror he had done the wisest thing imaginable, and taken in fact the only feasible and proper course to get himself well out of a bad scrape.

My hunter friend was just a little soured in spirit by a misadventure of his own that morning. In company with a young man from the city, who came well recommended as a good shot and energetic hunter, he had started out at daybreak into the mountains in search of deer. They were going up a narrow trail along the bottom of a thick-wooded cañon, when a deer, startled by their footsteps, sprang up within ten feet of them and darted away with tremendous bounds through the bushes. The young man, startled out of his seven senses by the sudden appearance of the deer, had been seized with the "buck fever," and discharging his rifle at random without the slightest idea what he was about, came within an ace of blowing his companion's head off. For this he had received a blessing, and an intimation that thenceforth their paths were separated, and the more widely the better.

This "buck fever" is one of the most violent diseases which ever attacked the human system. The story of the Southern planter who placed his negro servant in ambush, and then, ordering him to fire the moment he got a fair sight at the deer, drove a fine buck directly down the ravine past him, is familiar, I presume, to most of my readers. As the buck dashed past him the negro rose to his feet, when the frightened animal made a tremendous bound, clearing a clump of bushes and a fallen tree-top, and was out of sight in an instant. "Why in thunder didn't you fire, Sam, as I told you?" "Fire, massa? Gully mighty, massa, I didn't tink 'twas any use! He jump so almighty high, I was done gone sure he'd break his back falling, massa!" was the trembling darkey's quick-witted reply.

I once knew a man out in Illinois named Wheeler. He had been engaged in farming on Fox River for years and never fired a gun. But one winter when a light snow covered the ground, he heard the boys talking so much about the fun they were having at deer-hunting that his ambition became excited, and he determined to borrow a gun and start out himself. He did so. That night he came back with a magnificent buck, shot square in the middle of the forehead. Wheeler said little about his achievement, but got the credit of being a crack shot, which he enjoyed for years. But on an evil day he visited the village of St. Charles, on the occasion of the visit of a circus to the place, and getting unusually full of ginger-pop and such mild stimulants, in an unguarded moment let out the secret and blasted that glorious reputation in an instant. He had seen a doe drinking out of a creek at the foot of a bluff some twenty feet in height, and in the wild excitement of the moment got the rifle to his shoulder, shut his eyes, set his teeth like a child in a fit, and pulled trigger. To his utter astonishment he saw the doe bound away untouched, and at the same instant a glorious buck pitched headlong from the top of the bluff into the creek, shot dead as a door nail by a bullet through the head. The buck had been looking down on the doe, and Wheeler had never seen him at all. That let him out as a deer-huntist.

It is not absolutely necessary that the game in sight should be a buck or doe, to give a green hunter the "buck fever." Prairie-chickens suddenly starting up around a man for the first time will not unfrequently produce a severe attack. I remember with a tender regard my old hunting friend and companion of other days, Len Huegunin, of Chicago, one of the gamest sportsmen I have ever known. He shot his left arm off gunning for ducks in the Calumet Marshes, but his right never forgot its cunning, and years thereafter he was one of the crack shots of the Garden City. One day Len was persuaded against his better judgment to go out on the prairie and initiate a green Bostonian in the mysteries of prairie-chicken shooting. When the dog took up the scent of the first covey, Len followed upon one side of an Osage orange hedge and his companion on the other. The chickens were concealed in the grass on the Bostonian's side of the hedge, and in an instant they were all off at once, flying, bur-r-r-r-r-r, bur-r-r-r-r-r, bur-r-r-r-r-r, up from around his feet and skurrying off right and left in all directions. Without the remotest idea of what he was doing or wanted to do, the startled Bostonian fired both barrels into the air at random, and with one of them bored a hole about the size of a saw log through the hedge and perforated old Len's coat, vest, and pants, to say nothing of his hide, with about ten thousand—more or less—No. 7.

Now Len was a man of few words but prompt action. As quick as a flash his gun was at his shoulder, and bang, bang, it went in less time than I can write it. The Bostonian jumped about three feet high as each barrel was discharged, and yelled, as soon as he could get breath, "Why, confound you! what the d—l are you doing? You have peppered me all over with shot, and hang me if I don't believe you meant it! If I had some buckshot here, blame me if I wouldn't give you a dose, if *that* is your little game!" Len's reply came quick from between teeth set hard on a wire cartridge, the mate to which he was jamming down into the gun, which he held upright between his knees, having but one hand to work with. "Well, d—n you, that *is* my game, and if you are on it, the quicker you get about it the better! *I'm loading with buckshot cartridges already!*" The timely arrival of a mutual friend saved the Bostonian from a dose of "BB"; but Len had enough of that chicken-pie, and went home at once full of wrath and small shot, the most disgusted man on the continent of America. To this day—if Len is still in the land of the living—you have but to ask Len to go out with a green Bostonian on a chicken-hunt, to get up a first-class fight on the instant. Len was three weeks at work with his fingers, a jack-knife, and a pair of tweezers digging out those shot, swearing a blue streak all the time, and the Bostonian went home with his body so full of lead that he never dared take a swimming bath from that day forth.

It is a painful fact, but a fact nevertheless, that hunters will lie, occasionally; I have hunted somewhat myself, and I know it. Old S. used to keep a hotel and drive stage on the San Mateo and Pescadero road. He had hunted more or less all his life. One day he was telling a party of tourists about a big deer-hunt he had a few years before. Warming up with his subject, he pointed out with his whip a steep bluff on the hill-side above them, and thus concluded his narration: "Well, you see, gents, I had just got down in that little cañon there, when I seen a deer standing right by that big redwood, and went for him. I didn't see but one deer when I fired, but that deer just gin one leap and come crashing down inter the bush thar as dead as a door nail, and blast my pictur' ef three more didn't come jumpin' over arter him, each one shot so dead that he never kicked. That was jest the strongest shootin' gun *you* ever seed in yer lives, *gentlemen*. I never seed its ekal, and I've seen *some* in my time, I kin tell yer! But the curiousest thing about it was, that the fust deer I fired at was shot right through the side of the head, jest above the eye, and through the off hind foot, jest above the huff. Fact, *gentlemen!*" "Through the hind hoof and head at the same shot! —how the deuce could that be?" exclaimed one passenger. "Look here, S., don't you think that is drawing it a *little* strong?—four deer at one shot, and only saw one of them!" said another. "Well, as fur the bullet going through the hind foot and head at the same time, yer see he was jest scratchin' his ear with the huff when I fired. *That's* easy enuff counted fur; but the hittin' of four on 'em one after another, *that* always *did* puzzle me *a leetle;* howsumever, I'll take my affadavy it's a fact, and what is more, *there's the hill* right in front on yer, *gentlemen*, and yer can see it fur yerselves! *There ain't no gettin' over that, gentlemen!*" This logic silenced the doubters, and S. remained master of the situation. The similarity of the experience of S. and Wheeler in some particulars may strike the hypercritical reader: only another proof that history has a tendency toward repeating itself in all ages and countries; nothing more, upon my honor.

These and many similar anecdotes we exchanged, my hunter friend and I, while Chirimoya amused himself munching the dry grass which grew in scattered tufts among the bushes, and from time to time varied the entertainment a trifle by essaying the feat of kicking a fly off the top of his rump with his hind feet,—a thing which cannot be done successfully. I have studied equine anatomy thoroughly, and have done my best, laboring long and earnestly with a club, to convince that noble brute that the thing is a physical impossibility; but it is all of no use; he will persist in trying it, I suppose, and setting all my counsel and instruction at naught, until he disjoints his back, turns himself inside outwards, or is promoted to a position in the shafts of a sand-cart, where he cannot lift his heels. The perversity of men and Spanish horses is something beyond my comprehension.

Speaking of hitting flies reminds me of a trifling incident, occurring about the commencement of our late civil war, on the Rio Grande. I saw an old, one-eyed Mexican *vaquero* hitting flies, one by one with a long rawhide whip, as they crawled up the side of a wall, and took occasion to compliment him on his dexterity. His broad sombrero was off in a moment, and with many low bows and protestatory shrugs and gestures he replied, in good Castilian, substantially as follows:

"Yes, your Excellency, I have made it the study of my life, and have achieved some small measure of success in my efforts, as you do me the infinite honor to remark. I can now hit a fly and knock him off the side of a mule without disturbing the mule, or I can hit the mule and knock him out from under the fly without disturbing the fly. I am quite at your Excellency's service; which will you do me the honor to order me to do?"

I ordered him to go and take a drink, and he demonstrated the soundness of my judgment and his title to my confidence by going and doing so without further parley. To the credit of the Spanish Americans I will say that my confidence has seldom been abused by them, or proved to have been misplaced. I wish I could say as much for some of my own countrymen!

This part of the coast of San Mateo and Santa Cruz is subject to periodical visitations of various kinds of fish, some of which are almost unaccountable and very peculiar indeed. The *baracouta*, a species of sea-pickerel greatly valued by the Italian and French cooks for soup and chowder, sometimes swarms in the waters close in shore, and is taken by cartloads. At other times the shore is literally covered with "horse-mackerel," and the whole population turns out to enjoy the sport of gathering them in. It has never been my good fortune to witness one of these grand fish-battles, but I find one described as follows in the Santa Cruz *Sentinel.*

"We reached the fishing-grounds about twilight, —here the pen fails to do justice to the scene. It was low tide; the sea here forms a continuous, almost level beach, five or six miles long, and an average width of one hundred and fifty yards at low tide, with a hard, smooth bottom, and not a pebble nor a sea-weed visible the whole distance; probably there is no nicer nor finer drive in the State for the same distance: the ever-changeable bluff some one hundred feet in height, all the estuaries filled in with drift-wood, accumulating for years. Now imagine some four hundred people arriving between twilight and dark, the fine carriages, the omnibuses, two-horse teams, four-horse teams, six-horse teams, ox teams, carts and California go-carts, all filled with persons who have the highest expectation of making a big haul. The high piles of dry drift-wood, set ablaze for the distance of five miles, the moon shining with brightest rays on the silver sand and phosphorescent water. Men, women, and children taking their positions at equal distances, awaiting the coming of the fish, which occurs when the tide is on the point of coming in. The theory of the fish coming ashore I imagine is something like this: the bay, at present, is full of a small fish similar to anchovies, the natural food of the mackerel, which, being a very voracious fish, follows the anchovy into the breakers, when, the incoming tide being stronger than the fish is used to, it deposits him through the breakers, often casting great numbers of them high and dry, but most generally depositing them just through the breakers, into from three to six inches of water, which causes them to flounder and squirm to regain their element; then the real sport commences, men and boys roll up their trowsers, ladies tie their dresses around their waists, and also pitch in to secure the prizes; when the fish flounders he is both seen and heard, as he makes a great commotion; the cry is given, 'There he goes!' when all those in the immediate neighborhood make for the hapless wight. Then look out for collisions; but here woman gets her rights; she has as good a right to the fish as her would-be superior, especially if she catches fish herself. But to cut a long story short, five of us caught over five hundredweight, and got home by six o'clock in the morning. Horse-mackerel is considered a very game and edible dish."

The afternoon was far advanced when I bade adieu to my hunter friend, took a parting drink from his canteen, rode down the hill into the open country bordering on the Bay of Monterey, and saw the grand panorama of the Valley of Santa Cruz, and the shores of the historic bay, with the deep, dark, wooded mountains, with majestic old Loma Prieta towering high above them all in the background, unfold itself before me in beauty to which tongue or pen can do no justice.

# CHAPTER V.

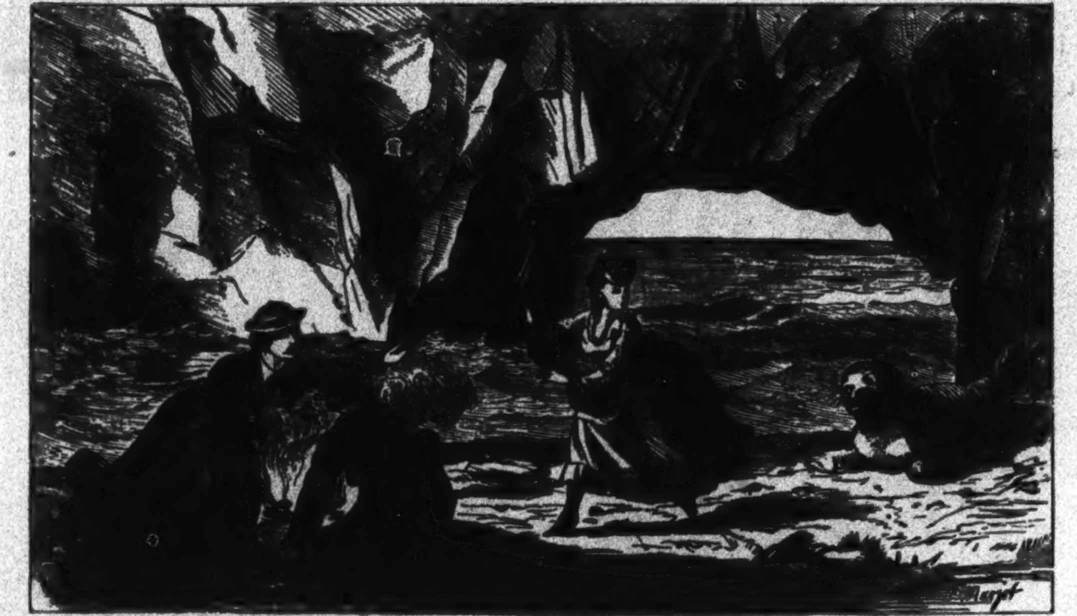
## SANTA CRUZ AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

**The Bay of Santa Cruz and its Surroundings.—The Natural Bridge.—Mussel Men, their Dangers and Delights.—Adventure with a Sea-Lion.—Uninvited Guest at a Picnic.—An Embarcadero.—Sea-Bathing.—Big Trees of Santa Cruz.—Caves.—Mountain Rides.—Supposed Ruins.—Up the Valley of the San Lorenzo.—The Mountain Honeysuckle and Madroño.—Over the Mountains Again.—The Redwood.—And what a Fall was there, my Countrymen!—How they Broke Jail.—Down the Valley of Los Gatos.—Strange Rise and Fall of the Streams of the Coast Range.—Out of the Wilderness.—An Old Friend's Story.**

FROM the bold rocky shore of the Bay of Monterey to the westward of Santa Cruz, I looked upon a scene of quiet beauty worthy the pencil of the ablest painter, that warm sunny autumn afternoon. The bay itself was calm and unruffled by breeze or gale, but ever and anon a huge ground-swell roller came stealing silently in, as if to catch somebody by surprise, and, failing in that, burst with a long sullen roar upon the jagged limestone cliffs which form a barrier to the encroachments of the ocean on that side. Beyond the broad bay, on the line of the southern horizon, rose the gray-, and purple-, and mauve-tinted mountains, which come down almost to the water's edge, and at the foot of which stands the old, historic, picturesque, and half-decayed Spanish city of Monterey, the ancient capital of Alta California. Dana, Derby, Colton, and Herman Melville have invested the shores of this glorious bay, and that famous old city, with a romantic charm such as few localities on our continent can boast. Southeastward the red and black outlines of the Gabilan Mountains cut against the rose-tinted horizon. They look down upon the broad and fertile valley of the Salinas, which debouches into the Bay of Monterey on the eastward; and northward of the last, due east or nearly so from where I stood, towers the great peak of Loma Prieta, wrapped to its very summit in a dark green mantle of chemisal. The Valley of Santa Cruz, dotted with white houses embowered in green shady groves, with the trim fresh-looking little city of the Holy Cross nestled quietly in the centre, stretched away to the eastward from our point of observation, and formed the immediate foreground of the picture.

I met a party of acquaintances coming out from the city to visit the natural bridge of Santa Cruz, some three miles from the town, and, turning off with them from the main road, went down through the fields and broad meadows a mile or so to the shore of the bay. The gray limestone which here underlies the soil at every point, and at no great depth, crops out boldly at the shore, and the unceasing assaults of the waves, lasting through centuries on centuries, have worn it into a thousand curious and fantastic forms. This limestone buttress is at this point from fifty to one hundred feet in height, and the natural bridge is out at its very edge, overlooking the bay and ocean. A deep gulley or chasm in the *mesa* or table-land runs down under the outer wall of this rock, without cutting through it at the top; and the waves, surging and whirling incessantly in and out at the bottom, have arched the opening beneath, and worn it into the exact shape of a long span of some monster stone bridge builded by ambitious human hands. On either side of the main arch are two long narrow spout-holes or flumes, running through the abutments or piers to the sea, and through these the flood surges in and out with a great swash and roar, with every rising and falling wave. Brilliant-hued pebbles and fragments of rainbow-colored *abalone* shells, worn smooth by attrition, are washed back and forth by the deep blue waters as the waves roll in and out, and beautiful feathery mosses, from the great depths of the sea, are left on the beach by every falling tide. The upper end of the cañon is sheltered completely from the winds, and, being dry and warm, is a favorite resort for picnickers and the lovers of roast mussels and clams, who find fuel in abundance scattered about, and can gather the bivalves by bushels or even cartloads here all the year round. At some seasons, for reasons not fully understood, the monster mussels of the California coast become poisonous to the last degree, and whole parties are poisoned, sometimes with fatal results, from eating them, nearly every year. They are of a beautiful yellow hue when cooked, as rich as a banana fried in butter; and I know old mussel-fanciers who have been poisoned over and over a ain, but return to the charge year after year, preferring the chances of being killed outright in the end to abandoning the consumption of their favorite delicacy.

There is a low ragged rock just off shore, but a little distance from the natural bridge, which is a favorite resort for the sea-lions, and hundreds of the unwieldy monsters may be seen disporting themselves there at almost any time. A few years since, a party from San Francisco came down to the natural bridge for a picnic, and while the men were preparing the lunch at the upper end of the cañon, a lady of the party strolled down to the beach under the main arch. The tide was low, and, as she went down by the water's edge, she saw lying alongside the abutment of the bridge, in the sun, a monster dead sea-lion, or, what seemed to be such. The carcass did not emit any offensive smell, and she concluded the animal had just been shot. Going up to it without fear, she stood looking at it for some minutes, and finally gave it a vigorous poke with the end of her parasol. In an instant the party in the cañon above were alarmed by wild screams, and the lady, half frantic with terror, came running up toward them, with the infuriated monster struggling after her and uttering hoarse roars of rage as he vainly sought to keep up with her in her hurried flight. He was not dead, but sleeping, and the poke in the ribs which she had given him had awakened him and infuriated him at the same time. The men ran down to meet her, and, having luckily revolvers at hand, despatched the brute with repeated shots. I saw his body lying there, and measured it; it was fully twelve feet in length from tip to tip, and must



NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPING.

have weighed from twelve hundred to two thousand pounds. The sea-lions, or *lobos de marina* (wolf of the sea), as the Spaniards term them, have the slowest respiration of any known animal. They will sleep at the bottom of the sea, for half to three-quarters of an hour, then rouse themselves, come to the surface to breathe, play around for a few minutes perhaps, and then descend for another nap. When asleep in the open air they lie as motionless as if really dead, and do not rouse readily. They are therefore readily approached at such times, and a stranger to their habits, seeing no sign of life, would be sure to be led into the error of our lady friend. On being suddenly awakened they are likely to dash indiscriminately at the first object in sight, and, especially when their young are in danger, they will make a somewhat determined attack. Though provided with teeth not unlike those of a dog, their offensive capacities are not of a very high order, and their attacks on human enemies are seldom if ever attended with fatal, or, for the matter of that, very serious results.

Leaving the natural bridge, we rode over the arch on horseback—carriages pass over it without difficulty—and visited an embarcadero, half a mile or less farther in towards Santa Cruz. This embarcadero is a mere cleft in the limestone bluff, the sides of which are worn into a thousand fantastic forms by the waves. The water inside is deep, but the heavy ground-swell, rolling in at almost all times, tosses the vessels, which come in here to load with lime and lumber, about like so many footballs, and the danger of their being cracked like egg-shells by being thumped against the projecting rocks is always imminent. The vessels load from chutes running down from the bluffs above, and get away with all possible despatch. Thousands of gulls, shaugs, murres, and other sea-birds swarm on the rocks in these sheltered coves, and a pistol-shot will send them screaming and whirling around in the air in clouds in a moment.

From the embarcadero we rode back through the fields to the highway again, and thence past numerous tanneries and other manufacturing establishments to the once fine old Mission on the hill-side above the city, now half modernized by a shingle roof, which has replaced the quaint old red earthen tiles, and half in ruins, and from thence down into the pretty, thriving town to our hotel, where a relishable dinner and welcome rest awaited us. Towns, as I have ascertained by somewhat extended observation, are generally composed to a very great extent of houses, and inhabited by people. Special descriptions are not generally interesting to the great mass of intelligent readers. Santa Cruz is built on the general plan, and is therefore no exception to the rule. It looks neat, prosperous, thrifty, clean, and not unlike any well-to-do manufacturing and farming centre in New England or the Middle States, with California flowers, shade- and fruit-trees thrown in *ad lib.* The ocean, rivers, woods, mountains, were not made with hands, and I like better to be among them and write of them. We will sing the praises of Santa Cruz proper.

I went down to the beach next morning, and found it not unlike other sea-beaches. It is a mile or two miles long, with a bold, rocky headland on the westward, another marking the entrance of the San Lorenzo, a famous mountain trout-stream, to the Bay of Monterey. Near the mouth of the San Lorenzo, and inside of the bar over which, the tide ebbs and flows, is the favorite resort of the bathers. I don't like salt water in any form,—in fact, am not partial to water of any kind; it has done immense injury to my family in days gone by, and came near depriving the world, at an early day, of the presence and services of your humble servant himself. The sea-bathing had no great attractions for me. I love woman in the abstract, and admire the Greek Slave and the Venus de Medici as works of art, but long observation has led me irresistibly to the conclusion that the daughters of my native land—to say nothing of the mothers—will not, as a rule, appear to advantage in a costume approaching the severely classic models alluded to. Mary Elizabeth Jane looks well in a ball-room, and is nice company at a picnic or on a moonlight ride; but I have observed with pain that M. E. J., clad in a red shirt, pair of Shanghai trowsers, and a flop hat, bobbing up and down in the breakers, loses some of her attractions. I have gazed with admiration on the red flamingo dancing on the edge of a quiet lagoon on the palm-fringed shores of Yucatan, because he seemed in keeping with, and a part of, the perfect picture. Even the gentle blue fly-up-the-creek has claims to consideration in his place; but M. E. J., dressed in the closest imitation of the flamingo and the fly-up-the-creek, and running before the wind from the bathing-house to the water, is not a success,—I say it with sincere pain,—not even a qualified success, nothing like one, in fact. Beloved of my heart, good-by! May you be happy sporting with the sea and the crabs and the little fishes and the possible sharks and the probable blood-suckers and the inevitable sand-flies, in your flamingo and fly-up-the-creek costume; but as for me, give me solitude and the woods, or give me death!

What glorious places for picnicking, and what romantic roads and bridle-paths, abound in the vicinity of Santa Cruz! With youth and some money and pleasant company, what a jolly life one could lead here! Ten miles to the northwest of the town, up in the foot-hills, there is what was long supposed to be the ruin of a mighty temple, like unto those of Egypt or Elephanta. There are two rows of columns forty feet apart, with four feet space between the columns, and looking very like the work of human hands,—very like indeed. They are indeed the ruins of a temple,—the temple of Nature, and the columns are simply those which

> "The wizard Time
> Hath raised to count his ages by."

There is a cave, three hundred feet in length, some three miles from the town, and four miles farther up in the hills a mammoth-tree grove, wonderful to look upon by one who has not stood among the giants of Calaveras and Mariposa. They are of the redwood species, as, indeed, are all the "Big Trees of California." Is it not strange that such brittle timber should stand erect amid the tempests and the earthquakes, through all the weary ages of historic time? When Abraham fed his flocks on the plains of Asia, the present giants of the redwood groves of California were already giants; and when the Saviour of mankind bowed his head in death upon the cross, and all nature shuddered while darkness fell upon the earth, and the veil of the temple was rent, they stood there almost as they stand to-day, green in their old age, and seamed and scarred by lightning and by fire, but hale and vigorous still.

In the cool hours of the evening, when the sun was sinking in the western ocean, and long shadows were creeping over the hill-sides, with a loved companion I rode up the winding valley of the San Lorenzo, some ten miles, to the California Powder-Works. These woods are always beautiful, and the ride, in summer as in winter, in the flush and bloom of spring-time, or in the golden glory of autumn, along the banks of the swift-running stream, under the low-bending evergreen trees, and among the flowering shrubs, always a delightful one. In the summer the giant mountain honeysuckle—a vine which grows into tree-like proportion, twelve, fifteen, or even twenty feet in height—is one mass of creamy-white and delicate pink-hued, trumpet-shaped blossoms, whose rich delicate odor fills all the air. The buckeye, blooming on every hill-side, gives off its dense sensuous odors in almost overpowering volume, and the wild rose, the snowdrop, and a thousand nameless flowers, mingle their perfume with that of the peerless madroño, which here is indeed "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

The powder-mills are located in a secluded glen among the hills, and a neat, thrifty little hamlet has grown up around them. "No admittance" is posted on every door of the thirty or more broad-eaved, yellow-painted, Swiss-farmhouse-styled buildings of the Powder Company. Accidents will happen here as elsewhere; and when one does happen the people loitering in the vicinity at the moment are rendered, as a general thing, forever unpresentable in fashionable society. This thought reconciles us to the prohibition, and we ride away.

A few years since, the "oil fever" broke out with violence all over California. In Santa Barbara and Los Angeles Counties, where the fields of asphaltum or "*brea*" cover wide districts, and at the surface a refractory kind of oil exudes and runs off in small quantities in many localities, wells were bored Heaven knows how deep, through almost every conceivable substance,—natural putty, cement, corn dodger, cobble-stones, old cheese, chalk, ice cream, molasses, soft soap, hard soap, and soapstone,—but never a smell of oil came to the surface, though a vein of burning-gas, sufficient in volume to light the city of Los Angeles had it been saved and utilized, was cut into. Here in quiet Santa Cruz they bored everything, from a lime-rock to a sand-bank, in search of oil, and never struck it, despite the predictions of professional geologists, oil-wizards, and rock-sharps generally. All along the banks of the

San Lorenzo, you may see where men sunk wells and money in the vain search for oil.

From the summit of a low hill above the Valley of the San Lorenzo I looked down for the last time on fair Santa Cruz, embowered in shade-trees, and surrounded with broad grain-fields and quiet farmhouses,—on the wide blue Bay of Monterey, and the Taurus Mountains beyond,—on the Pacific flecked with the white sails of ships,—and, turning my face regretfully homewards, galloped away into the mountains northeastwardly, towards San José. The road winds up the mountains gently for some miles, then more abruptly, and we presently find ourselves in the midst of dense redwood and pine forests, and breathing the pure resinous air of the mountain woods, with only the well-graded road, and here and there a rough clearing, to remind us of civilization and our fellow-man. The trees where the lumberman's axe has not done its infamous work stand thickly as the grain in a field,—almost,—and as tall and straight in proportion. The cedars of Lebanon were beautiful to the eyes of the dwellers in arid Palestine, but they were and are but stunted distorted dwarfs beside the redwoods and pines of California. As we ride on up towards the summit of the Coast Range, we look down from time to time into narrow little valleys cleared and planted with vines and fruit-trees, and see neat little homesteads surrounded with happy and healthy-looking children, and all the evidences of modest prosperity and contentment on the part of the owners. Then we give the road to monster ox-teams, ten, fifteen, even twenty yokes in a team, drawing huge wagons hitched one behind another, like the cars in a railroad train, laden with redwood lumber going down to the bay for shipment to San Francisco.

This redwood lumber has some valuable properties, with others of the opposite character. It contains a large amount of iron, and no pitch, and will resist the action of water without showing a sign of decay for many years. It will receive a beautiful finish, and may be colored and varnished to resemble rosewood so closely that the eye of the most expert wood-worker may be deceived. It shrinks less than pine in drying, and is particularly valuable, therefore, for the outside of houses when there is no pressure upon it. But on the other hand it is almost as brittle as glass, and a two-inch plank of it, resting on the ends, will not support the weight of an ordinary man. It splits with the least blow, and is so soft that I have known a small terrier dog, shut up in a new barn built of it, gnaw a hole through the side, or door, and make his escape in half an hour.

Some half-dozen years ago a curious illustration of the unreliableness of redwood occurred in San Francisco. Workmen were engaged in putting a new asphaltum roof upon the three-story brick block on the southeastern corner of Montgomery and California Streets, and a drayman, who had brought them some material, stood on the battlement wall looking at them. Something attracting his attention, he stepped backward, and to the horror of the spectators cleared the wall entirely, and fell in a perfectly upright position the whole height of the building to the sidewalk below. The crowd rushed to see the mangled corpse of the unfortunate man spread like a pancake over the sidewalk, but to their utter astonishment saw only a round hole in the planking about the size of an ordinary flour-barrel. Looking down through the opening into the cellar, which extended out under the sidewalk, they saw him pick himself up, walk to the stairs under the building, and in a moment more emerge as sound and well as ever, not a bone being broken, nor even a severe contusion received. The explanation of this remarkable occurrence was simple. A part of the sidewalk was of tough and hard Oregon pine plank, and a part of stone or brick covered with asphaltum. Between the two there were three redwood planks, and he had struck square on his feet on the centre one, going through it like a 480-pound shot through the roof of a house. Had he fallen a foot and a half on either side of the point where he struck, he would not have lived a second.

The fact and the party are both well known in San Francisco. The man was about his work next day as usual, and is so to the present time. When the bystanders who had witnessed the terrible fall discovered that nobody was hurt, they, Californian-like, began to make all sorts of jokes concerning the affair. Had the man been killed or maimed, a purse for the benefit of his family would almost certainly have been made up for him on the spot. As he was not, it was a fit subject for fun and exaggeration. One said he saw him straighten himself as he went down, and put his hands down on his thighs, like a man diving feet foremost, so as to make a clean hole in whatever was below him. Another declared that when he came out of the cellar he swore roundly that he would bring suit against the city for damages, for being filled with redwood slivers through the carelessness of its superintendent of streets and sidewalks in allowing redwood to be put down instead of pine. Another still declared that as he fell past the second story window he saw a party inside playing "pitch seven up," and noticing that the dealer was "turning up jack" from the bottom of the deck, called out threateningly to him, "None of that, now!" The writer was then engaged on the *Alta California* newspaper, and incidentally published these various statements, intimating a mild doubt as to the entire reliability of the last. The morning paper was hardly out before the champion fallist came into the office with a copy in his hand, and demanded to see "the man who put that in the paper." Your humble servant was pointed out as the culprit, and he immediately demanded my authority for the statement. The upshot of it was that he indignantly denied that there was a word of truth in it, and demanded a retractation. He said, most emphatically, that he saw nobody playing cards as he went past the window; in fact, did not even look in; and that had he seen anybody playing, as had been stated, he would not have interfered with their little game, as it was none of his business anyhow. He wanted it understood that he never poked his nose into other people's affairs, and thought it decidedly hard that just because he happened to have a little fall of forty or fifty feet, people should represent him as a busybody and meddler with what did not concern him. With as much gravity as I could command I wrote out his statement almost in the words I have given, read it over to him, received his thanks, and bowed him out of the room. The retractation was published and he was satisfied.

The county jail at Redwood City, San Mateo County, was formerly—and I believe still is—built wholly of this peculiarly brittle and unreliable wood. As a matter of course, a prisoner who could command an ordinary table-knife never tarried long within its walls, unless afflicted with a laziness by no means characteristic of Californians. One night four or five prisoners who had been there for some weeks left in disgust, and the writer chronicled the escape for a San Francisco paper, stating incidentally that it was understood that they dug their way out with the aid of a table-spoon and tenpenny nail. Some days later an indignant denial of this last proposition was received from the skedaddlers, dated at Livermore Pass, Alameda County, then a favorite resort for desperate characters. They protested that they were not jail-breakers in the ordinary acceptation of the term, but unfortunate victims of untoward circumstances. Their version of the case was this. One of their number was standing upon one foot, drawing the boot off the other, when he slipped, and falling backward, went plump through the side of the building, landing on his head outside. Seeing the damage which had been done unintentionally, and supposing that they would have to pay for the same, they concluded that it was best to "*vamos* the ranch," and left accordingly. They added that, when the rainy season set in, and sleeping outdoors became unpleasant, they would return to jail, provided the county would agree to charge them nothing for repairs, and see that the place was made water-tight and comfortable. Their liberal offer was not accepted, and when last heard from they were still in the hills, rejoicing in poverty and virtuous liberty.

The stages from Santa Clara come over this mountain road daily, at break-neck speed,—especially on the down grade,—and the drivers make it a point to scare the uninitiated tourists half out of their lives, by taking apparently unnecessary risks at the most dangerous points. At the summit or near it, on the Santa Cruz or ocean side of the mountain, there is a long, narrow ridge, or "hog-back," along which the stage road runs. The view from this is magnificent, and the descent, where the road winds in and out the deep cañons, turning at sharp angles, the stage clinging to the side of the precipice like a squirrel to the side of a tree, almost enough to take one's breath away; sometimes it is quite enough. Once, not many years ago, a particularly ambitious driver, coming down this descending grade at railroad speed, "missed stays" as he essayed to turn an unusually sharp angle, and stage, team, and passengers went over. I don't know how many hundred feet it is to the bottom of that precipice, but I do know that the funeral was one of the most extensive and select ever held in Santa Cruz County, and everybody admitted that the undertaker's work could not have been done more tastefully, nor could the minor details have been carried out in better shape, in San Francisco.

From the summit we look down the northeastern slope of the mountains, upon the wide and beautiful Valley of Santa Clara, and the blue Bay of San Francisco shimmering in the distance through the light veil of autumnal vapor which hangs over it, and drapes with a robe of royal purple the Valley of Alameda and the mountain heights beyond.

At a roadside inn just below the summit, we find a well-spread table, and dine sumptuously: peaches and cream—not pale-blue milkman's milk, such as we get in town, but real, rich, yellow, old-fashioned cream such as mother's pantry used to furnish us years ago—coming in for the dessert. Another hour's ride, and we are descending the Valley of *Los Gatos*, whose waters, now no longer the home of the mountain trout, run of the color of "Old London Port at twelve dollars per dozen," the hue being imparted by the redwood sawdust which chokes its course in drifts and bars for miles. There is a curious fact in connection with these Coast Range mountain streams of California. When the long, dry, summer days come on, they fail almost entirely, disappearing in places for miles, then perhaps running fresh and clear, though in small volume, for a short distance over a rocky bed, only to sink from sight again, possibly not to reappear again through all the course of the stream to its outlet in river, sea, or bay. But when the days begin to grow shorter and cooler, and the nights longer, though not a drop of rain has fallen for months, and the sky is still unclouded and blue as sapphire, the waters begin to reappear and increase in volume, and long before the winter rains descend the streams are running half bank full again. The secret of this is, that the surface evaporation increases with the length of the days and the heat of the sun, and diminishes as they diminish, the sources of supply, far in the deep, shady recesses of the mountains, remaining undiminished through all the season.

Another hour's ride down the shady road, and we emerge into the open Valley of Santa Clara, and for the first time in a week the familiar whistle of the locomotive falls upon our ears. Cool, quiet woods, lonely sea-shore, mountain heights, mementos of Castilian civilization, and best of all, the welcome rest and solitude of nature, good-by! Henceforth you are to me but a pleasant dream of the past.

In the mountains of Santa Cruz I met an old friend whom I had not seen before for years. He was crossing the mountains like myself on horseback, and would gladly bear me company as far as the western border of the Valley of Santa Clara. What had he been doing since he had drifted out of my sight some years before? As we rode through the forest he told me little by little the story of his later life, the main event in which impressed me deeply. As he told me the story then and there, I will tell it now to you.

"The long, hot September day was drawing to a close at last, and the fierce sun of the desert sinking down on the horizon, when our little cavalcade wound round the bend in the trail, and we sighted the little adobe inclosure—half fort, half corral—called by courtesy 'The Station,' near the Picacho, on the old overland road, between Tucson and San Xavier del Bac, in southern Arizona, and the Pima villages on the Gila.

"We had left the upper valley of the Rio Grande too early in the season by a month, at least; and our trip thus far, on the road to California, had been a hard one. The coarse, dry bunch-grass, or *gaieta*, never abundant on this route, was unusually scarce that summer; and, as we were forced to guard our animals night and day, to prevent a surprise and capture by the Apaches, they got scarcely enough of it to keep life within them. We were hurrying on as rapidly as possible for the Gila, where we could purchase corn-fodder and barley from the friendly Indians, and proposed to camp for some time and recruit our worn-down stock, before turning westward toward the Colorado and the Pacific Coast. As we were unpacking that evening on the Picacho, I missed a package containing a valuable set of mathematical and drawing instruments, and some important papers, which I could not afford to lose. They had been put, with other articles, on a pack-mule, in the morning; but, having been carelessly corded, had worked loose and fallen off on the road, without being noticed. Finding I could borrow a fresh horse at the station, I determined to ride back up the trail in the cool of the evening—

preferring to trust the chances of being captured by the Apaches to losing the package. The night was clear, and the full moon lighted up the landscape so that everything of any size for miles around was almost as distinctly visible as at midday. I had ridden at a gallop some ten or twelve miles, when I saw the package, lying beside the road, under a scrub mesquite-tree, which had raked it off, as the mule ran under it. Dismounting, I secured the package upon the back of my saddle, and, having tightened the cinch, was just mounting again for the return to the station, when my horse gave a loud snort and jumped backward, looking up the road toward Tucson, with staring eyes, nostrils distended, and ears pricked sharply forward. I knew what this meant in Apache Land, and was on his back in an instant, and out into an open space beyond the reach of arrows, which might be shot from behind any shrub or rock. Death haunts your steps, day and night, in that land of blood; and man and horse acquire habits of the most intense vigilance. Looking up the road in the direction indicated, I saw something moving along the trail, about a fourth of a mile distant, which looked like a small boy. Proper caution would have prompted me to turn and ride straight back to the station; but just then I remembered that we had seen, some distance back upon the trail, the footprints of a human being—apparently those of a little boy—in the dust of the road; and noticed that they finally left the track and turned away into the chaparral. There were no other footprints with them; and this fact, in such a locality, had caused us to indulge in considerable speculation and conjecture as to who had made them. Remembering all this, my curiosity was excited; and, after a few moments' hesitation, seeing that the object, whatever it was, had stopped and crouched down, having apparently noticed me just then for the first time, I rode cautiously up the road toward it. I had reached within ten or fifteen rods of the object, when it sprang up and darted into the chaparral, and, as it did so, I saw what appeared to be a young Indian, dressed in Mexican costume—loose shirt and wide pants of cotton goods, and a broad sombrero. All was quiet for a moment, and then I called out, in English, 'Who is there?' There came no response. I then repeated the question in Spanish. A little, weak, frightened voice replied, in the same language, this time,—

"'Only a poor *Christiano*, señor! And you are not an Apache?'

"'No; I am a friend,' I replied.

"'Thanks be to God; I am saved!' was the devout response; and the little fellow ran out from his hiding-place, and, coming directly up to me, seized my hand and covered it with kisses, praying and uttering thanks, and crying hysterically, all at once.

"He was a boy of apparently twelve or thirteen years of age, small and slender, and dressed in clothes much too large for him. It took me some minutes to get anything like a connected account of his troubles from him; but I finally gathered that he had been on his way from Hermosillo, in Sonora, to Los Angeles, in California, with a party of Mexican friends, consisting of a man and his wife, another boy, and two *mozos*. They had turned out from the road, to camp where there was some grass; and while preparing for the night, they had been jumped by the Apaches, and all shot down but himself. He had happened to be a few yards away from the camp when the attack was made; and, concealing himself, had escaped detection. The Apaches had only remained at the camp, after committing the massacre, but a few minutes, being evidently afraid of having drawn the attention of some stronger party by the firing; and, after scalping their victims, rode away in haste upon the captured animals. The poor boy had wandered away from the road, in his terror and despair, and for three days had been traveling around at random, endeavoring to regain the trail, or discover a station where he would find shelter and protection. Late that day he had found the trail, and followed it several miles; but, becoming faint and exhausted from long exposure and the want of food, he had turned out to lie down for a rest under a tree; and, having fallen asleep, had missed us entirely as we passed only a few hundred yards from him. He had found water once, and had eaten a few mesquite bean-pods, which had fallen in his way, thus sustaining life. His clothing was torn to shreds by the thorny shrubs through which he had passed; his feet were swollen from long walking on the hot, dry earth, and filled with cactus-spines; and, between weariness, hunger, and thirst, he was so nearly dead that it is doubtful if he would have had strength enough to reach the station, had he not fallen in with me, almost by a miracle, as he did.

"I always loved children, though I had none of my own; and my heart's warmest sympathy was enlisted for this poor, suffering boy. I had some water with me, in my canteen, and, by the greatest good luck imaginable, a handful of dry soda-crackers in my pocket,—the remains of my afternoon lunch. He swallowed the water with trembling eagerness, and munched the dry crackers, in spite of his sore mouth, swollen tongue, and bleeding lips, as he rode back to the station behind me on my horse, telling his story, little by little, as he could collect his thoughts and call to mind the incidents.

"He was a half-orphan, his mother having died a year before at Hermosillo. His father had gone to Alta California, three years before, leaving him and his mother in Sonora, to follow him when his circumstances would warrant sending for them; and on the mother's death, he had written for the boy to come with the first party of friends who might be going over the road, to join him at Los Angeles. The party which had been murdered were not relatives, but kind friends; and, Spanish-like, he had become so attached to them that he mourned their fate so deeply as to almost forget his own fearful peril, and helpless, lonely condition, when he spoke of it, with tears coursing down his sunburned, blistered face, and sobs and sighs choking his utterance. Before we reached the station, I had already come to look upon him as my peculiar charge,—a waif thrown in my way by Providence, which I was bound to care for and protect; and the idea of adopting him into my family, in case I could not find his father at Los Angeles, more than once occurred to me.

"All my traveling companions, save one,—a big, rough brute, known as Waco Bill,—took a kindly interest in the little unfortunate, and consented to my adding him to the party. That night we succeeded in finding him a pair of shoes, which would keep his bleeding feet from the sun and the rough rocks of the road, and a blanket to wrap around his shoulders when traveling; and, after a hearty meal of the best we could prepare for him in camp, he fell asleep. I had a large black dog—half-hound, half-mastiff—which had accompanied us on the trip, and was very useful in watching the camp, and guarding us against surprise by the Indians. He was as savage as a tiger, and could scent an Apache a mile away. Butcher went up to little Manuel—the boy's name was Manuel de la Cruz—as soon as I brought him into camp, and, to the surprise of everybody, immediately manifested the warmest friendship for him. Thenceforth the boy and the dog were almost inseparable companions. That night Manuel slept near me, with Butcher lying watchfully at his feet; and, time after time, the little fellow would start up, suddenly reach out his hand to touch me, and make sure that I was still there, then, reassured, curl down again under his ample blanket, and close his eyes in slumber. Next morning, I rigged a temporary saddle for my *protégé*, and, mounting him on one of my pack-mules, installed him as a member of the expedition, as we took up our line of march again for the Gila. Big Waco Bill was a thorough Texan outlaw, who had joined our party more because none of us cared to insist on denying him permission to do so than because any of us really wanted him along. He despised everything Mexican, and frequently alluded in no friendly manner to 'that d—— little Greaser' whom I had picked up on the road and was taking with me to California. Butcher, who had taken so kindly to Manuel, had hated Bill from the start, and this fact served still more to awaken his enmity to the boy. However, we got on pretty well for several days. Manuel—though, curiously enough for a Mexican boy, a poor rider, and not at all skilled in packing horses, lassoing mules, or similar accomplishments, on which his countrymen generally pride themselves—showed a genuine anxiety to make himself useful: he was a capital cook, ingeniously adding a number of dishes hitherto unknown to our bill of fare in camp, and with a needle he was as good as any woman, cheerfully setting himself to work to sew on buttons, or patch and repair our tattered clothing, whenever he had a moment's leisure. To me he was completely devoted, and there was nothing he would not try to do, if I asked him. On the other hand, he seemed to shrink instinctively from the presence of Bill, and repaid all the hatred and contempt of that worthy with interest, in his own quiet way. His complexion, though his skin was scorched and burned by exposure to the savage desert sun, was much lighter than that of most Mexicans of the lower class, and his features indicated pure or nearly pure

Castilian descent. He was not strong, and quite timid and nervous ordinarily, but, in presence of actual danger, would suddenly develop genuine pluck and courage such as constitutes the hero in life. After we reached the Gila, we camped near the Pima villages, with the intention of remaining there some ten days or two weeks, to thoroughly recruit our animals. One day I had been out with my shot-gun after quail and rabbits, leaving Manuel and Butcher in charge of the camp, and, returning just before nightfall, heard, while still some distance away, a noisy altercation going on. As I afterward learned, Waco Bill, who had been off all day, had returned late, half drunk, and in a quarrelsome mood. On coming into camp, he had ordered Manuel to go to the river for a pail of water; and the boy, who would have brought it instantly had I but intimated a wish for him to do so, instead of complying with the command, resented it, and kept on with the sewing upon my clothing at which he was busy, showing only by the flashing of his large, lustrous, dark eyes, and the quivering of his red lips over his snow-white teeth, that he had heard what was said to him. Bill, infuriated at this, ran toward the boy to seize and punish him, when the latter sprang to his feet, and, catching the coffee-pot from the coals, where it stood simmering, threw it full at him, a portion of the scalding contents striking him on the arms, the breast and neck, and causing him fairly to howl with rage and pain. As I came in sight, the boy stood a few yards from the fire with the butcher-knife, which we used for cutting bacon, in his hand, prepared to defend himself to the death, though trembling from head to foot like a leaf from excitement, while Bill was coming out of the tent with his big Colt's six-shooter in his hand, and malice which would stop nothing short of murder convulsing his countenance. Butcher, the dog, as if comprehending at a glance the condition of affairs, dashed forward at Bill as he came out, and the latter stumbling over him, both rolled on the ground. Bill was on his feet again in an instant, more fairly beside himself than ever; but I had by this time reached within striking distance, and seeing that he meant mischief of the murderous description, without a moment's reflection dealt him a blow with my full strength with the butt of my gun, and he went down like a bullock. The blow took effect partly on his neck, and, though it brought him down, it did not disable him, and he, still holding the revolver in his hand, almost regained his feet before I could repeat it. The second blow broke his right arm near the elbow, causing the pistol to drop from his now powerless hand; and at the same moment the dog, which had made several savage snaps at him, fastened his teeth firmly in the muscles of his leg, to which he hung for several minutes with a grip like a vice, before I could break his hold and release the now helpless and half-dead bully.

"When the row was all over, and Bill's wounds dressed as well as possible under the circumstances, quiet settled down on the camp. Then Manuel came, and, crouching down on the ground by my side, seized my hand and kissed it, and, his voice half choked with sobs, exclaimed, over and over again: 'Oh, my father, my friend, my benefactor, why did not the Apaches kill me before I brought this trouble upon you? I would have died for you, —I would, in truth,—and here I have put your life in peril! But, father of my heart, don't drive me away from you! I will go through fire to serve you: let me have the opportunity to prove to you my devotion, my eternal gratitude!'

"I was not angry with the boy: how could I be? I told him so again and again, and, having quieted him at last, went and consulted with my partners on the situation. They agreed with me that it was best I should leave the party and push on to California ahead. Waco Bill was disposed of for the time being, but he might recover in a few days sufficiently to do me mischief; and we all felt sure that it was in his nature to stop at nothing in the way of obtaining revenge. The party could not move on for some two weeks, their animals being far more worn down than mine; so I determined to go on alone next day with Manuel, and trust to luck to fall in with another party on the trail to Fort Yuma. It was a risky venture, but the best we could do under the circumstances. We were off bright and early next morning. As soon as we were out of sight of the party Manuel gave a sigh of relief, and asked, with affecting earnestness, 'Will you *always* be my friend, *capitan?*' He asked me the question a hundred times in the course of our journey down the Gila, receiving the same answer every time. Alone with me, his shyness, which had been so marked while with the party, disappeared; his spirits rose day by day, and he seemed to have almost wholly recovered from the terrible shock caused by the butchery of his friends. I had found some cheap clothing at the Pima villages, which he had quickly razeed to fit him; and with this, and with his glossy black hair—which, when I found him, had the appearance of having been hacked off with a dull knife—neatly cut, his appearance had changed wonderfully. A neater little figure than he now presented you would have to go far to see. We slept every night at or near one of the old stage stations, and by care and good-fortune escaped attack by the Apaches, through the whole trip down the Gila to Fort Yuma. At the latter place we stopped some days to rest and recruit, and wait for a party which was bound 'inside,' like ourselves.

"There were quite a number of Manuel's countrymen and countrywomen here, but he seemed to avoid them all as far as possible, never leaving my company for a moment, if he could help it. A priest, who happened to be at the post, was to say mass there on Sunday; and Manuel told me, with satisfaction beaming on his countenance, that we could now say our prayers, and thank God and the saints for our escape from the many dangers of our journey. He looked both surprised and pained when I told him that I was not a Catholic, and could not join him in his devotions; but, after a moment, remarked, 'Then, with your permission, friend of my heart, I will pray for you!' and I am sure that he did so with the earnestness of a simple, trusting soul, and a faith which knew no shadow of doubt.

"From Fort Yuma to the settlements near Los Angeles, our journey was devoid of special danger or excitement, as we were out of the hostile Indian country and had little to fear from horse-thieves even, with such indifferent stock as we traveled with. As we drew near our journey's end, Manuel's spirits began to sink again, and I saw that he looked upon the fast-approaching hour, when we must separate, with sadness and apprehension. As we rode along he talked with me of my family and my prospects in life. He was particularly anxious to know how he could always be certain of reaching me, or hearing from me. When I gave him my address, minutely written out, he immediately sewed it into his jacket, so that it could not work out and be lost, and I saw him pressing his hand against it, over and over again, to be sure that he was not mistaken, and had it safe. He would, indeed, like to go to the great city of San Francisco with me, and always be my son, but then his father was old, and would, now that his mother was dead, find it hard to part with him; and his sister—of whom he knew little, as he had not seen her for years—would need his protection. So he could not go with me to the great city, but he would never cease to pray for me, and if ever I needed his company or assistance, he would leave father and sister, and all, to come to me: I might be sure of that. I looked down into his trusting, tearful eyes, and was sure of it, and felt more kindly and charitably toward all the world for the assurance. On the last day's journey toward Los Angeles, Manuel hardly talked at all. His mind seemed to be filled with sad thoughts which his tongue could not utter.

"It was nightfall when we came in sight of the 'City of the Angels,' and I realized that my long journey of thousands of miles on horseback, from Texas to the shore of the Pacific, would soon be over, and I should, in a few minutes more, be in communication with home, and wife, and friends in San Francisco. Just then Manuel called me back to the rear of the party, and, with quivering voice, told me that I must not think hard of him if he left me immediately on arriving in Los Angeles. His father had not seen him for so long a time that he was in duty bound to seek him out at once. As he said this he held my hand with an eager, trembling grasp in both his own, and looked up, with a longing, mournful expression, into my face. I understood and respected his feeling. He wished to bid me good-by, then and there, when no one was looking at us. I bent down from my saddle, and, throwing his arms around my neck, he kissed me with passionate energy; then, with the exclamation, 'Oh, *capitan*, *capitan*, and I am going to see you no more!' released me, commenced sobbing convulsively, stopped it with a strong effort, then rode forward and rejoined the train, without another word.

"I had no sooner arrived in Los Angeles than I went to the express-office and got my letters. Everything was going wrong. My poor wife, whose health had been declining for years, was growing steadily worse; my business was suffering from neglect and the need of money, which my partners hoped I would bring from Texas. My trip to Texas had been a failure, for I had found it impossible to sell the greater portion of the lands from which I had expected to realize a handsome sum, and what money I had obtained had nearly all been absorbed in paying taxes on the lands unsold, and the expenses of the trip. The steamer would sail from San Pedro next morning for San Francisco, and I determined to lose no time, but go at once, leaving my horses to be sold by a friend as soon as they had so far recovered from the effects of the trip as to be salable. Manuel had disappeared as soon as we arrived at the hotel, but I felt sure he would come around in good time in the morning to bid me a last good-by. Morning came, but no Manuel. No one had seen him since we rode up to the door of the hotel.

"The stage for San Pedro was ready, and I reluctantly got upon the box, wondering all the time why Manuel neither came nor sent me any word. The hostler from the stable came at the last moment to tell me that the dog Butcher was also missing. He had howled and acted like a mad creature from the moment that Manuel left, and, some time during the night, had gnawed in two the rope by which he had been tied in the stable and ran away, no one knew where. They thought he must have gone to find the boy, but no one knew the family of De la Cruz, and so they did not know where to look for him. There was no time to wait, and I left, feeling more disappointed than I cared to admit. I had believed that Manuel was a living and triumphant contradiction of the vulgar theory that gratitude has no place in the Spanish heart; and yet he had deserted me at the first opportunity, when there was nothing more to be gained from my friendship, and had even seduced my faithful dog from his allegiance to me. Reflection would suffice to dispel such ideas for the moment, but they came back again and again with redoubled force, and at last I came to acquiesce in them, and doubt that such things as disinterested friendship and real gratitude were to be found on earth.

"My business, by patient care and attention, became prosperous once more; but my dear wife grew daily weaker and more wan, despite all that loving kindness could do for her; and a year after my return I stood by a new-made grave, alone in the world, still under the middle age, a childless, downcast, disappointed man.

"Once only during all this time had I heard from Manuel. A Spanish lady, well advanced in years, —for whose children I had once used my influence with some success, and who thereafter always regarded me both as a friend and a son,—returning from Los Angeles, called at my house and said to me: '*Capitan*, I met the sister of your little *protégé*, Manuel, at Los Angeles, and brought you a message from her. She is very grateful to you for what you did for Manuel, and begs you to accept a little gift in token of her regard.' In the package I found a pair of fine handkerchiefs, delicately and elaborately embroidered, and bearing the initials, 'M. De la C.,' and a note in a neat little hand, but indifferent English: 'Don't think too much hardly of your little Manuel, who will never forget that you were his friend and benefactor, and will pray for you always. He did not wished for leave you, and some time you will know why he did. He would not if he could help it.—MANUELA DE LA CRUZ.'

"I was too much occupied with other thoughts and considerations then to pay much attention to this, but I felt glad to learn that Manuel was not ungrateful, and was sorry—probably ashamed—for having left me so abruptly.

"After my great loss, I was much alone, and my mind reverted to the subject many times; and the more I thought of it the more satisfied I became that there was some mystery at the bottom of the whole affair which I had never fathomed. Two more years passed away, and I heard no more of Manuel and his sister. I drank at the club, gambled now and then in a small way at cards, and, in short, tried—as lonely, disappointed men will try—to forget the past, kill time in the present, and avoid thinking of the future.

"One day I was out riding on the San Bruno road, in company with a friend. We had both been drinking a little, but only enough to make us feel like driving a trifle more recklessly than usual. As we were coming home along the bay beyond the Seven-mile House, we came up with a party who had also a fast team, and a trial of speed ensued.

Just as we were passing them we rounded a sharp turn in the road, and I saw another team coming from the opposite direction, right before us, not twenty feet off. I had no time to see more. When I regained consciousness, I was lying in bed in my room on Stockton Street, in San Francisco, my leg broken, three ribs fractured, and a terrible gash in my scalp, which extended half-way across my head. They said I had narrowly missed instant death, and it might—probably would—take me six months to recover. As good-fortune would have it, my old Spanish lady friend had seen me brought in, and was attending me assiduously.

"Then the fever came on, and for days I was raving in delirium, or tossing in distempered sleep, which brought no rest or relief. One day I was lying half asleep, half unconscious, with my head as it were on fire, and my ideas all distorted and confused by the fever-heat which ran through my brain like molten metal, when I felt, or fancied I felt, a cool, soft hand upon my burning forehead, and the touch of moist, velvety lips on mine. It was some seconds before I was fully awakened to consciousness; and then, when I turned my head painfully on my pillow, I saw that there was no one else in the room. I was sure that I could not have been wholly mistaken; and reaching the bell, I rang it for my kind volunteer nurse, who came at once.

"'There was somebody else in this room a moment since?' I said, with a positiveness I did not wholly feel, but with a determination to know the truth.

"'Yes, *capitan*, you are right!' Then, coming to me, she took my hand, and said, 'If you promise me not to be angry, I will tell you something.'

"I gave the promise.

"'Well, then, I have taken a liberty. Manuela, the sister of the boy you found upon the desert, has come to attend upon you, now that you are in trouble and need loving care and assistance.'

"'But I never saw her in my life!' I said.

"'You have seen her brother, and been his friend; and for his sake she is devoted to you.'

"'But why did not Manuel come?' I asked.

"'Their father died recently; and he was detained at home.'

"Hardly knowing what I did, I said, 'Call Manuela in, then!'

"The girl came in, and stood, with cheeks suffused and downcast eyes, quietly by my bedside. She was taller than Manuel, and of lighter complexion, but had the same glorious eyes of liquid black, the same dark hair with the tinge of purple when the sunlight rested on it, the same bright, expressive countenance, and quick, graceful movement of the little taper hands when speaking. She was very fair to look upon,—as the young palm-tree by the desert spring; and there was goodness, as well as beauty, in her face.

"From that day I began to mend. Manuela stayed with my nurse, and was ever at my bedside, or ready to come at my call. Neatness and taste were in all she did, and at her touch all things grew beautiful. She practiced reading English hour after hour, every day, to amuse me, profiting, at the same time, by the lessons. Her hand prepared little *dulces* and other dishes to tempt my slowly returning appetite. Her hand arranged the flowers which filled my room with fragrance; and her hand bathed my aching brow, and arranged my pillows when sleep grew heavy upon my eyelids. You can guess the rest.

"When I was able to sit up once more, and to begin to bear my weight upon the broken limb and move about the room with the aid of a crutch and the chairs, I was madly, hopelessly in love—despite the disparity of our years—with Manuela, and determined that she should not leave me, if I could prevent it. The time came when she told me that she must go home; that I did not need her care and assistance longer. Then I poured forth all which was in my heart; told her that I should always need her care and sympathy and assistance; and made her the offer of my hand and heart, in all good faith and sincerity, confident of acceptance."

"And she accepted you, of course?"

"No; she did not. She broke from me, with a startled look, as if something which she had long dreaded had come upon her at last, unexpectedly; and answered me, proudly, but sadly: Love me? Yes; she could love me, did love me, would always love me. She was proud to receive a true man's love, and to own that she returned it. But she was an orphan,—their father had died since I left Manuel in Los Angeles; poor; almost uneducated, and lacking all of what we call the necessary accomplishments. She could not do me credit in society; and would not risk the chance of seeing me regret my folly, and feel ashamed of my hasty choice. She loved me too much to make me miserable for life; but would pray for me, night and day, as the dearest and truest friend she had ever found on earth, and would ask me to continue to love her as a sister, or daughter (if I preferred it), and believe her worthy of my affection. She had come to prove her gratitude to me and do her duty, not to entrap me into a marriage beneath me; and she wished me to believe it.

"All this, and more, she told me; then broke down wholly, and wept passionately, rejecting all my attempts to comfort her. She must, and would, go at once, now that this had happened; and she left me—half stunned, bewildered, and utterly downcast at this crushing blow—to make the arrangements for her journey back to Los Angeles.

"My other nurse came in soon after, with her eyes full of tears; but I could not talk, even to her, of the great sorrow which had come upon me; it was too sacred for others than Manuela and I to speak of, even though, as I suspected, she knew it all. That night I never closed my eyes in sleep. I formed a thousand plans, but abandoned each, in turn, as impracticable, feeling that, if Manuela had decided on her course, nothing would turn her from it. Manuela came in the afternoon, to bid me good-by. She was pale, sad, and silent. She took my hand; and I, no longer able to suppress my emotion, turned my head away, in speechless agony. She stood a moment, irresolute, and then, in an instant, a wondrous change swept over her. Her arms were around my neck, her head was upon my bosom, and her warm tears falling thick and fast upon my hands. When, at last, she looked up into my face, she said:

"'I thought that I was doing my duty, and had the strength to bear it, and go away alone; but I had not. I cannot part with you again!'

"'Again?' I repeated, inquiringly.

"'Yes,—my true, my only friend,—again! The first time was at Los Angeles. I am the little Manuel whom you found on the Arizona desert, and cared for and protected at the risk of your life. God brought us together then, and now again, for some good purpose; and I will not leave you more! You know all now; and I will be your loving wife, to honor and to serve you always, if you still desire it!'

"She said this with trembling eagerness. In truth I wished it. Then she explained how she had come to deceive us in Arizona, and so long kept up the deception. There was a boy in the party, somewhat older than herself,—she was fourteen then,—and when the Indians charged upon the camp she was sitting in the shade, a little distance away, mending some of his clothing. When she realized that her companions and protectors were no more, and the full horror of her situation broke upon her mind, instinct told her that her chances of safety would be better with whoever she might meet, if she donned the costume of the other sex,—which she lost no time in doing. When we reached Los Angeles, she hurried away to meet her father before the secret of her sex should be discovered by others, and succeeded in assuming again her proper costume, without the story becoming known to any one but him. Meeting our mutual friend,—my old Spanish nurse,—she had confided the whole story to her, and she had kept the secret well. God bless her!

"The dog Butcher was hunting for Manuel for two days, and recognized Manuela in his place the moment that he found her. He was with her still; he is with us now. That is his bark,—the noble old fellow! This is my ranch; that is our house, under the madroño-trees up there at the entrance of the cañon yonder; and that is Manuela—God bless her!—coming down to the gateway to meet us, with little Manuel and Manuela by her side. I tell you what it is, old friend, I am just the happiest man in all California, and the most contented, you may believe me!"

I went in with him, and there, in the quiet summer evening, when the whole air was fragrant with the breath of flowers, saw him sitting beneath his own vine and fig-tree, with his bright-eyed, laughing children on his knees; and Manuela, whose fair face was radiant with love and pride, leaning trustingly on his shoulder, as one who knows whence comes the strength which, through all trials, shall sustain her. And I did believe him.

# CHAPTER VI.

## IN THE STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Cosmopolitanism of San Francisco.—Its Street Panoramas and Pictures and Sounds.—An Autumn Morning.—The "Barbary Coast."—The Chinese Missionary.—Factory Hands on Holiday.—Funeral of Ah Sam.—A Chinese Faction-fight.—An Equestrian Outfit.—The Poundmaster's Van.—General Stampede: its Cause and its Course.—The Pine-apple Plant.—The Passers-by.**

COSMOPOLITAN, in the fullest acceptation of the term, above that of any other city of America, perhaps of the world, is the population of this goodly city of San Francisco, the metropolis of an empire in the near future, of the wealth and grandeur of which we of to-day have hardly yet commenced to dream. Here on the shore of the blue, illimitable Pacific, the human tides circling around the globe from east and west, from Europe and the Atlantic slope of America, from Asia, the isles of the ocean, Australia, and farthest Africa, meet and commingle with a deep, incessant roar, even as the waves from the shores of China, Japan, and the Spice Islands meet the floods from the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, at her Golden Gate, and burst in thundering surf on the frowning rocks of Point Lobos and Point Bonita.

One may wander far and wide over the earth without finding another such a motley crowd as that which on a pleasant evening pours in a living stream through Kearney or Montgomery Street. Natives of the soil of every State in the Union, Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen, Welshmen, French, Germans, Italians, Greeks, Russians, Swedes, Norwegians, Lapps, Fins, Portuguese, Spaniards, Mexicans, Panamenos, Chilenos, representatives from every Central and South American country, Canadians, Chinese, Japanese, and Kanakas, abound; and here and there in the throng, at wider intervals, you may at times see the supple, silent little Lascar, or Hindoo, gliding stealthily and serpent-like through the throng; or note the tall turban of the Parsee, or Persian, merchant, who is waiting for the steamer of the P. M. S. S. Co. to bear him back to the shores of Asia; or the red fez of the Turk or Algerine, as he wanders dreamily along, unconsciously lending his assistance in making up the wonderful panorama unrolling itself before you.

In walking two blocks you may hear every leading language of Europe, Asia, and America spoken, and see every type of female beauty, from the blonde of the north to the brunette of the sunny South, the dull, almond-eyed daughter of the Celestial Empire to the olive-hued señorita with eyes of liquid flame, from Andalusia or Tropical America. The ever-changing scene is always one of interest, and often at the most unexpected moment one may witness incidents and gaze upon sights such as could not be observed elsewhere in America.

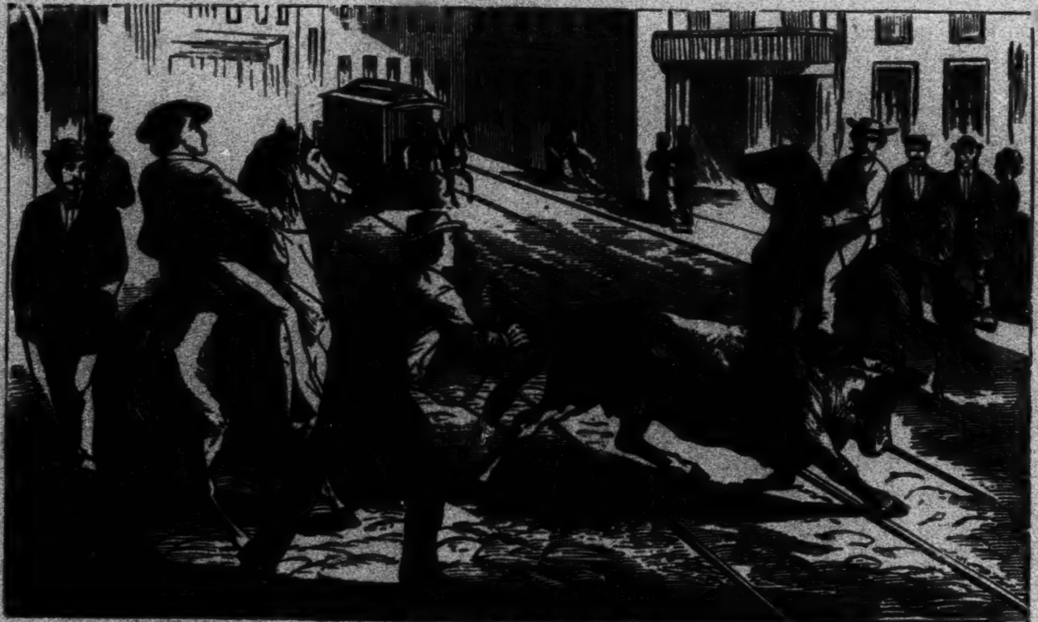
It is a glorious autumn morning, when the summer trade-winds have spent their force and ceased for the season, and the winter rains have not yet commenced: Sunday, and the whole population is abroad on the streets; churchward bend the few; in search of pleasure the many. Passing along Stockton Street, we hear the strains of the organ and the voices of the choir, in the Christian temple, mingling with the babel of many tongues on the street, and the rattle and roar of fireworks, and the shrill sounds of the gong, in the courtyard of the temple of Buddha or Foh, where "the heathen in his blindness," etc., almost under its very eaves, and beneath the shadow of the cross, and turn down towards the "Barbary Coast," where thieves, murderers, prostitutes, and vagabonds from every clime beneath the sun meet and mingle on a common level, and vice, and crime, and wretchedness, and moral and physical degradation unutterable are stamped on the face of every denizen of the evil neighborhood, marking him or her as an outcast, a leper, a pariah, among the children of men.

A narrow alley, inclosed by high brick buildings cut into innumerable small tenements, and swarming with Chinese men and women of the lower class, runs through the centre of a square or block, from one street to another. This alley is a study for the student of humanity. At its southern entrance a dozen or twenty persons, all Chinese, male and female, are gathered around a box upon which stands a neatly-clad Chinaman, who holds an open book in Chinese characters in his hand, and is expounding the story of the Man of Sorrows, and the mystery of the crucifixion, the resurrection, and the plan of salvation to the listless, indifferent audience. His manner is quiet but earnest, and to us, at first, impressive; but there is a smile of mocking incredulity, or the blank look of utter apathy, on the face of every hearer, and we find ourselves insensibly falling into the line of doubting not only that the listeners really have souls to be saved, but even that the preacher believes that they have, or in fact feels within himself any deep and abiding interest in the question one way or the other.

Farther down the alley, a party of Chinese cigarmakers and factory-operatives, on holiday, are playing a curious game of shuttlecock, catching the bat upon their heels, knees, elbows, hands, or heads, as it may chance, and keeping it bounding into the air, and from one player to another, without ever stopping or touching the ground, for half an hour at a time. The crowd of spectators of various nationalities is much larger here than around the preacher at the entrance of the alley.

But down at the lower end of the alley, near Jackson Street, the largest crowd is gathered and the greatest interest centres. Elbowing our way into the circle of spectators, we manage to gain a view of the ceremonies going on within. In the middle of the alley upon low trestles stands a richly mounted rosewood coffin; and all around it "joss sticks," or little colored wax candles, and sticks of incense, supported by slips of rattan stuck in the earth or the cracks of the planking, are burning. At the foot of the coffin stands a long table covered with a white cloth, and literally loaded with the materials for a Chinese feast. At the head of the table is a tall pyramid of pink and white rice-cakes, choice fruits, confectionery, gold tinsel ornaments, and flowers. Next comes a huge platter, upon which rests a hog roasted whole, and fancifully adorned, flanked by a chicken and a duck fashioned, with a strange, perverted ingenuity, into the semblance of grotesque, half-human figures, and at the lower end there is a sheep also roasted whole, with a crown of the native wool, fancifully cut and trimmed, still adorning the head. A multitude of little dishes, containing sauces and condiments, are scattered over the table as adjuncts to this feast of the dead. A tall young Chinaman, who is either priest or chief mourner,—we are in doubt which,—stands by the head of the table and directs the ceremonies. He is clad in a simple narrow robe of common unbleached white cotton sheeting, confined at the waist with a girdle of the same material, and has a strip of the same goods bound around his head. Three assistants, each similarly clad, are ranged alongside the coffin, and at intervals they kneel and bring their foreheads down to the dust, wailing forth their grief—real or simulated: the latter probably—in unison, chanting what may be a dirge, or a prayer, or a hymn of praise, in the highest key on the scale, while a band, consisting of half a dozen players on the Chinese clarionet, and its variations, one-stringed fiddle, and the indispensable, inevitable, clanging gong, standing around the head of the coffin, fill the air with wild, barbarous music, in which the average Caucasian ear fails to catch even the faintest understrain of genuine melody. Chinese women with painted faces, silk and satin garments, and lustrous blue-black hair, wonderfully dressed and adorned, look on and laugh and chatter like so many parrots. Chinese artisans in holiday costume smoke their cigars, and coolly comment on the ceremonies and the performers, while Americans, Europeans, and negroes look in and drop out of the crowd, the scene being too common to them to possess more than a momentary interest. A reporter, note-book in hand, climbs into a window from which he can overlook the crowd, and jots down, "Funeral of Ah Sam, boss Chinese cigar-maker, China Alley—died of consumption, induced by opium smoking," jumps down, and is off in search of something more sensational; and we follow him.

The Chinese Theatre fronts on Jackson Street, nearly opposite the alley from which we have just emerged. There is a large gathering of the lower class of Chinamen, all in dark-blue clothing, around the outer doors, and a deep excitement pervades the surging mass. There is some trouble between two of the leading Chinese clans or companies, and the factions have met before the theatre by accident or design, to discuss the question of the day. The women keep away from the crowd, and a number of well-dressed Chinamen, evidently of the mercantile class, stand some distance away, watching the progress of events with evident anxiety. Suddenly the tide of angry discussion



CATCHING A RUNAWAY.

rises higher; harsh voices, pitched to their highest key, convey epithets of infamous import back and forth; there is a rush one way, and a scattering in all the others, and a lively fight has commenced. We see hats knocked off, catch glimpses of steel bars swung into the air above the heads of the excited mass, see here and there the glinting of short swords, brandished with desperate earnestness of intent, and hear the low thud, thud, thud, of the heavy bars falling on naked scalps. Then a pistol rings out sharp and clear above the din, and there is another scattering of the combatants, just as, in answer to the shrill whistles blown long and loud by outside spectators, the police arrive on the run, and knocking right and left with their heavy lignum-vitæ clubs and the butts of their revolvers, beat their way through the crowd and arrest the luckless devil who has just been knocked down, beaten, and shot through the shoulder, and now lies bleeding and helpless on the sidewalk, and hurry him and the witnesses away to the calaboose.

As the officers and their prisoner hurry along Kearney Street toward the City Hall, they divide the attention of the crowds on the sidewalks for the moment with a slender, black, little Mexican, with a thin, sharp face and long moustache, through which his white teeth show, and over which his dark eyes flash with a peculiar Mephistophelean effect, attired in full Spanish-American costume, broad sombrero, short, embroidered jacket, with silver buttons, wide, slashed buckskin pants, looped up with silver lacings at the sides, and long, inlaid

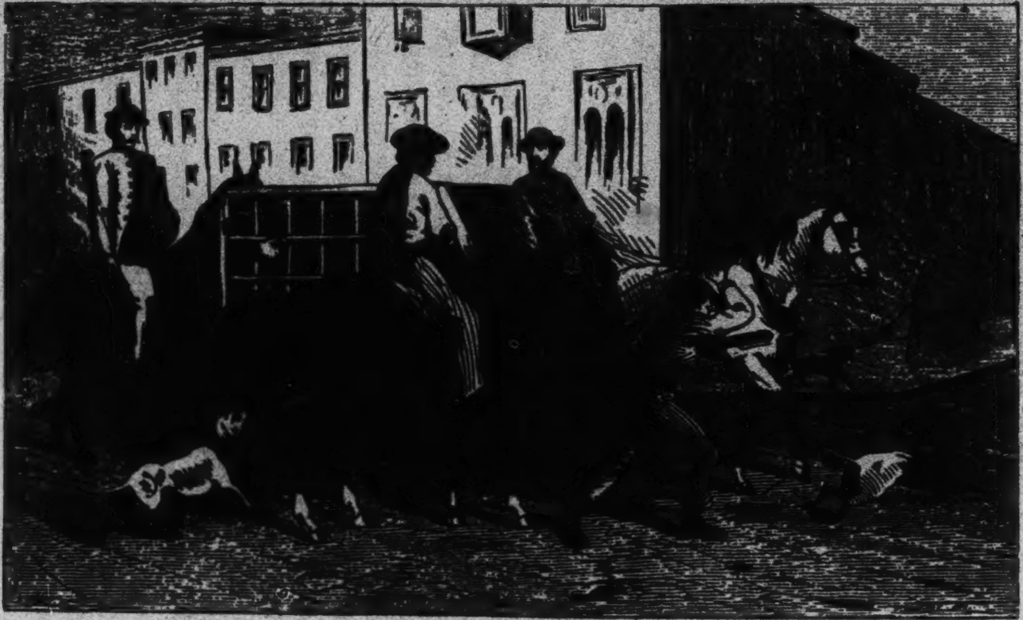
Spanish spurs, which jingle like a string of little bells, riding on a fiery little *pinto* horse, which has the artificial *pasedr* gait, trotting with the fore legs and galloping with the hind ones, so much prized by gay *caballeros* who daily ride out on the *pasèo* in his native city of the Montezuma. The headstall is of fine braided hair, and consists of a single strap passing fròm the bit on either side up to the ears, where it is split to pass on both sides of those organs, to keep it from slipping off,—no forehead-band, curb-strap or throat-latch being used,—and united by a broad silver button at the top of the head. The terrible Spanish bit, at which the high-spirited little steed chafes and champs incessantly until the foam flies right and left from his quivering mouth, is plated with silver; and silver chains attach it to the long, braided hair rein, terminating in a whip, which the rider whirls carelessly around in the air as he rides gayly along with affected indifference to the sensation he is creating. The high pommel of the Spanish saddle is covered with silver; the long *tapaderos*, which cover and depend from the stirrups, are tipped with the same metal, and the whole saddle is elaborately embossed and ornamented. Behind the crupper is an embroidered *baquerillo*, with sides of llama skin with long, glossy, black wool hanging down almost to the ground. It is "an outfit" which would make a sensation in Hyde Park or the Central, and always attracts the admiring attention of strangers as it passes along the streets of San Francisco.

Early on a week-day morning you may see another of the specialties of San Francisco,—the poundmaster's van and its attendants,—a van with open sides, through which may be seen the heads of luckless, unlicensed dogs and goats, and occasionally a pet pig or lamb, drawn by two horses driven leisurely along by a fat and happy-looking assistant dog-poiter, by whose side sits a Mexican or native Californian half-Indian *vaquero*, with his long, rawhide *rieta* coiled ready for instant use in his hand. Beside the van rides another *vaquero* on horseback ready for the chase; and behind rides, on horseback, a policeman with star and baton exposed, ready to arrest anybody guilty of interfering with the operations of the dog ordinance of the city and county of San Francisco, and the statutes of the State "in such cases made and provided."

As the van jolts along over the rough cobble pavement the imprisoned canines give vent to mournful howls, on hearing which every unlicensed but "posted" dog on the street takes to his heels and flees from the neighborhood as from a pestilence, while the licensed cur, with the tax-collector's tag upon his collar, comes boldly up to the vehicle in perfect consciousness of security, and howls defiance at the persecutors of his race.

A Frenchwoman of no uncertain social status is passing along the street at the moment, with a King Charles spaniel snugly ensconced in her arms and a sprightly black-and-tan running along by her side. There is no tag on the neck of either dog, a fact which the poundmaster's assistants comprehend at a glance, and the *vaquero* on the driver's seat jumps down on the instant and darts toward them. The woman sees the peril of her pets, and attempts to catch up the black-and-tan also in her arms; but the *rieta* comes spinning through the air, and the fatal noose is around his neck before her hand has touched him. In the effort to grasp him as he is jerked away she drops the spaniel also, and in the fraction of a second the mounted *vaquero* whirls the *rieta* around his head and sends it straight as an arrow at the little fellow, lassoes him at the first attempt, and lands him half way into the middle of the street with the recoil of the *rieta*, as a boy would land a perch or chub, at the end of his line, on the bank of a stream. There is a wild outcry on the part of the woman, an indignant appeal for help to the unsympathetic bystanders, a tearful and angry dispute with the smiling driver of the van, and finally the excited woman pays over ten dollars in coin,—five dollars for each pet,—receives a mild caution not to let them be caught a second time without the license-tag on their collars, and moves hurriedly away, breathing maledictions long and loud upon the devoted heads of the poundkeeper and all his assistants and the makers of the infamous laws, which thus tear the heartstrings out of a poor woman and rob her of her hard-earned dollars.

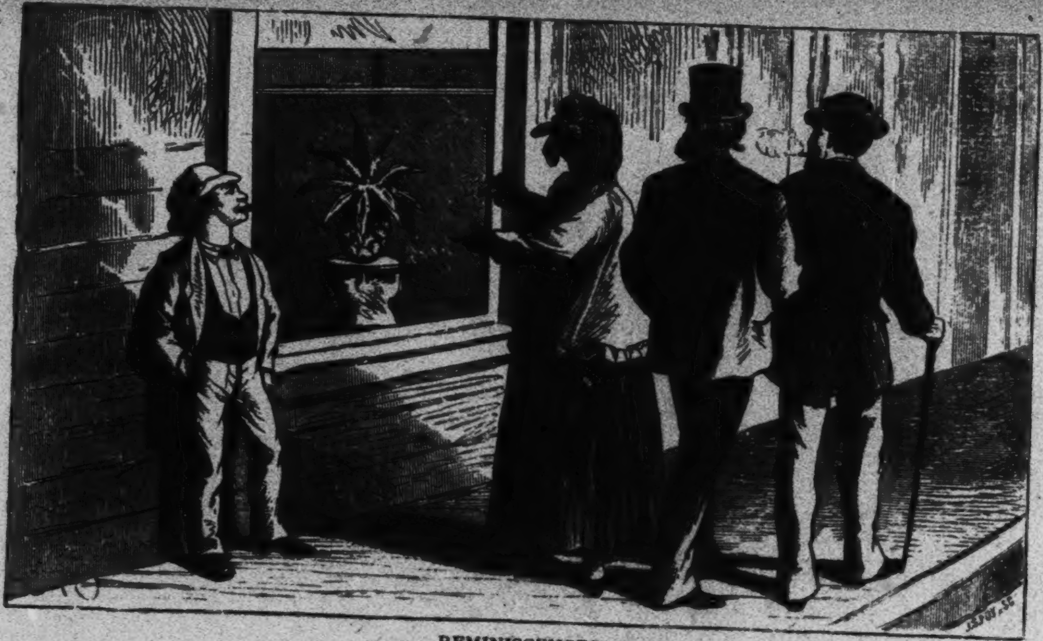
A wilder excitement, something more peculiarly Californian, and as such more keenly enjoyed by the excitement-loving San Franciscans, follows close upon the last. Shouts of warning, the fall of goods piled up in front of Kearney Street stores and shops, the banging of doors, and the rattle of many



THE POUNDMASTER'S VAN.

feet upon the sidewalk, announce the presence of physical danger and the commencement of a general stampede. Out of Pacific Street into Kearney, with head erect, glaring eyes, and nostrils wide distended with rage, terror and fatigue, rushes a wild, long-horned, Spanish steer, which has broken away from a drove being landed at North Beach, and, Malay-like, is running a muck through the city, to the imminent peril of life and limb of every person he meets on his way. The frightened and infuriated animal dashes madly at every living object which attracts his attention, knocks down and tramples upon several persons not fleet enough to escape him, and is only prevented from goring them to death with his long, sharp horns, by the shouts and execrations of his pursuers, two swarthy, Mexican *vaqueros*, mounted and equipped like the poundmaster's assistant, who are all the time close upon him, endeavoring to head him off and turn him back or capture him at the first opportunity. Dashing full tilt at a passing vehicle, the steer recoils half-stunned from the shock, and in an instant the lasso, hurled by one of the *vaqueros*, is around his head under the horns, and the other has caught him in a similar manner by one of the hind legs. One of the *vaqueros*, with a deep-drawn "C-a-r-a-j-o!" swings his excited pony-steed sharply half around in one direction, the other swings his in the opposite; there is a sharp thud as each *rieta* straightens like a bow-string, and the steer goes down heavily in the dust. He struggles madly in the toils for an instant, but in less time than it takes to write this, or to read it, one of the poundmaster's assistants is by his side, throwing his *rieta* around him in every direction, as he twists and turns, until his limbs are securely bound like those of a fly in the web of a spider, and he lies panting, bruised, bleeding, and helpless on the pavement. Such scenes as this are now less common in San Francisco than a few years since, but they may still be witnessed occasionally, and add something to the charm of life in the Golden City.

In a window on Kearney Street a pineapple plant, in full bearing, with the ripe, luscious fruit in perfection upon the top, is on exhibition as an advertisement of a famous suburban garden where it was raised under cover. As the crowd drifts idly along, one and another turn to look at the glory of the tropics with a casual remark. A party of young Spanish-American girls pause longer, and speak in low, soft tones of the memories called up by it. As they too turn to go, a yellow negress, from Panama, Peru, or one of the Spanish West India Islands, clad in a long, loose gown of gaudy-hued calico, with a scarlet handkerchief of rich China silk bound around her head, forming a turban, and loose, slipshod slippers on her feet, lazily puffing away at a cigarrito which she holds daintily between her thumb and forefinger of the left hand, waddles up before the window and looks in. "*Ah, Dios mio! Dios mio! Hijo de mi pais!*" she exclaims, clapping her hands in sudden excitement, every trace of listless indifference gone in an instant. Pouring forth a volume of broken English and provincial Spanish



REMINISCENCES.

by turns, she looks first at one bystander and then at another, addressing each invariably in the wrong tongue, gesticulating wildly as she strives to express the delight which fills her heart at this sudden recalling of the memories of her childhood, and the scenes and associations which surrounded the home of her youth. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;" the prejudices of race and education give way before it, and there is something of human sympathy on the face of every bystander as she moves reluctantly away, turning ever and anon for another glance at the souvenir of her native land, which, like the palm-tree in the gardens of Paris to the desert Arab, long wandering from his home, has become to her an object of adoration.

Such, in brief, are some of the scenes which one may witness, and which will most attract the attention of the stranger, in a morning's ramble through the streets of San Francisco.

# CHAPTER VII.

## TAMALPAIS.

**Where it is Situated.—Some Speculation as to the Signification of the Name and its Possible Origin.—Our Start for the Mountain.—The Trip to San Rafael and Adventures by the Way.—Ascending the Mountain.—First Blood.—The View of the Bay and City of San Francisco.—Mount Diablo puts in an Appearance.—At the Summit.—A Bear-faced Fraud.—Fine Study of a Fog Bank.—A Faithless Guide.—Wandering in the Mist.—Out of the Woods.—An Afternoon's Sport.—A Painful Subject.—*Adios Tamalpais!***

THERE is not a finer mountain for its height,—two thousand six hundred feet,—on all the continent of America, than Tamalpais, the bold abutment of the Coast Range on the northern side of the Golden Gate, a low spur of which runs down into the Pacific Ocean and forms Point Bonita (Beautiful Point), on which stands the lighthouse which guides the mariner into the entrance of the Bay and Harbor of San Francisco. The origin and signification of the name are matters of doubt. *Mal pais* is a common designation for rocky barren ground, in all Spanish-American countries, and *Ta-mal-pais* may be a corruption of that term, the unnecessary primary syllable having perhaps been engrafted upon it by the Indians or Russians after the Spanish settlement of the country. Another suggestion—a very hazardous one—as to its origin is as follows. There is a dish, toothsome,

MT. TAMALPAIS, FROM THE EASTERN SLOPE OF ANGEL ISLAND.

and dear to every Spanish-American epicure, known as *tamals*. "Tamal-pais" may possibly mean simply "*tamal* country," or as we would say, "the country of *tamals*," from somebody having in early days produced *tamals* there. Tamales—or Tomales—Bay, lying in the rear of Mount Tamalpais, on the ocean side, helps to give a color of probability to this proposed solution of the question. However that may be, the mountain has been known as Tamalpais since the time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, and it may be after all merely an Indian name signifying nothing at all, like Alabama, Ohio, and Iowa. *Quien sabe?*

The mountain looks well from any point of view, in summer or in winter; but its outlines seem boldest, and the dim blue haze, which envelops it always, the softest and most beautiful I think, when looked upon from the Bay of San Francisco, or the heights of Telegraph or Russian Hill. It stands in Marin County, or rather it *is* Marin County; for take away Tamalpais, and what is left of Marin County would hardly fill a wheelbarrow.

We three—Dr. Murphy, the eminent physician of San Francisco, Lloyd, the rising young criminal lawyer, and myself—had looked with longing eyes in that direction, even as Moses looked toward the Promised Land, for months and years, and at last the longing to go over there and explore the mysterious fastnesses of the mountain became too great for further repression. We knew that quail, deer, hare, and rabbits abounded there, that deer were often killed there, that California lions had been seen there, that grizzly bears were numerous there years ago, and as one was never known to die of his own volition and none were known to have ever been killed there, it was a fair inference that they were there still. Were we not all mighty hunters, and was not that a field in which to display talents and accomplishments such as ours? The only reflection in connection with our projected trip, which gave us uneasiness, was as to its probable effect on the game market,—a fall in prices which would inevitably ruin all the pothunters in the State and all the wholesale game-dealers in San Francisco being looked upon as a foregone conclusion. We were duly sorry for it, but how could we help it?

The Doctor is an ambitious and sanguinary man, his professional experience having given him a taste for blood; and he went in for big game. I don't think he would have discounted the proceeds of that foray at anything less than a grizzly, a pair of California lions, half a dozen wild-cats, and a wagon load of deer; and I know that he had hopes of hare and small game almost without limit. He was armed with a Henry rifle, five hundred rounds of cartridges, and a butcher-knife with a blade sixteen inches in length. Lloyd took a No. 8 stub and twist double-barrelled gun,—which by rights should have been mounted on a swivel in a boat, or on a raft,—two hundred and fifty Ely's wire cartridges, a bag of B B shot, half a keg of powder,—he hesitated a long time as to whether he should fill up the keg, but finally concluded that in case he run out he could buy more at San Rafael,—and an army size Colt's revolver. I, who am of a more modest and less ambitious turn of mind, took along only a light No. 14 double-barrelled gun, which once upon a time had done fearful execution at both ends in the Great Winnebago Swamp in Illinois, a flask of powder, one of shot, and a bottle or two of California wine, which had been boiled to concentrate the strength and save freight. Each had marked out a particular line of destruction for himself to follow,—each one equally confident of achieving a mighty triumph in his way. The pathway of our life is strewn with the wrecks of fond hopes blighted and promises unfulfilled; it pains me to reflect upon the harvest of such wrecks which my most intimate friends were called upon to gather on that ever memorable occasion. I doubt if I promised less than one thousand dozen quail, and larger game in proportion; but I call Heaven to witness that I did so honestly, and with the very best intentions as to fulfilling my engagements. It is some consolation to a tax-payer to feel that the pavement of a certain nameless place will not require renewal or repair for many years to come.

We were to go on horseback, starting at 2 P.M. from San Francisco, on the 2d of September. I rode my old pet, a half-breed mare, Juanita, which the accursed, sneaking Chimahuepis Indians stole from my side as I slept, a year later, on the banks of the Colorado River. Lloyd bestrode a fiery, untamed, mouse-colored steed, received from a client subsequently hanged,—he shed no tears over his grave; and the Doctor galloped on the road to glory and renown on a livery hack warranted to be "just lightning," and better able to make good the warranty than any other four-legged brute on the top of the earth, to the best of my knowledge and belief. From the plaza to the boat-landing—about half a mile—the journey was comparatively uneventful, the Doctor having merely run down an old woman at the crossing of Battery and Washington Streets, while Lloyd's horse, having collided with a passing vehicle, got even by wheeling suddenly and letting fly his heels at me viciously, one hitting the saddle and nearly knocking me out of it, the other making a deep indentation in the barrel of my gun and sending it flying some ten feet out of my hand. I killed nobody myself. We disembarked in safety at San Quentin; many of Lloyd's clients had done the same in years gone by,—the State Prison is located half a mile from that landing.

Here the trouble began. The Doctor, by reason of his greater age and presumably riper judgment and greater discretion, was entrusted with the transportation of the saddle-bags, in which were packed a chicken-luncheon, a lot of ammunition, and a few bottles. He hung them across the back of his saddle, gravely mounted to his seat, grasped his deadly rifle firmly, and gave the signal for the start in a loud clear voice: *Vamos!* It was as even a start as I ever saw on a race-track, all three horses bounding about ten feet at the first jump. Mousey, Lloyd's horse, shot a little ahead; Juanita followed close on his flank; and Whitey, the Doctor's incomparable mustang, dropped a trifle in the rear. At the end of forty rods there came a sudden change in the order of the procession. Lloyd's horse had run away with him, and, from sheer force of habit, taken the left-hand road toward the State Prison, instead of the right-hand one leading to San Rafael. The Doctor seeing the mistake called out "No! no!" at the top of his voice. His intelligent mustang, from an excess of zeal to obey orders, had both ears erect and open, expecting that our speed would not last and the order "whoa" would be given. In the excitement of the moment he mistook the word, or feared that he might have mistaken it, and to make a sure thing put out his fore legs, stiff-kneed, which movement by a horse of playful disposition is termed "bucking." Horse and rider in such cases generally find it difficult to continue in company, and so part, as the best of friends sometimes must. That is just what the Doctor and his mustang did, at the moment I turned my head. Following the Doctor something rose gracefully from the rear of the saddle, described a gentle curve in the air, and landed with a loud thud and a sharp jingle on the hard road, a few feet ahead of him. It was the saddle-bags, and the jingle sounded suspiciously like that of broken glass—which we found no difficulty in ascertaining that it was. Juanita, not caring to run over the Doctor, jumped backward suddenly, and in doing so left me sitting unsupported in the air. I make it a rule not to war against nature's laws. Those laws say that in such cases one must come down. The ground in that particular locality is very solid, as I ascertained beyond a doubt.

Juanita walked up to the saddle-bags, sniffed at them with distended nostrils and eyes opened wide with horror. Well might she do so! The escaping fluid made the leather curl up like a burned boot, and as I held them up the liquor ran from them much as you may see it run from a clam fresh dug from the sand.

A startling thought suggested itself, and I was on the point of dropping them when the Doctor rolled over in the dust and called out, "Oh, never fear; there ain't going to be a second explosion; the powder is in a tin case on the other side!" I felt reassured and comforted, and proceeded to replace them upon the Doctor's saddle and tie them on. None of the horses appeared to have been seriously hurt.

The party once more united, we took a fresh start. Whitey, with the Doctor in the saddle, led off this time. Some of the liquor from the saddle-bags oozed out upon his back, and appeared to infuse new spirit into him. He reared up behind, and let out his legs right and left as if feeling for the object which annoyed him, switched his tail and snorted viciously, then bolted for San Rafael as if life or death depended on his reaching there inside of ten minutes and he meant to be there on time. He buckled down to the work like a woodchuck hunting a new hole, and made every point tell. Occasionally his hind legs, getting impatient of the rate of progress made by the fore ones, would make a spasmodic effort to go off on their own hook and take the lead, thereby causing the Doctor to roll and pitch like a ship in a cross sea with a head wind. But the Doctor is game when his blood is up, and it was at the boiling point just then. Holding the rein and grasping the pommel of the saddle at the same time with one hand, he swung his heavy Henry rifle with the other, bringing it down at every swing with vindictive energy upon the head of the accursed brute, whack! whack! whack! and thus he continued to encourage him all the way to San Rafael, a distance of some three miles. As the wrath of the Doctor rose, so did his pantaloons, the bottoms of which were soon riding in triumph above the tops of his boots, and essaying, with every prospect of success, a flight above his knees. The Doctor hung to the saddle and the rifle, and allowed minor matters to take their course. Mousey seemed to rather enjoy the situation, and kept close upon Whitey's heels, while Juanita, thinking it was a race for grand cash, went in to win or die. My foot coming in contact with Lloyd's horse was knocked out of the stirrup, and in attempting to replace it, I dropped the rein, which the gun in my hand prevented me from regaining, and I was at sea rudderless and drifting helpless before the storm. A gang of Chinese laborers were cutting a ditch alongside the turnpike, and seeing us coming, they ran up the side of the road, swinging their broad-brimmed bamboo hats, and making the air ring with shouts, beside which the note of the peacock on the wall in springtime is as the melody of the spheres. Two stage coaches filled with passengers had left the embarcadero ahead of us, bound for

San Rafael, and as we approached them, the drivers kindly reined the teams out of the track to give us a clear field, while all hands lent us their assistance in the shape of three rousing cheers and a tiger. I am always thankful for human sympathy and encouragement, properly expressed and at the proper time, but I would at that moment, had I been consulted, have preferred that the demonstration made by the passengers in those coaches should have been a trifle less ostentatious and energetic, and possibly postponed altogether for a day or two. I have a dim recollection of hearing the Doctor give expression to a wish to see the entire party of them roasting somewhere, and of not feeling shocked thereat, although, as I am bitterly opposed to everything bordering on slang and profanity, I suppose I was in duty bound to feel shocked at his remark; but I was very busy at the moment, and somehow I did not. I don't think a three-mile race-track was ever got over in less time than it took us to make the run from the embarcadero to San Rafael after the second start. The hospitable citizens of San Rafael saw us coming, with a cloud of dust spinning out in our wake like the tail of a comet, and with one accord turned out to greet us. They appeared to be apprehensive that we might go right on to the next town without stopping, and to ensure a different result they ranged themselves in a line across the road, brandished hands, arms, hats, and everything else they could lay hold of at the moment, shouting, as with one voice, whoa! Whitey and Mousey "whoaed" so suddenly that their riders were

ON THE ROAD.

enabled to dismount without an effort; but Juanita having naught save her own sweet will to guide her since I had lost the rein, turned aside, went through a picket-fence, caromed on a market-vegetable cart which stood in the field, and went down with a crash which sounded in my sensitive ears like that which will in due time announce the final dissolution of the universe. When I recovered my senses I was sitting in a potato-patch, solitary in my glory, like Marius, with the ruins of Carthage around me. Thus we made our triumphal entry into San Rafael.

We repaired to the hotel, bound up and anointed our smarting wounds, sent out a party to gather in our traps, which had been scattered all along the road, then held a council of war. We did not feel much like going forward, in truth, but then we were ashamed to go back, and advance we must. With much inquiry and diligent search, we found a native who knew the trail to the top of Tamalpais, and was willing, for a consideration, to pilot us there next day. The sum demanded for his services was more than he had honestly earned before in his entire lifetime, but we needed him, and were at his mercy.

Sunrise saw us all in the saddle. We found that during the night, lumps of the size of acorns, hickory nuts, even black walnuts, had grown on those saddles just where we found it most inconvenient to have them, but were forced to grin and bear the infliction as best we might. After a half-mile ride through the fields, we came in sight of a flock of quail running along in the road ahead, and a halt along the entire an education must such a dog have had? let me ask in all seriousness. The Doctor could stand it no longer, but drew a bead and let drive a bullet full at his head. The bullet went just wide enough of the mark to accomplish the desired result. Dropping the quail with a savage growl he darted off on a run, howling and yelping with the full power of his lungs at every jump. To corral that quail, our first trophy, was the work of a moment. It is safe to say that we lost no time in wringing his neck after our hands were on him.

Then a change came over the spirit of our dream. Our firing and the subsequent howling of the base, ungrateful cur, had attracted the attention of his baser owner, and he put in an appearance very suddenly and unexpectedly. Flourishing a hayfork threateningly, he demanded to know which thief had been trying to kill his valuable and intelligent "animal."

Lloyd, who had just concluded the operation of washing his face in a spring, thereby apparently repeating the miracle of Cana, feeling that this was adding insult to injury, volunteered in clear and forcible language to "put a head on him," then and there, in three seconds, if he "would just lay down that pitchfork." "If the head you would put on me would resemble the one you carry around, I would sooner be shot down dead on the spot, and be out of misery at once, than take it! You look as if you were in the murder line, anyhow, and perhaps you might as well go right on with your infamous work as it is!" was the delicate and gentlemanly reply of the irate tiller of the soil. We—the Doctor and myself—argued the case more temperately, and eventually the aggrieved owner of that lop-eared cur became so far mollified as to accept of a drink from the bottle of new whisky, which we had procured at San Rafael, after our first disaster on the road. When he took the bottle from his lips, his eyes were full of tears, his lips were purple, and he gasped convulsively for breath. We felt that we were avenged, and, remounting, rode silently away up the trail, carrying our dead and wounded with us.

Out of the dusty carriage-road, at last we entered the narrow bridle-trail, which winds up the steep mountain-side, through the rocky *malpais*, covered with wide fields of the bitter *chemisal*, which spreads over the whole upper part of the mountain. This bitter shrub, of the leaves of which no living creature will eat, grows only on ground which will support nothing else, and is worthless for every purpose save that of holding the earth together. The sun was well up in the heavens and the air growing oppressively warm, when we passed above the timbered belt, and entered this *chemisal* country. We halted and looked back. In the southeast, San Francisco, lying overstretched, a tawny giant upon the gray hills of the peninsula, showed dimly through the veil of yellow dust, dun-colored smoke, and thin, luminous vapor which overhung it. Down to the southward, almost at our feet, lay the Golden Gate, the Presidio of San Francisco, and the straits leading up from the ocean to the Bay of San Francisco, with the line was ordered. Lloyd, having the biggest gun, was ordered to dismount and deploy as skirmisher. With trailed shotgun he crept through an acre or two of dusty *chaparral*, and came to a halt at last on the flank and within twenty yards of the unsuspecting enemy. We saw him rise slowly and deliberately, bring his murderous weapon to bear, take deadly aim —it seemed to us, waiting there in breathless expectation, that it took him an hour at least to do it— then discharge both barrels at once. There was a shock and concussion like the explosion of a mine, a deep reverberation rolling away and dying in a thousand echoes in the gorges of the mountain. But the gunner, where was he? Lying prone upon his back in the bushes, kicking up as much dust as is raised by an ordinary threshing machine in full operation, as he kicked right and left in his agony .When he arose at last his upper lip was of the thickness of a fifty-cent sirloin steak, and his nose was bleeding profusely. He ventured the opinion that he must have been stung by hornets while he was down. If such was the case, it was a very unmanly and cowardly thing for the hornets to do; that is all I have to say on the subject. When the shot from his gun struck the dust in the road and raised it in a cloud, I looked to see at least a dozen quail lying in the agonies of death in the road, as it subsided. In place thereof I saw the entire covey on the wing for the *chaparral* higher up on the mountain-side. There were plenty of feathers in the road, however, which showed that he must have startled them considerably.

As next in rank I then took up the fight, and discharged both barrels at the flying enemy, as I sat on horseback, Juanita dancing a break-down jig as I did so. One bird came down with a crippled wing, but made tracks for the bushes the moment it touched the ground. Before he reached cover, the Doctor, who represented the artillery, sent half a dozen bullets from his Henry rifle whizzing after him, making it very lively indeed for him, but not even knocking out a feather. Just then a ranchero's dog came trotting down the road, and calling him to us, I pointed to the clump of *chaparral* in which the wounded quail had taken refuge, clapping my hands and shouting "sic him! sic him!" with all my might at the same time. Thus encouraged, our volunteer corps went in, and to our infinite satisfaction we heard that miserable quail piping like a sick chicken in a moment more. "We've got him! We've got him!" we shouted in chorus. We were in error again; the dog had got him, and a brief observation of his movements satisfied us that he meant to keep him too. The infamous brute absolutely had the audacity to walk out of the bushes with our quail in his mouth, right before our eyes, and refusing with a savage growl to surrender it to me, trot deliberately off down the road, toward the residence of his master. "Here, doggy! Come, doggy! O, the nice doggy! pretty doggy!" etc., we repeated in the most persuasive and endearing accents, only to provoke his visible contempt, and increase the derisive elevation of his vertebræ and the rate of his speed. What kind of rock fortress of Alcatraz presenting its tier above tier of black cannon, standing like the sentinel at the gateway, keeping grim watch and ward at the western portal of a mighty land. A huge, black-hulled steamer was heading out through the Golden Gate into the blue Pacific, bound for the Columbia, Victoria, Mexico, Panama, or possibly to far-off lands on the other edge of the world, beyond our western horizon. White sails gleamed here and there over the whole Bay of San Francisco, and over its broad surface white-hulled ferry and river steamers could be seen plowing their way. The Bay of San Pablo was a duck-pond at our feet—the Straits of Carquinez dwindling away to a mere silver thread in the distance—and the Bay of Suisun only a whitey-brown patch in the landscape farther north. Oakland, and all her sister towns along the eastern shore of the Bay of San Francisco, looked out here and there from the midst of embowering trees. Mount Diablo, clad in garments of dun and straw color, rose high into the blue sky on the eastward, seeming to ascend as we ascended, and grow taller and more gigantic at every step; following us up, as it were, and bullying us as we went, as if determined that we should not be permitted to look down upon him nor receive a diminished idea of his importance. Northward and northeastward, stretching out leagues on leagues from his base, were the wide, dark tule swamps, and half-submerged islands of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, bordered by bright, straw-colored valleys, stretching away to the point where the dark green line of the summits of the Sierra Nevada melted into and blended with the blue cloudless sky of autumn, upon the farther verge of the horizon. We looked down upon the homes of two hundred thousand toiling, active and busy people. The homes of millions of happy, contented, abundantly blessed people, will in a few years fill that broad land on which we gazed with deep and silent admiration that morning. If I were a painter, I would unroll my canvas at that point, and paint you such a picture as you should stand before and gaze upon with unspeakable delight from morn to night. I am not—more is the pity! For half an hour the glorious scene held us enchanted; then the destructive element in our nature asserted its supremacy again, and we began to talk of deeds of blood once more.

"Manuel, when we engaged you as our guide, you promised on the honor of a descendant of conquering Castile, and the faith of a *Christiano*, to show us at least the track of a grizzly bear! Do it!"

Manuel, with a brow slightly clouded, arose slowly, mounted his horse a little hesitatingly, and led us onward up the steep acclivity. Half a mile brought us to a saddle-back, on one side of which there was a narrow grass-plat. Looking carefully along the other side, among the *chemisal*, broken rocks, and coarse gravelly soil, he discovered at length a track, at which he pointed in silent triumph. A painter desiring to catch the smile of benign ecstacy which illumined the countenance of the beloved disciple, would have found fame and fortune in the face of Manuel at that moment, had he the talent to catch the expression, transcribe it faithfully, and hand it down to a devout and admiring posterity. Few and short were the words we spoke. The Doctor, with countenance grave and stern, refilled the magazine of his rifle with cartridges, and borrowed Lloyd's revolver. When I make my appearance upon the boards in the great character of "William Tell," I shall recall to mind the attitude and expression of the Doctor at that moment; and with such a model have never a fear but that the gods in the gallery will bestow their applause until the roof rings again. Lloyd took up a position immediately in rear of the Doctor, with his teeth firm set, and his double-barreled No. 8 stub-and-twist grasped pretty firmly in both hands. For myself, I determined that, come what might, I would not see the poor horses victimized for our folly, and I would stay by them, and get them out of danger as quickly at their legs could carry them, on the first appearance of the infuriated grizzly. One of the most prominent features of my character has ever been a certain watchful forethought, which would have made me invaluable as the commander of an army. Had I commanded at Bull Run—but then, I did not command at Bull Run, and the history of that unfortunate affair has already been written!

As I was proceeding to mount and ride off with the horses, I chanced to look at the bear track, where it crossed the soft bit of grassy ground on the side of the hog-back, opposite where Manuel had pointed it out in the hard, rocky soil; and with the bluntness of an impulsive and ingenuous nature, thoughtlessly remarked that the Tamalpais grizzlies had the good sense to follow the example of the horses thereabouts, and wear sharp heel-corks. The Doctor heard the remark, and coming back to where I stood, examined the track carefully. I heard him utter something in a deep undertone, which I am sure was not an invocation of the blessing on the head of that descendant of the old Castilians. Manuel's quick ears caught it, and with an expression of general disgust as he looked at the whole party, and a glance of malignant hate at me, he turned his horse's head toward the summit of the mountain, and rode off without a word. For the next half hour no one of us spoke a word—out hearts were two full.

Two miles more of hard climbing, the sweat pouring in streams off our panting horses, brought us to a little secluded flat, in a narrow cañon but a short distance below the summit. There is a fine spring of pure, cold water there, and a number of huge, old oaks, gray with the long, trailing moss, which is nourished by the abundant moisture condensed upon it daily from the dense sea fogs which roll up over the summit at brief intervals all the year round. Here we unpacked our traps, uncinched and picketed out our tired horses, and prepared for a long and vigorous campaign. The quails, driven up the mountain from all the valleys below by the incessant raids of the pot-hunters, fairly swarmed in this cañon, having found it a safe haven of refuge up to this time that season. We killed several and badly frightened a considerably greater number. Then we spread our table and lunched gloriously.

After lunch, we went over the ground once more, bagging a few more quail, and then climbed to the summit of the mountain and looked down on the blue, illimitable Pacific; that is to say, we looked down the steep western slope of the mountain in the direction where the blue, illimitable Pacific was, and still is, and probably always will be, located, and would have seen it had it not been hidden beneath a bank of snow-white fog, as solid and impenetrable to the eye as the mountain itself. We could hear the incessant moaning of the sea, as it dashed its waves on the rock-bound coast beneath us, but that was all. The bay where the chivalrous old filibuster and pirate Sir Francis Drake moored his fleet some centuries ago, and from whence he sailed some weeks later, without an idea of the existence of the grand Bay of San Francisco and the glorious country of which the Golden Gate, right under his long, sharp, rakish nose, is the portal, was just below us on the northwest, but it might as well have been a thousand miles away. Point Lobos and Point Bonita were invisible, and the Farrallones were buried countless fathoms deep beneath the fog-bank. All was an utter blank from a point a thousand feet beneath us. Even as we gazed upon it, the bosom of the snowy fog-bank heaved and rocked at the touch of the rising gale; then the whole vast fleecy mass moved inward upon the land, and silently, but with the speed of thought, and apparently with irresistible force, came rushing like a mighty avalanche up the slope of the mountain toward the summit on which we stood. "We shall see nothing, and may lose our way in the mist; let us *vamos;* and we *vamosed.*

As we turned our steps to the eastward and passed over the crest of the mountain again, we saw the mist moving up through the Golden Gate, and rolling over the island of Alcatraz, which in a moment was enveloped and hidden from sight. As the island disappeared, the low, mournful voice of the tolling fog-bell came faintly but distinctly to our ears, borne on the soft, moist air. B-o-o-m! b-o-o-m! b-o-o-m! a throbbing pulsation of sound, always inexpressibly painful for me to listen to, and I have heard it thousands of times. A San Francisco poet has beautifully expressed in the following lines the thoughts awakened by night—and by day as well—not in his mind alone, by the voice of

### THE FOG BELL OF ALCATRAZ.

O weary warden, that o'er sea and marshes
Monotonously calls
Thy challenge to the foe, whose stealthy marches
Invest the city walls.

Thy voice of warning far and wide diverges,
Thrilling the midnight air;
Yet in thy tower, above the rocking surges,
Thou dost not heed, nor care.

Thou readest not the message of thy bringing;
Thou dost not know the weight
Of that which in thy little arc forever swinging,
Thou dost reiterate.

Thou heedest not the text, whose repetition
Makes the dark night more drear;
Thou fill'st the world with formal admonition—
But show'st no sky more clear!

Thou see'st not the binnacle light that glistens
Upon the slippery deck;
Thou markest not the mariner who listens;
Thou see'st not the wreck.

Vain is thy challenge—vain thy admonition—
To all who hear or pass;
Having not Love nor Pity—thy condition
Is but "as sounding brass."

O formal Dervish! rocking in thy tower,
That looks across the deep,
Cry, O Muezzin, "God is God!" each hour—
But let believers sleep.

Thou hast the word, O too insensate preacher,
But having nought beyond,
The fate thou criest, and thyself the teacher,
Alike by man are shunned.

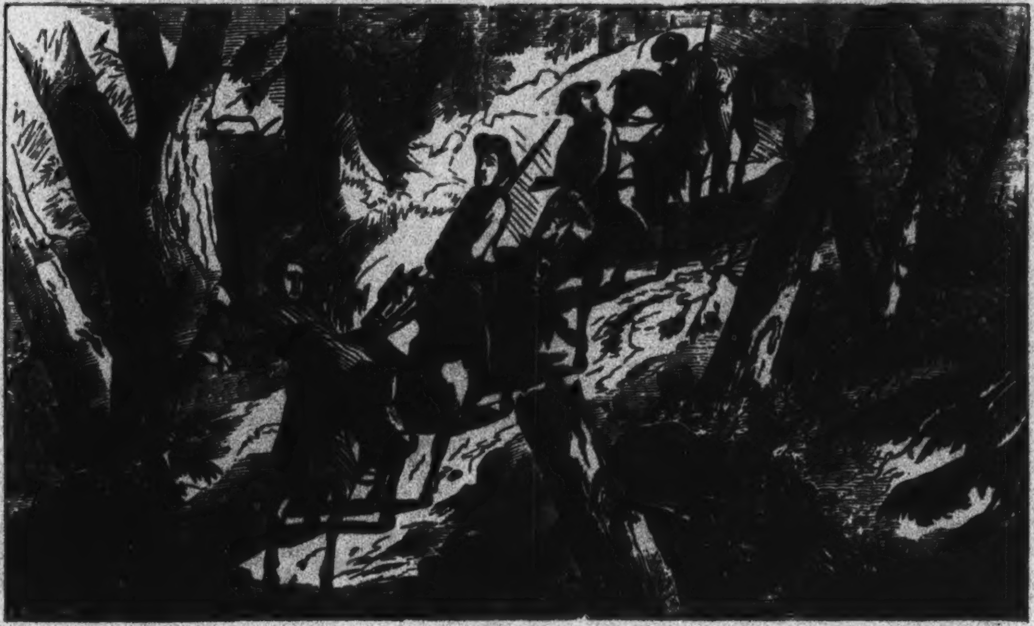
We listened some minutes to the steady, monotonous, and mournful pealing of the fog-bell, then hurriedly retraced our steps to the cañon in which we had left our guide and the horses. The horses were all right; but the guide lay stretched at full length upon the ground, motionless and rigid as the Cardiff giant. We were by his side in a moment. "Asleep!" said Lloyd. "Dead!" suggested the Doctor. "In a fit!" hazarded your humble servant. He was drunk—simply, but terribly drunk—our bottle lying empty beside him, and our hearts were unutterably sad and full, aye, even slopping over—of bitterness. We found a flat rock of suitable proportions, and erected it, with an appropriate inscription, scrawled with the end of a burned stick, as a tombstone at his head; placed another at his feet, inserted a soft boulder under his head as a pillow, laid two smaller ones gently on his eyes, and rode away in sorrow and in silence.

That faithless watcher had told us before we left him to ascend to the summit, that a trail led back along a winding ridge and through a timbered country, and so down the mountain by the way of Lagunitas, a lumber-camp near the foot, and advised us to return that way. We started to carry out his programme without him. After we had ridden a short distance, a lone pigeon perched upon the top limb of a dead tree attracted our attention, and all firing at once, we brought him lifeless to the ground; then indulged in an animated and somewhat acrimonious discussion as to who fired the fatal shot, until the fog-drift was upon us. We rode along the ridge a mile or two in the dense, salt fog, until our clothing was drenched as if from a thunder shower, and we all smelled like so many Point Lobos mussels, while water streamed out of the barrels of our guns, whenever we turned them muzzle downward. "This is poetry condensed!" I had exclaimed enthusiastically, as we looked down in delight upon the scene spread out before us, as we ascended the eastern slope of the mountain. "I'll be blamed if this is not prose!" said the Doctor, as he gazed ruefully at the approaching fog-bank which shut us out from the sight of everything on the west from the summit of the mountain. "This is blank verse!" cried Lloyd, as he now swept the drops of gathered moisture from his face in a shower, and mopped himself industriously with his dripping handkerchief.

Suddenly we emerged from the cloud, and found ourselves below and outside of it, and in the sunshine again. We halted and gave three cheers. We were out of the woods, and out of the fog, and five quails ahead. The fullness of our high hopes of the morning had fallen something short of realization, it is true, but we had got "a starter" nevertheless, and still had before us some hours in which to retrieve the fortunes of the day.

We went on down the steep declivity a mile or more; then came upon the edge of one still more precipitous, and looked down into a narrow, romantic cañon, at the bottom of which is Lagunita. Descending this precipice, our horses occupied something the position of red squirrels coming down the side of a barn. My horse being at the rear, had his nose projected far over the back of Lloyd's, and his in turn was telescoped—so to speak,—over the Doctor's. I had always an inquiring mind, and a tendency toward experiments. I had a sharp stick in my hand, and inserted it playfully under the portion of Lloyd's horse nearest me. The experiment was an eminent success. Mousey, by way of passing on the compliment, seized Whitey by the rump, and gave him a nip that brought away the fur by the handful. Whitey having nothing before him to get even on, whirled half round, at the risk of his rider's neck, and went for his assailant "for all there was in sight." Mousey lifted his heels, and my horse caught the full force of the shock. Things rattled, and the air for the moment was blue with cursing. When order was at last restored, we rode on in sulky silence. They were mad, and gave me no credit whatever for good intentions. I felt hurt. We reached and passed the saw-mills and hamlet at Lagunitas, and soon came to where the road forked. Falling carelessly behind, I watched my opportunity and quietly gave them the slip, turning off down one trail while they went the other. In the next mile's ride, I bagged two more quail. Then I came upon a little lustrous-eyed, white-toothed Mexican boy in a cañon, who was out with a bow and arrow, going the rounds to look at his quail-traps. He had several quail, and I acquired them. Then I rode on with him, chatting on various subjects, while we visited all his traps. He had lived some years in sight, and almost within hearing of the bells of the great city of the Pacific Coast, and had never been in it in his life. I told him what I could of its wonders, and when we parted company I was four bits out in coin, but had seven good, healthy quails to show for my work. I went on down toward the coast, where the quails had been less harassed by hunters, and coming upon several large coveys, swelled my game-bag considerably by well directed shots. I also got a snap-shot at a fine, large California hare, and corralled him. When the sun went down and evening stole over the land, I rode triumphantly into San Rafael with twenty-three quails in my game-bag and a hare slung behind my saddle. I was "happy and content as one of Swimley's boarders," and felt that I was the champion shootist of the party.

Alas! not so. There is no limit to the duplicity and deceit of human nature. Lloyd and the Doctor heard my story in silence; saw me unpack my game, and display it with honest pride, with an expression of contempt upon their faces; then led the way exultingly to where *their* game was hanging. There were exactly twelve dozen quails, tied neatly in bunches of two dozen each, hanging on the wall. I was staggered. After examining them closely, I remarked that I had never seen so great a quantity of game killed with so slight an expenditure of ammunition—there was not a shot-mark to be found on any bird in the entire lot so far as I could see; and nearly every one had his neck dislocated, or head crushed in. Travelers, according to popular opinion, are inclined to exaggeration, and will sometimes indulge in something very like outright falsehood, when the truth would fall short of creating the desired sensation. From my youth up I have been a hunter, and association with sportsmen and travelers has had a tendency to fill my mind with suspicion and doubt, as to the genuineness of trophies of the chase exhibited as the result of hunting expeditions, and the entire reliableness of travelers' tales. When Gordon Cumming returns to Europe, from a raid on the game of South Africa, it is a notorious fact that it is next to impossible to find any first-rate lion-skins, leopard-skins, or elephant-tusks of extra large size for sale in the markets of Cape Town and Natal. In our own country, unscrupulous parties have not unfrequently brought obloquy upon the entire fraternity, by returning from a hunt with more game than they could possibly have shot within the number of hours they were out, even if the game had been ranged before them in platoons, and



MOUNTAINEERING.

they had nothing to do but to load and fire from morning to night. This is all wrong, and I took occasion to say as much—in a spirit of pure kindness, and more in sorrow than in anger—to my companions and a few spectators at this time. Did I receive any thanks for my disinterested and gratuitous advice? Far from it; I got abuse and gross personalities instead. Such is human nature! I replied feelingly. I was tired and sore, and possibly a little irritable; but I solemnly affirm that I never said that I could whip any man in the company. I am no prize-fighter; why should I? As to the San Rafaelite who interfered, I consider him wholly inexcusable; and so far as he is concerned, am not sorry for what he got for his pains. It is an unpleasant subject, and I dislike to pursue it any further.

Next morning we were in the saddle again at eight o'clock, having despatched our game and firearms by the express to San Francisco, and ran our horses at the dead jump all the way to San Quentin, arriving just in time to get on board the boat for the city. As the boat glided away down the Bay, we looked back from its deck and saw the mountain standing out bold and free from cloud or fog in the bright morning sunlight, and bitterly thought of the experience of yesterday.

Thus, truthfully and dispassionately, after the lapse of months, have I written up this history of our great hunting, fishing, and warlike expedition to Tamalpais. As I have already remarked, Tamalpais is one of the finest of the lesser mountains of California; an attractive mountain to look at from Russian or Telegraph Hill. It is there all the time. You may see it any day; and you may have it all for me. The experiences of that trip disgusted me with it for all time, and I go there no more. *Adios*, Tamalpais!

# CHAPTER VIII.

## NAPA VALLEY AND MT. ST. HELENA.

From San Francisco to Vallejo.—What we Saw while Crossing the Bay of San Pablo.—The Valley of Napa.—A Moonlight Evening in the Mountains.—Calistoga by Moonlight and Sunlight.—The Baths.—Hot Chicken-Soup Spring.—The Petrified Forest of Calistoga.—The Great Ranch and Vineyards.—Ascent of Mount St. Helena.—What we Saw from the Summit.—Reminiscences of the Flood.—Story of the Judge and the Stranger.—"Presently, sir, presently!"—Good Joke on the Robbers.—What happened to Me in Arizona.—A Good Story, but too Appreciative an Audience.

A soft September afternoon; cloudless, warm, quiet, hardly a breath or breeze to ruffle the Bay of San Francisco. The summer winds, the curse of San Francisco, have died out, and one can enjoy life once more in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis of the Pacific. Brown, and looking as old as the hills on which she stands, is San Francisco, the wonderful city of a day, in her russet coat of summer dust, as we look back at her from the steamer's deck. Straw color, mauve, and ashes of roses, are the tints displayed by all the mountains around the Bay, save old Tamalpais, who, clad in royal purple, looks grandly down upon us on the westward as our steamer glides swiftly past frowning Alcatraz, Angel Island and the Red Rock, the Dos Hermanos and the Dos Hermanas (Two Brothers and Two Sisters, curious round rocks rising from the bosom of the Bay), and glide into the Bay of San Pablo, with the pretty old town of San Pablo peeping out from beneath the evergreen live oaks, and exotic shade trees, on the Contra Costa shore on the right, and San Quentin, with its gloomy State Prison, on the Marin county shore on the left; and beyond, nestled in a little valley away up under the dark shadow of Tamalpais, the picturesque village of San Rafael, a noted health-resort for San Franciscans. Through the Bay of San Pablo, past Mare Island, with its navy-yard and barracks, our steamer moves, and turning abruptly northward, just as we catch a glimpse of the straits of Carquinez, opening eastward towards Martinez and Benicia, rounds to at the railroad wharf at Vallejo, some thirty miles from San Francisco. We saw two schools of porpoises playing in the waters of San Pablo Bay; thousands of pelicans and shags crowding the rocks at the Dos Hermanos, a number of huge fish, sturgeon or salmon, or both, leaping bodily out of the smooth waters; and a remarkably pretty girl, Spanish-American we judge, among the numerous passengers upon the steamer, as we came along. Masculine and human, we paid comparatively little attention to the birds and fishes.

Vallejo, a large, straggling, ambitious village, standing where a city, like one of those which cluster around New York, may stand years hence, claims and receives but a passing glance, and we are on board the cars, gliding swiftly northward, out of the reach of the cool ocean breezes, and into one of the fairest valleys that ever the sun shone on, Napa. At the lower end of this valley we pass through the thriving, prosperous-looking, young city of Napa, with its grain warehouses on the banks of a navigable creek, and vessels' masts showing over the housetops, as in Chicago. The streets are wide, and the houses, which have a neat and homelike Eastern air, are surrounded with blooming gardens and orchards, laden with red and golden fruit, and vines borne down to the very earth with luscious white, flame-colored, and purple grapes. Napa looks an attractive place for a quiet home, and such its people consider it.

The sun has gone down in the purple west, and the full, round autumn moon climbs the Eastern horizon as we glide away northwards through the valley of Napa. The still, pure air is illuminated by the rays of the moon to an extent hardly to be credited in less favored lands beyond the Rocky Mountains; and trees, rocks, houses, vineyards, orchards and shadowy mountains stand out clear and distinct; every object within a range of many miles is seen almost as if by daylight. The valley is one wide, yellow stubble-field, only broken by patches of vineyard, long banks of grain in sacks, piled up in the fields, and left uncovered for months with perfect impunity in this rainless season; huge stacks of straw and hay, pressed into bales for the market, and white farm-houses, many of them very costly, indicating the possession of wealth and taste by their proprietors. At intervals we pass through natural parks, where the mighty live-oaks are scattered through the whole broad valley, like apple trees in an orchard. The mountains on either side of the valley grow more abrupt and rugged as we advance northwards. The deep green *chemisal* covers their sides, save where they are patched with vineyards, or the white lavatic rock beneath is laid bare by long, winding wagon-roads and bridle-trails, leading over them into minor valleys beyond.

By our faith, it is a glorious land.

> Oh, Christ! it is a goodly sight to see
>   What Heaven has done for this delicious land!
> What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree—
>   What glorious prospects o'er the hills expand!

We gaze upon the swiftly-passing panorama for an hour in silence, and then to turn our companion on the next seat.

"Charley, did you ever see anything more beautiful in your life?"

"Beautiful! magnificent! gorgeous! sublime! Our language has no fitting terms for it. Why her eyes would have driven Mohammed mad—her teeth are bands of pearls, and her blue-black hair would shame—"

'Twas ever thus! We might have known it from the start. That Spanish girl has set him as mad as a March hare. Well, well, we too were young once; and come to think of it to-night, it don't seem such a very long time ago either.

The bell has been rung, and the name of the station called for the last time, and a long-drawn, exultant whistle from the locomotive startles Charley at last from his dream of Paradise and "the black-eyed girls in green," as it announces our arrival at Calistoga.

Declining the proffered carriage, we walk down a wide avenue into the hotel grounds, see rows of neat cottages stretching away on either hand, with families and groups lounging on the piazzas, telling stories, singing, and mayhap love-making in the moonlight—enter the hotel, dine sumptuously—washing down our broiled chicken, trout and quail with the rich, fruity-red wine of Calistoga; and finally, well pleased with the world, ourselves, and mankind in general, retire to our cottage, disrobe, draw the drapery of our couch around us, and lie down to pleasant dreams.

The noise of wheels rattling swiftly over the gravel walks, horses galloping away to the mountains; then the loud clangor of the hotel bell, and the long-drawn whistle of the locomotive, awaken us betimes in the morning. The sun is already high above the green-clad, rock-capped, rugged mountains on the eastern side of the valley, when we came out upon the piazza to take our first daylight view of Calistoga. It is glorious! Eastward, a long range of mountains, fantastic in form, abrupt and rugged, skirts the whole horizon. A long *mesa*, bench, or table, on the summit shows where the great river of lava flowed away from the crater southward towards the Bay of Suisun ages ago. Northward rises, majestically bold and beautiful, Mt. St. Helena, cutting off the valley in that direction. The foot-hills and sides of this mountain are green in spring time and early summer, and golden later in the year, with the rank growth of wild oats, which covers the whole face of the country where the plow has not disturbed the soil, up to the point where the old lava-flow covers all the soil and leaves no room for vegetation. All the lower valley lands are dotted with huge oaks, with pensile limbs like trailing grape-vines, which fairly sweep the ground, and often loaded with greenish-gray moss, which gives the landscape such an aspect as that of the lowland country of Texas and Louisiana, where the Creole-moss abounds. Higher up, the pines and redwoods bristle on every height, and fill every cañon, imparting a sombre grandeur to the scene. Westward, a range of foot-hills, densely covered with oak, manzanita, and the peerless madroño, skirt the valley; and back of them, farther towards the ocean, towers a higher mountain range, breaking the sea breeze, and shielding the valley from the chill ocean fogs, the terror of visitors to San Francisco. Before us, at the foot of a conical hill, covered with grapevines, flowering shrubs and magueys (the "century plant" of Eastern hot-houses), and surmounted with an oriental summer-house, is the plain hotel building; and running around the grand rise which encircles "Mount Lincoln," is a row of neat cottages, each with its large yard filled with flowers and thrifty-growing palm-trees in front. Over to the southeast of the hotel stands a large structure, from the doors and windows of which steam is escaping. This is the great swimming-bath house. From many points along the level ground in that direction steam rises from the black earth, and a small creek of hot water, gathered from many sources, runs away through a deep, wide ditch. Mud baths, steam baths, shower baths, sulphur baths, and every kind of bath, in fact,

MOUNT ST. HELENA, FROM CALISTOGA.

are here provided for by nature—only the houses for hiding the bathers from general observation being a work of art. Centuries ago, the unlettered Indians of the Pacific coast were accustomed to resort here to soak away rheumatism and the many ills which aboriginal flesh is heir to, by wallowing in the hot, black, sulphurous mud, which boiled and bubbled like the witches' broth in infernal cauldrons. Wide grain fields, trim vineyards, and tea plantations spread away in all directions from the hamlet which surrounds the hotel. The proprietor of all this magnificent—I may say princely—estate of Calistoga, is Samuel Brannan, one of the most enterprising of the early business men of the Pacific coast. He has recently disposed of all his productive property in the heart of San Francisco, and come here to make his home, and devote the autumn of life to building up as a monument of his energy, taste and public spirit, the great health and pleasure resort of California. The soil is wonderfully productive; the air in autumn, winter, and early spring pure and bracing; in summer tropical; the mountains round about are filled with attractions for the tourist and pleasure-seeker, and altogether Calistoga is one of the pet institutions of California. Just across the way from the hotel piazza is a little house, enclosing a spring of peculiar character. The water is clear as crystal, scalding hot, and impregnated with mineral substances of wonderfully health-restoring properties. A dash of salt and pepper causes a bowl of it to become, so far as sight, taste and smell can distinguish, the exact counterpart of fresh chicken broth. Many an invalid has swallowed a bowlful of it with keen relish, and then learned with indignant surprise that the soup was cooked in the reeking kitchen of his Satanic Majesty down deep in the bowels of the earth, and was as innocent of any contact with even the shadow of terrestrial chicken as any you could obtain at the best hotel in Saratoga, or the most fashionable boarding-house in New York. An iron pipe has been driven down deep into the earth at this point, and on letting down some fresh eggs in an open-work wire cage through the tube, you can have them hard boiled in Nature's kettle inside of three minutes.

In front of the hotel stands a curious rude grotto or summer-house, apparently composed wholly of short sections of tree-trunks, unhewn and rough, placed endwise one upon another. A closer inspection reveals the fact that the trees from which these sections were broken were of solid stone. Ages and ages ago there stood upon the summit of one of the mountain ridges on the west of the valley, some seven miles from the present site of Calistoga, a grove of great redwood trees, which, by some process of nature, became changed into stone, more enduring and permanent than the "everlasting hills" themselves. For years the fact of the existence of this phenomenon was unknown to the residents of the vicinity, the thick chapparal effectually hiding the fallen trunks from view. In 1870, one of the terribly destructive fires which sweep over the mountains of California and Oregon year after year, laid bare the summit of this hill range, and the ground was found strewn with the petrified trunks of giant trees, at intervals for several miles. This locality is now the subject of much curious investigation, and the origin of the "Petrified Forest of Calistoga" has been speculated upon learnedly by many scientists. The wood retains its grain perfectly, no difficulty being found in counting the consecutive rings supposed to indicate the years of growth of each fallen giant of the forest. The color is a whitey-brown, and there are occasional layers of clear white quartz in small crystals, apparently the result of water deposits. Evidences of remote volcanic action abound in the vicinity, the whole surface of the ground being composed, in fact, of tufa, ashes, and coarse, broken sandstone, mixed with metamorphic rock, ascribed to the cretaceous age, and indicating disturbance by severe earthquakes or volcanic convulsions of a comparatively recent date. None of the trees are perfect—only the trunks and main roots appearing to have been petrified—and all are lying flat upon the ground, or half buried in it, scattered and broken, as if blown down by a sudden gale or whirlwind. Some of the trunks are from fifty to seventy-five feet in length, and nearly perfect, and others mere stumps and fragments, from ten to thirty feet long. Tourists visit the locality almost daily, and sample the trees so freely that a few years will suffice to obliterate all traces of the now famous grove. The stone takes a fine polish, and is much prized for seal-rings and jewelry.

Professor Marsh, of Yale College, who examined the petrifaction, on the ground, in 1870, came to the conclusion that the trees had first been overthrown by earthquake force, and buried beneath the *debris* from some ancient eruption of Mount St. Helena, the summit of which is fully ten miles distant in a northeastern direction on the other side of the valley; then petrified by the action of acids contained in these volcanic deposits, and in the lapse of time again uncovered by the wearing away of the overlaying tufa by the action of the rains and storms. There are grave difficulties in the way of the acceptance of this theory. The locality is situated at an elevation of not less than 2,000 feet above the sea, and from 1,000 to 1,200 feet above the valley which intervenes between these hills and the mountain from whence the volcanic matter is supposed to have come.

I hazard a purely unprofessional and gratuitous suggestion, that the trees were gradually petrified while they were yet upright and living, through the slow absorption at the roots of silic acid, which exuded from the rocks beneath and impregnated the soil around them. As the process of petrifaction progressed and extended upwards, the trees became top-heavy, and fell over from their own weight, the roots having become too brittle through decay or petrifaction to assist in sustaining them in their natural erect position. The fact that the roots and lower parts of the trunks only were petrified—no fragments of the boughs are to be found—strengthens this last hypothesis. However, there is nothing on earth so cheap as theories—certainly nothing more worthless—and the reader can take his choice, or reject them all and form one of his own, if he pleases. On the whole, it is quite likely that he or she will get along just as well without any theory whatever—the petrified trees are there anyhow—and in doing so, save himself and mankind generally a world of trouble. I have observed in my capacity as a journalist, that the detective or other officer who forms a theory in regard to the perpetration of a crime, invariably warps all the facts to accommodate them to that theory, and in nine cases out of ten ends by going wide of the truth, and having the mortification of seeing some dull-headed, non-theorizing plodder carry off the reward for the discovery of the criminal. As a rule, what is cheap is not worth having at any price, and the mere fact that a theory on any subject costs nothing at the start, is rather against it than otherwise. I used to have theories on politics and religion and social economy years ago, but I found that they kept me in hot water all the time, so I discarded them all, and have had abundant reason to thank a merciful Providence for having done so. As a rule, theories don't pay. It is true there are exceptions. I once knew a famous southern journalist who retired from the pursuit of his profession, and settled down as a theoretical and practical sheep-raiser, in Coural county, Texas. He had a theory. It was, that the sure road to fortune—for others—lay in buying blooded sheep for improving the native breed. He succeeded in convincing his fellow-citizens of the Lone Star State of the truth of this theory, and became rich by selling them the sheep at round prices. But you will readily observe that he ran his theory, instead of following the usual custom, and allowing his theory to run him. Most people are run by their theories, and fail. Having never been able to sell my theories to others, and being determined not to buy any, or keep any on hand, I have retired from the theory business entirely, and do not propose to go back to it.

The road leading up to the Petrified Forest from Calistoga is a romantic and beautiful one, and the trip on a pleasant morning or evening in the early springtime, when the hills are clad in vivid green, and the manzanita and the madroño are in blossom, loading all the air with their sensuous fragrance, is one to be enjoyed to the utmost, and ever after remembered with pleasure.

"There is no beauty in star or blossom
Till looked upon with a loving eye;
There is no fragrance in spring-time breezes
Till breathed with joy as they wander by."

Beautiful for aye to me are the stars which look down in their glory on this valley and these mountains; more fragrant than the winds from the sweet south, which have passed over "the Gardens of Gul in their bloom," are the soft breezes which I have here breathed with a tender joy unutterable.

A two-mile ride through the fertile valley takes one to the foot of Mount St. Helena, and a winding carriage-road, supplemented by a bridle-path, leads thence to the summit of the grand old mountain. The tourists who every summer are whirled through this valley up to the Geysers and back again in hot haste, vainly imagining that they are seeing, when they are in truth only "doing" California, know not what a treat they are missing in passing by Mount St. Helena without ascending it. The mountain rises only 4,345 feet above the sea, its altitude being really less than that of Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, but it so far overtops the surrounding hills and lesser mountains, that the view from its summit is grand and extended beyond the power of words to depict. From the broad Pacific on the west, to the snow-capped Sierra Nevada, which skirts the whole eastern horizon, and from San Francisco and the mountains of San Mateo, Alameda, and Santa Clara in the south, to the Black Buttes of Marysville and the valley of Russian River, the redwood forests of Mendocino and Sonoma, and the high mountain country of the Lakes on the northeast, northwest and north, the view is unbroken and uninterrupted, save by the isolated peaks of Mount Diablo, Tamalpais, and a few lesser landmarks of the Golden Land. The view from the summit of Tamalpais is worth a journey from Europe to behold—that from St. Helena is worth a hundred of it. To the stranger there is enchantment in the scene; to the old Californian, history, romance, suggestive memories, in every feature of the scene. Look over there to the eastward beyond the intervening coast-range foot-hills into the valley of the Sacramento! Who, standing here and looking down for the first time upon that broad, straw-colored valley, dry as the dust of the highway, and glimmering in the hot sunshine, would believe that a few years since it was one wide sea of turbid waters, forty miles from bank to bank, and stretching from the Bay of Suisun to the Black Buttes of Marysville and beyond? Yet such it was. In the winter of 1861–2, steamers went twenty miles inland from the banks of the Sacramento, and from tree-tops, hay-stacks, and the roofs of houses and barns, or fixed rafts constructed of house and fence materials, rescued hundreds of families who otherwise must have perished in the raging floods. Those were indeed dark days for the dwellers in the valley of the Sacramento, and it seemed for a time that the whole country must be abandoned forever by man. For more than forty days and forty nights the windows of Heaven were opened, and the rain poured down almost incessantly. San Francisco was filled with refugees, supported by the charity of her citizens; and all the towns of the valley country were flooded, or saved from destruction only by incessant labor upon their levees.

In those days people joked and laughed in the midst of their misfortunes with true California humor. Well do I remember hearing a party of the "drowned out," standing on the deck of a steamer which was carrying them to San Francisco, and relating with grim facetiousness the mishaps and adventures of the hour. One rough-bearded fellow, with a pale, shrinking, feeble woman by his side, and a half-clad, sick child in his arms, told how, while the family were clinging to the boughs of a tree just above the surging waters, they saw a house going swiftly down the stream, with a Chinaman sitting quietly astride the ridge of the roof. "Halloa, John! where are you bound for?" called out one of the party as John was swept swiftly past. "Me no shabbe!" was John's prompt but half-despairing reply. Let us hope that he brought up in some safe harbor at last. Another of the group told, with an evident hearty relish and keen appeciation of the absurdity of the matter, how he had passed on a raft in the immediate vicinity of a country house, which, firmly anchored to two giant trees, held its own stiffly against the flood. The water stood four feet deep on the ground floor, and the children were looking composedly out of the chamber window at the old lady, who, armed with a long pole, was wading around armpit deep in the water some distance from the house. From time to time, she would turn the end of the pole downwards and feel about in the water for something. The party on the raft hailed her to know if any of her family had been drowned, intending if such was the case to offer to stop and help her search for the body. "No, thank you; family all safe, but the child'n is terribly dry, an' I never like to let 'em drink river water, 'cause its so agery, an' I'm jest tryin' to find the confounded well. If I don't think hit's gone an' floated away, drown me, stranger; an' it cost us a heap o' money!" was the poor distressed woman's half-despairing reply. This prejudice against river water is doubtless to some extent justifiable, as, in the summer season, the amount of vegetable matter held in solution in it must be considerable; nevertheless, I incline to the impression that the old lady was rather running it into the ground under all the circumstances.

Away over there in the northwest, among the forest-clad hills which skirt the Valley of Russian River, is the favorite stamping-ground of certain amateur hunters and fishermen from San Francisco: members of the bar and occupants of the bench, who come here to spend the summer vacation, "camping out," roughing it, shooting, fishing, swapping anecdotes by the blazing camp-fires far into the glorious nights, and growing little poorer in pocket, while growing rich to abundance in the health, strength, and elasticity of spirit which they carry back to the city with them. Judge ———, of the U. S. ——— Court, in San Francisco, is one of these choice spirits. He is as captivating a talker as you may meet in many a long year's journeyings around this sinful world. His fame has gone out through the land, and everybody now knows him by sight, or reputation at least. It was different years ago. Once upon a time, a party of these city sports were camping in the mountains, and having a jolly good time. One evening a stranger came into camp, and as he appeared to be a nice, quiet, sociable, intelligent gentleman, he was made free to everything for the night. He soon showed himself not only a good story-teller, but something still dearer to the Judge's heart—a good listener. After supper, he seated himself upon a log before the blazing camp-fire, and the Judge, placing himself between him and the fire, crossed his hands under his coat-tails, bent his face in close proximity to that of his victim, and went for him for all he was worth. An hour—two, three hours passed, and still the Judge talked on; and still the stranger maintained his position, holding on to the log with both hands, and looking his honor fixedly in the face. One of the party called another to one side, and said to him anxiously: "For Heaven's sake, call the Judge off, or we won't sleep a wink to-night." Number two approached the Judge quietly, pulled him by the sleeve, and said:

"See here, Judge, I have something that I would like to speak to you about for a few moments!"

"Presently!"

An hour passed and the manœuvre was repeated, with the same reply—

"Presently!"

Another hour, and another member tried it on.

"Presently, sir; presently, I tell you!" was the Judge's somewhat impatient reply.

Another and another tried it with like success, or want of success, and at last all gave it up and turned into their welcome blankets. All through the weary night the party turned uneasily in their blankets from time to time, and still heard the Judge going on—and on—and on—the stream of talk flowing as steadily and remorselessly as the stream of Time, which singeth as it flows—

"And men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever."

Morning broke over the grey mountains at last, and the party arose to prepare for breakfast. The fire had gone out, but the Judge stood there as he had been standing on the evening before, with his hands clasped behind him, his back bent towards where the fire had been, and his face toward the foe—still talking on—and on—and on. And the stranger? He sat there still, with his eyes fixed in a dull, stony stare straight in the Judge's face—mad, hopelessly mad! They pulled the Judge away by main force, and compelled him to notice the condition of his victim, something he had utterly omitted to do before. It was too late; reason had given way at last before the terrible strain, and she never recovered her throne. To this day, a grey-haired, quiet, hopelessly-afflicted patient wanders around in the public ward of the Insane Asylum at Stockton, looking with a fixed, stony stare before him, and never speaking to any human being; only at long intervals muttering half incoherently, "Presently, presently!" while the Judge goes on the even tenor of his way, dealing out justice to his fellow-men, and sleeping at nights like a Christian—when he has nobody to talk to.

Years passed on, and the "road agents" who had long made it lively for the travelers and expressmen in the Sierra Nevada and the gold districts of the foothill country of California, finding the old stamping-ground becoming comparatively unproductive, shifted their base of operations over to the western and southern parts of the State, and set to work with fresh energy to gain a livelihood by the industrious practice of their profession. In the spring and summer of 1871 they affected Sonoma county to a disagreeable extent, and cleaned out stage-load after stage-load over there in the northwest, about Cloverdale. You can see the road with the glass, there where it winds over the divide coming out of the Russian River Valley. One night in August a party of San Franciscans went up the valley from Santa Rosa, bound on a hunting expedition into the mountains; and the gentlemen of the road, mistaking their ambulance for the regular stage, came quietly out into the road from the dusty chapparal on either side, like so many ghosts, in slouched hats and black crape veils, and presenting their shot-guns, ordered the party to stand and deliver. The party, never dreaming of such a misadventure, had their guns all stowed away in their cases in the bottom of the carriage, and were in no condition to resist. The beau and wit of the party arose, and with a deprecatory gesture commenced to address the veiled figures before him:

"Gentlemen, I regret to disappoint you and give you so much unnecessary trouble, but the fact is, you have made a trifling mistake. This isn't a stage. We are a party of peaceful citizens bound on a hunting and fishing expedition, and haven't got so much as a dollar in cash, a watch or a ring in the party. We don't carry 'em when we go on such a trip. It isn't safe. You know how it is yourselves!"

"Oh, cut it short! Save the rest for the next party. Git down there d—d quick!" was the emphatic remark of the leader of the gang. The beau and wit got down in despair, and held up his hands. Then a woe-begone visage was protruded from the side of the vehicle, and in solemn, sepulchral accents, a new address commenced as follows:

"Gentlemen, it is not often that I am called upon to make any remarks in a case like this. It seems to me that the matter may be stated briefly as follows: Firstly, the——"

"Great G—d, boys!" fairly yelled the leader, as he recognized his man, "if this ain't old Judge ———, I'll be d—d! Let's get; for if he gets to talking to us, we'll die right here of old age or starvation!" and in half the time it would take me to tell it, the whole gang broke, as from the presence of the cholera, and disappeared in the chaparral from whence they came, never halting even to say good-by.

That reminds me of the fellow who came up to me with an Apache arrow sticking in his back, on the Skull Valley road, in Central Arizona. He——

It pains me to be compelled to cut that story short at the above point, but love of truth impels me to say that I never had an opportunity of finishing it in the presence of that company. Just as I started to tell what the poor fellow did, I heard one of the party remark to another, "No insane asylum in mine, if I know it!" and a moment after observed them all, one by one, my beloved and trusted companions, crawling off over the rocks, like so many skulking Apaches, toward the spot where the horses were tied. When I overtook them, just as they were getting into their saddles, they assured me that they always liked that story about the Judge. They considered it "very neat and very appropriate." Well, so they did, and so do I; but I cursed in my heart the set of over-appreciative wretches who could draw a moral so fine, and put it in practice so suddenly. I like fun; but practical jokes and practical jokers I detest. I was so disgusted that I never looked behind me to see what else was to be seen from the summit of Mount St. Helena, and in sorrow and in silence rode away down the mountain to Calistoga again.

# CHAPTER IX.

## WAITING UNDER THE MADROÑO.

**Dreaming of the Tropics again.—The Honey-Bee in California.—A Good Joke on the Bear.—In the Valley of the Shadow.—Niña Hermosa.—On the Red Desert.—Fair Alfaretto.—Burning the Mezquites.—The Curse of the White Man.—A Wild Night's Ride in the Sierra.**

HERE, under the great Madroño, on the gently sloping hillside we, the trout-fishing party, the Doctor, with his Henry rifle, moodily bent on somebody or something, he cares little what, so that it is large and dangerous—a grizzly, if he can find him; a California lion, if one comes in his way; a wild-cat, or an eagle, if nothing better offers; or possibly, by the rarest good fortune, a specimen of the mighty mountain vulture of California, first cousin to and almost the counterpart of the giant condor of the Andes—and myself, less aspiring hunter after pigeons, and such small game, were to meet and lunch after our morning's wanderings in the mountains. "I am either the first man up, or blamedly belated!" remarked the incorrigible drunkard, as he awoke in the coffin, in which his appreciative friends, by way of experiment, had conveyed him to the cemetery and left him beside a new-made grave; sat up, rubbed his eyes, and looked around him under the impression that the last trumpet had blown, and the dead of all time were called upon to come forth in response. There is no one else in sight, and I see no chicken bones, empty champagne bottles, or other "sign" of a lunch party having been here. On the whole, I think I must be the first man up on this occasion. I wonder where that Bill is with the lunch basket? It is barely half-past twelve o'clock, but I was off at daybreak, and climbing rocky mountain sides, and pushing through tangled chaparral and the blackened stumps of thickets, run through and killed by last autumn's fires, is tiresome work, especially when the few pigeons you see keep half a mile out of the way, beyond the reach of a gun, as they have done with me all this morning. I *would* like to see Bill about this time. *Hall-o-o-o-o-o-a!* HALL-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-A! No response. Well, this is a nice place for a quiet nap-anyway, and the air is just warm and soft enough to make it a luxury. I will improve my time.

> "Ah me!
> The hours o'er which we have least cause to weep
> Are those we pass in childhood, or in sleep."

The first haven't come my way of late, but I can put in as square a day's work at the last as any man I have ever met yet. The Madroño boughs are loaded down with great, fleecy masses of creamy-white, bell-shaped blossoms, fragrant as the magnolia, and I see the black and yellow honey-bees swarming over them, while their low, steady humming falls with a soothing effect upon my drowsy ear. Even so I listened to and listlessly watched them, as I sat beneath the cocoa palms and breathed the fragrance of the orange and *primavera* blossoms at La Calera. Every flower gives its own distinct flavor to the honey gathered from it. The orange-flower honey of Orizaba is fit to grace the table of the gods. I wish I had a little of it now, with some nice warm biscuits, such as my mother used to make for me. This madroño-flower honey ought to be delicious! I wonder if the bears of California have found out how good it is! The honey bee came to California with the Yankees, but the American variety soon found out that they could get along with next to nothing in the shape of a winter store, and so in a few years they took to loafing all summer, and shifting for themselves as best they might during the rainy season, leaving no margin for profit for their owners, who, after paying fabulous prices for them, were obliged to turn them adrift and import Italian bees to take their places. Singularly enough, the yellow rascals, as soon as they were independent, and under no obligation to work for anybody else, took to the mountains, and went to work with a will on their own hook. They have now spread through the whole State; and in some localities, as in San Bernardino and Los Angeles counties, bee-hunting, for their stores of delicious honey, has become a regular and profitable business.

If the California bears have not found out how good the honey is, the fact does no credit to their intelligence. In the valley of the Mississippi the bear is the wild bees' most persistent enemy. But the bees sometimes make it very lively for him. I remember an old Arkansas hunter who told with infinite gusto one anecdote in point. Said he: "I had heard an angry growling and snapping in the bushes, and I knowed that a bar was thar and in trouble; but for the soul of me I couldn't make out what it was. I allowed that perhaps he might have got a bullet into him, and was tryin' to work it out by mouthing it; bar will do that sometimes; so I just crawled like a cat through the underbrush for about ten rods, pulling old Grim—that's what I used to call my old Kaintuck rifle for short—after me, and going mighty cautious, not to be heard. The growlin' and snappin' kept up all the time, and it was no trouble to find the right place. Jest when I got to the edge of the brush, I looked out into a little open space whar thar was no bushes, and right in the middle of it I seen a bar sittin' on a bee-gum that had been blowed down and split open, and jest shovelin' the honey into his mouth, hand over hand. The bees they was as thick as hair on a dog's back, all around and over him, and the way they was puttin' in their best licks in the way of stingin' him onto the nose and around the eyes and mouth, was a caution to snakes, you bet. Every time he shoveled a handfull of honey into his face he would give a growl and a slap or two at the bees. Arter a while, he reached forard a little more nor usual, and the bees seen a bare spot on his rump—bars has a bare spot on their rump generally, whar they wears the har off, sittin' down and turnin' round—and they went for it, for all there was in sight. This startled him like, and in tryin' to whirl around, so as to get a good grab at 'em, he fell off the log heels over head. He rolled over and over on the ground three or four times, and then jumped back on the log and went for the honey, uglier nor ever. I thought I had had fun enough watchin' on him up to that time, and I had better save him and the rest of the honey at the same time. So I jest drawed a bead on him with old Grim, and he rolled off that bee-gum deader nor he'd been struck by lightnin'. And would you believe it, ladies and gentlemen, that d—d bar never seen me at all, but thinks to this minnit that 'twas them ar bees that stung him to death!"

Up from the depths of the deep cañon, over on the other side of the narrow valley, at the foot of the hill, comes a long-drawn bugle-call, and I turn drowsily over and gaze in that direction, half impressed with the idea that I shall see again the long-drawn lines and glancing arms of the Guard of Jalisco filing through the barrancas at the foot of the volcano of Colima. But there rises no smoke from the summit of yonder mountain—the volcanic fires died out ages and ages ago in the crater of St. Helena, and I look in vain down the winding valley for the green palanquin, with the grey-haired statesman and wanderer in many lands, borne by white-clad Aztecs, and the gallant Zomeli, the *beau sabreur* of Guadalajara, riding at the head of his squadrons of swarthy horsemen. I am not in the tropics after all, though dreaming of them; and it is the madroño, not the palm, whose green leaves rustle so gently in the sweet spring air above me.

I wonder where Bill can be. I could stand the loss of the rest of the party, but he is my friend indeed, or would be if I could see him. If I thought I could find a good dish of *frijoles* and *tortillas* in the camp of those Mexican or Chileno charcoal-burners over there in the cañon, from whence the bugle-call came, I would start on the instant, and let the rest of the party go; but the chances are ten to one that they have become demoralized, living among the Yankees and Pikes, and I should find only black coffee in the place of the delicious *chocolate de Tabasco*, fried bacon for *frijoles*, and saleratus or yeast-powder biscuit for the *tortillas*. This is a pretty good place after all, though I am getting very dry.

I believe I will take a smoke. Why did I not think of that before? The tobacco of Orizava is meat and drink and rest, all in one. Leonardo Sandoval, proprietor of "LA FABRICA DEL BUEN GUSTO EN GUADALAJÁRA," you are a noble fellow, though anti-tobacconists may say what they please; and you are my friend! You have the soul of a poet, too, in your bosom, else this would never have been printed in letters of gold upon the wrapper of the package of your cigarritos, which by unbounded good luck I find in my pocket:

***Niña hermosa,***
***Ya que te dió natura bondadosa***
***Dientes de perla, labios de coral;***
***La ambrosia***
***Aspira solo de la esencia mia***
***Y haré tu aliento puro, angelical.***

Your head is eminently level, Señor Sandoval! I endorse your sentiments to the very letter. *Si Niña hermosa;* I know her well! Teeth of pearl, lips of coral; that is her description to the life! Hang me, Leonardo, if you are not an artist as well as a poet and tobacconist! When next I enter your shop on the corner of the street of the Aduana and San Felipe, in orange-embowered Guadalajara, I will cultivate a more intimate acquaintance. *Niña hermosa*, I should like wonderfully well to drink to your health just now, but as I have not the essential for such a demonstration with me, I will do the best I can under the circumstances, and give you a puff—from my cigarrito!

The blue smoke curls gracefully upward, rising through the madroño branches in a slender column, so like a delicate, long-stemmed wine-glass in form, as to awaken a double recollection and association in my mind. I stand again on the Red Desert, hot, blistering sand beneath my feet, a brazen sky all aflame above, and bare, red mountains flickering in the reflected rays of the fierce, blazing sun of the south, around me, gazing on a scene so sad, that even I, bitter Indian-hater that I am and must be, witness with heartfelt pain. Let me see how it all came about.

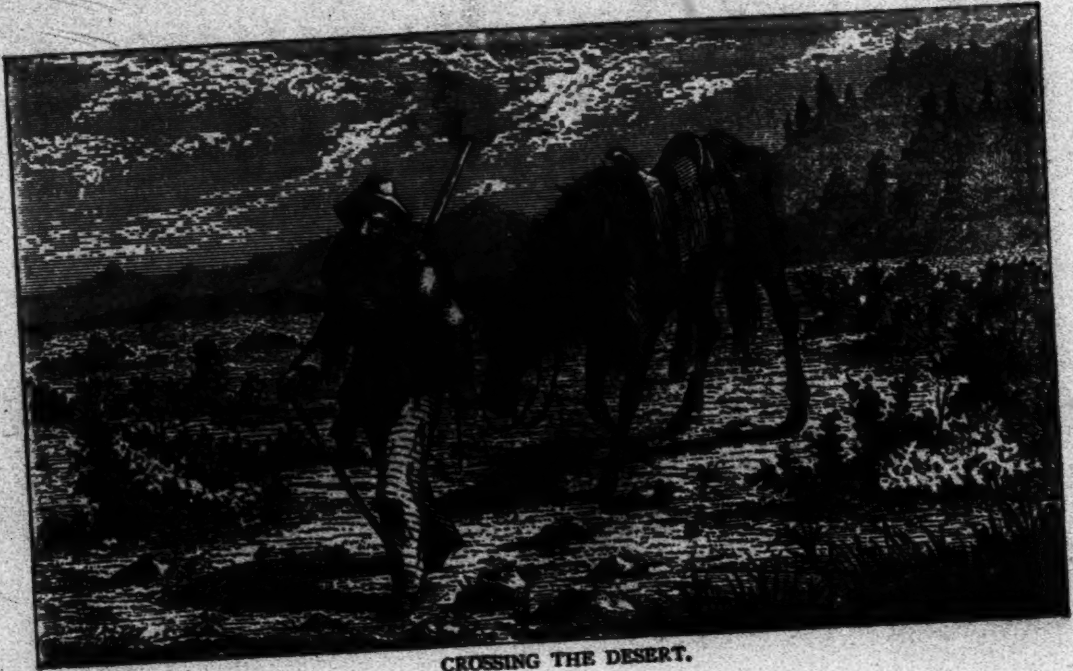
It was in the autumn of 1863 when the mad rush across the Colorado Desert, to the newly found gold and copper mines beyond the Colorado, in Arizona, was at its height. The heat and dust, and consequent sufferings of the poorly outfitted participants in the rush, were terrible. What will not man suffer for the sake of gold, always provided that the gold is far enough off, and hard enough to get? Nearer at hand and easier won, it is not half so attractive.

Uncle Billy Thompson and myself had taken a "short cut" across the desert from San Gorgonio Pass, eastward toward the Colorado, to avoid undesirable company; we lost the trail, and wandered on the red-hot desert sands, and in the sun-baked adobe mountains, without water, until our tongues parched in our mouths so that we dared not talk; and before our longing eyes the leafless *palo verde* shrubs turned to lofty palm trees, waving their green leaves in tropic breezes; and the mirage changed scattered volcanic rocks into great cities, whose long, level streets were lined with rows of palaces, such as the good Haroun Al Raschid raised in the city of the caliphs. By one of those freaks of fortune which some men call "miracles," others "special Providence," others "lucky chances"—and for which we thanked God in the silence of our hearts without stopping to call it anything—we had found a little deposit of pure water under a rock, left a day or two before by a cloud-burst, which had torn a channel like that of some great river, for twenty miles through the gravelly sands of the desert, and disappeared like a dream, leaving no other trace behind—had shared the life-giving element with our famishing horses, taken rest and new heart, and traveling on, passing the spot where others less fortunate had lain down in despair and died, had reached a hospitable camp, and been saved at last. We had journeyed thence in safety at last to the land of the accursed

Apache, wandered into the red mountains of Arizona,, made our "locations," and separated—he to toil in the mines and fight the treacherous, prowling Indians for years, I to return to home and civilization. Alone I had made the return trip from La Paz to Chucolwa!'a, and thence to Tabasaca and Cañon Springs, where the faithful old buckskin steed Muchacho Juan, companion and friend in all my wanderings, had fallen down and died in terrible agony, after eating the poisonous weed of the desert known as "*muerto en el campo*" (death in the camp), leaving me to finish my journey of two hundred miles back to the settlements of California on foot and alone. Out of the jaws of death we had ridden exultantly into the camp at Dos Palmas a month before; into the gates of hell I walked with bleeding feet as I left Dos Palmas next, inthe terrible silence of the desert night, on my weary tramp toward San Bernardino.

It was two A.M. when I wearily climbed the summit of the divide between Dos Palmas and the Palma Seca, and looked down into the great plain below. When the last man looks down on the wreck of the universe, and sees our world going back into chaos, without form and void, he will not behold a scene of more utter and savage desolation, or find himself wrapped in a silence more truly terrible. The full, round moon flooded the whole landscape with mellow light, but naught of life was to be seen; the ghastly pallor of death was upon and over everything. Southward to the horizon stretched a great plain of snowy salt—the grim and silent ghost of a dead sea of the past, which once covered all this accursed land, but being cut off by volcanic changes in the country below from the Gulf of California, dried up beneath the blazing sun of the south, and passed away forever. Across this vast white plain, as across the waters of a placid lake, the moon threw a track of shimmering light so bright as to almost dazzle the eyes of the beholder. Right in this glowing pathway of light, far out in the centre of this ghostly sea, where foot of man hath never trod, lay what appeared in the dim distance the wreck of a gallant ship, which may have gone down there centuries ago, when the bold Spanish *Conquistadores*, bearing the cross in one hand and the sword in the other, and serving God and Mammon, and the Most Catholic King of Spain and the Indias, with exemplary zeal, were pushing their way to the northwest, in search of souls to save for the love of Christ, and new kingdoms to plunder on shares. They sought then in vain for the fountain of youth, El Dorado, and the far-famed "Seven Cities of Civola." The fountain of youth lies ever just beyond the western horizon; we shall find it, and drink of it, and bathe in its waters bye-and-bye; the kingdom of Civola, from whence came the gems and treasure of Montezuma, lay even then in ruins in central Arizona, as we know to-day; and El Dorado they found, but knew it not, leaving it to us, who long years after came in and possessed the land, and made it to blossom as the rose, and to our children's children, to shout "Eureka!" over its abounding wealth. To the southwestward, beyond the western shore of the ancient sea, the Coyotero mountains broke the outline of the horizon. Farther northward, Mount San Jacinto lifted his rugged form in a black mass against the sky; and northward, still the desert, in pulseless waves of ashes, minute sea-shells and yellow sand, stretched away for a hundred miles, like a stagnant, tideless sea, to where Mount San Gorgonio and Mount San Bernardino towered aloft in awful majesty—twin giants, grim and grand—at the gateway of this strange, wild, weird, mysterious land. Upon their sides, far above the yellow sands of the desert, belts of dark-hued piñon forests stretched upward to their crowns of white, disintegrated granite, which gleamed like snow-fields in the clear moonlight, contrasting like frosted silver against the sapphire sky, and seeming to be cut off and detached from the earth below—floating like aerial ice-bergs through the starlit sea of the heavens. In vain I looked and listened; sight or sound of life, save my own, there was none; the eternal silence of the desert rested like a pall on the scene. This stillness is something awful, beyond the power of words to describe. In the absence of all other sounds, save that of my own hushed breathing, the ticking of the watch in my pocket was so distinctly audible as to become painful to hear. The world in ruins lay around me, and though in it, I seemed not of it. "Though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death," cried the Psalmist: lo, the Valley of the Shadow stretched out before my feet!

As the grey light, creeping sluggishly over the glacier mountains, announced the coming dawn, I limped



CROSSING THE DESERT.

into the thicket of rank, bitter-leaved arrowwood which surrounds the bitter and nauseous alkaline springs of the Palma Seca, drank of the slimy waters, filled my canteen afresh, and pushed on again down into the plain, with a walk of twenty-five miles through alkaline dust, in the hottest valley on the surface of the earth—seventy feet below the level of the sea at that—before me. About ten o'clock, a ranchero from San Bernardino, who had been out to the new gold mines of Arizona with a drove of beef cattle, came up and joined me. His horse, a noble, fine-haired half-breed, far too good an animal to be brought out into this accursed desert to die of heat, thirst and starvation, was so weak that he could no longer bear the weight of his master, and jogged mechanically on, with his eyes closed and his ears hanging down, like two frost-bitten tobacco-leaves, as his late rider limped before him, packing his blankets on his shoulder, and pulling sadly at the halter. Noble—such was the name of my friend from San Bernardino—had been a jaunty-looking young fellow when I saw him starting out for the mines from home six weeks before. When I met him that day he was a fit subject for the pencil of Hogarth. His coat had dried up and vanished, piece by piece, in the thorny thickets beyond the Colorado, and his vest had followed suit; his hat was a wreck, his pants in ruins, and the uppers and soles of his boots having parted company, he had, in a fit of desperation, parted company with both. To replace his boots, he had split his lower nether garment in twain, and bound the sections around his swollen feet, thus in a measure protecting them from the blistering sun over the excoriating alkaline dust and ashes.

Opposite where we met that morning was a broad sheet of dried mud, broken from the bed of what in the moment of a cloud-burst had been a roaring torrent, capable of sweeping away a whole train in an instant, as one was swept away near there in 1866, when men were drowned and their bodies carried miles away into the desert, and set up on end like a grave-stone. Some passing miners on the back track had spent an hour or more in cutting an inscription on this monument, as follows:

"In memory of the Infernal Asses who left home, square meals, and the comforts of civilization behind them in San Francisco, and sought their eternal fortunes among the mines in the blessed regions beyond the Colorado, of which are we. This monument was raised at the joint expense of the merchants of Los Angeles and San Bernardino, who drove a thriving trade, and had a grand thing out of it while the excitement lasted. And of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

We looked at each other and at the monument by turns with mournful interest. The cork of Noble's canteen flew out with a pop, propelled by the force of the sulphur gas generated from the half-boiling, stinking water, as it was shaken about as he limped along. "Here, Fly-up-the-Creek—I've forgotten your other name—take a drink!" said he. "You are another, my beauty, and I cannot refuse!" I replied, and swallowed a mouthful of the nauseating fluid.

There is nothing more picturesque than a caravan on the desert—when seen in a picture, when you sit comfortably at home in a civilized country. Believe me, beloved of my heart, 'tis indeed distance lends enchantment to the view. That expression is, I believe, *not* wholly original. I have a dim recollection of having heard or read something similar once or twice before—but it is very neat and very appropriate, and I crib it accordingly.

Higher and higher climbed the sun into the unclouded, copper-hued sky, and hotter and hotter grew the motionless desert air, until the point where breathing would become an impossibility, and the whole apparatus must catch fire and burn up, seemed almost reached. The treeless mountains which shut in this desert basin on all sides, keep out at this season every breath of life-giving breeze, and the sun pouring into it, as into an old-fashioned tin bake-oven, makes everything fairly hiss with the all-consuming heat. Mile after mile I plodded on, leaving Noble and his exhausted horse far behind, the heat and thirst becoming more nearly intolerable at every step.

And now in the distance, along the western edge of the valley, arose great pillars of smoke—thin, and straight, and slender—to a vast height; then spreading outward into the semblance of wide-limbed trees, whose roots were firmly planted in the earth, whose giant trunks rose in the middle air, and whose branches filled all the heavens above. Toward these pillars of smoke I bent my weary steps; and at last, just as it seemed that my bleeding feet would bear me no further, and I must sink down exhausted, I came suddenly upon group of Coahuila Indians, gathered around a clump of mezquite trees, the branches of which were crackling in the flames. With parched lips and tongue, swollen from the fierce heat, I tottered, almost fainting, into the midst of the group, and held out my empty canteen. A young woman seized the canteen and ran into a thicket hard by, returning with it in a few minutes filled with delicious, cool, clear water, from some hidden well, known only to themselves. I sought for it many a time afterwards, but never found it. I drank of the cool, life-giving liquid—sweeter than champagne or nectar, it seemed to me then (it is but just to the manufacturers of the articles named to say that I had no chance of making a fair comparison at the moment), and then with my blankets on the dry sand under a spreading mezquite, slept the sleep of the just.

When I awoke the Indians were all gone, save the pitying woman who had brought me the water. She was sitting at a little distance off watching me, and as she saw me awakening, she ran and brought me another canteen of the cool water. Her language was a sealed book to me, as mine to her, and our conversation was necessarily limited to a few words of Spanish which pass current everywhere on the southwestern border, and are understood in their conventional meaning by all. She was barefooted and bareheaded, and marked with the small-pox. Her raiment was of the scantiest, and it was painfully evident that the stock of soap and Cologne water in the parental wickiup was running very low, necessitating the putting of the family on short allowance. She was, in short, not a bit like the traditional "fair Alfaretto" in any respect; nevertheless I would have looked twice at an angel from heaven had one been offered in trade for her, unless the angel had come with a coach-and four, or on horseback, leading a spare horse, at the very least.

There is a little river, called the Aqua Blancho, issuing out of the San Bernardino Mountain, at the San Gorgonio Pass, at the upper end of the valley, and sinking in the sands of the desert soon after reaching the plain. Its waters are pure and cool, but no tree nor blade of grass grows on its desolate banks. From its source in the barren rock-ribbed mountain to its sink in the desert sands, through all its course, it is an accursed river, flowing ever in silence through a land accursed. But after it sinks and is permanently lost to sight, it contributes something to the comfort of mankind. It supplies the poor Coahuilas' wells fifty and a hundred miles to the southward, and nourishes a growth of the mezquite trees along the western side of the valley. In these mezquite groves the Indians have what is left of their villages since the small-pox has decimated them; and from the trees they gather the long, yellow, sugary beans, which, pounded into a paste and baked as bread, form with the piñons, or mountain pine nuts, almost their only diet the year round. The small-pox was a terrible infliction upon them, but a more terrible one followed close upon it. When the Indians of the valley of the Mississippi saw the honey-bee coming among them, they said, "Lo, the messenger of the white man! He is at hand; it is time for us to go!" Following the small-pox came the mistletoe into this desert land, and, fastening upon the mezquite trees, soon loaded them down so heavily with its parasitic growth, that they ceased to produce beans, and the Indians saw starvation before them. "Lo, the curse of the white man is upon us!" they cried, and sat down in despair. An old chief told them to burn each season the trees worst afflicted with the mistletoe, and perhaps the new ones which would spring up in their places might be free from the curse. This is what they were doing on that day when I stumbled among them; and a feeling of pity, deep and heartfelt, came over me, as I saw them standing around the burning trees, which had represented to them life, and hope, and abundance, and gazing with saddened, downcast, hopeless faces upon the consuming flames.

Lying here to-day in the fragrant shade of the blooming madroño, on the green-clad heights of the mountains of Napa, watching the smoke curling upward from my fragrant cigarrito, something—what it is I cannot tell—recalls all this to mind and memory; going backward through the years, reproduces the picture once again in all its startling, painful vividness.

H-a-l-l-o-o-o-a there! Thank Heaven, an answering call comes back at last, and I see the Doctor, with his rifle on his shoulder, coming slowly up the mountain—and Bill is with him. Bill is my friend. Sunburned American, never shall any man call you black again in my presence! You are a free and enlightened American citizen; smoked a trifle, I admit; but what is ham until it is smoked? Who objects to smoke? Another widow! First, the Widow of Garcia; then the Widow Cliquot! Respect for the widows is one of the most striking characteristics of the true gentleman, and I am overflowing with it. Here's to them all!

Not much luck to-day, Doctor? Well, the exercise will do you good, and that is a consolation at any rate. You certainly needed it. People in San Francisco eat too much and drink too much, take too much sleep and too little pedestrian exercise. They don't perspire from one year's end to the next. There is all the difference in the world between this climate and that of San Francisco; and, if I am not mistaken, there is still more between this and what you were used to the season you hibernated up there in the Sierra Nevada?

Yes, there *is* some difference, and no mistake. Many a night I have curled myself up under three pairs of California eight-pound blankets and shivered all night long. While you are in motion you do not feel the cold so much, but when once you lie down and attempt to sleep, it would take a pile of blankets like Mount St. Helena over there to keep you from freezing to death, unless you had a roaring fire going all the time on one of those stormy nights. And a physician has almost a dead certainty of being called out on the darkest and wildest nights for his longest rides to attend on patients who cannot wait a moment under any circumstances. One night's ride which I had in the Sierra I shall certainly never forget.

It was in the winter of 1868-69, when I had just been placed in charge of a division near the summit of the Sierra Nevada, on the then half-finished Central Pacific Railroad. After a long day's ride, I came back to the boarding-house at ten o'clock in the evening, and was told that a messenger had been there from Camp No. 10, with a request that I would lose no time in hurrying over there to attend upon John Smith, who was in a very critical condition. The messenger had been very urgent, and it was evidently a case of life and death—nothing less. I took a few minutes to consider. I was tired out, and wanted sleep badly, but could, on a pinch, go a little farther without breaking down entirely. The moon would be up at eleven o'clock, and the night was still and clear, though the snow had only just ceased falling, and was from five to eight feet deep on the level, if you can use the expression properly where there is nothing like a level to be found, and the roads—or trails, rather—are obliterated by the drifts. I inquired about the location of Camp No. 10. It was twelve miles away, and directly over a ridge, or spur, of the mountains. My own horse could not stand the trip, but a big lubber of a cart-horse, that they said was a good saddle-horse, was offered me. I got supper, put on dry socks and an extra pair of fur-lined overboots, and, just before midnight, was in the saddle and off.

A good saddle-horse! The brute belonged to the nightmare family, and his mother must have taken special pride in him. Great heavens, what a gait! He had traveled so long in the cart that the steady jolt had communicated itself to his spine, and become chronic. At every step he jerked his back up, as if expecting to feel the girth-strap strike him underneath, and neither curses nor blows—and I labored conscientiously to earn a reputation for liberality with both that night—would induce him for a moment to recognize the fact that he was out of the shafts, and abandon his eternal hippytyhop. When I started out, there were hard lumps in the saddle, as large as chestnuts; before the twelve miles were half completed, the lumps had grown to the size of paving-stones, and awfully sharp-edged and rasping. The snow which had just fallen filled the trail, but the old snow underneath being hard-packed, and the trees along the route well blazed, I had no difficulty in keeping in the right track most of the time. But when about three miles from my place of destination, as nearly as I could guess, clouds obscured the moon for a time, and I lost the road. I kept on as well as I knew how, guessing at the location of Camp No. 10; and, after rolling down the steep side of a ravine, and working half an hour to get old Jerky back upon the ridge, filling my overshoes with snow, and fairly exhausting myself in floundering through the drifts, I was rewarded with the sight of lights in some cabins half a mile away. Not doubting that this was Camp No. 10, I rounded a small cañon, worked my way over a point of rocks, Jerky stumbling and falling repeatedly, and reached the cabins at half past twelve o'clock.

The lights had disappeared. "Halloo the house, there!" No answer. "Halloo the house!" louder and longer than before. A panel in the side of the nearest cabin opened slowly and cautiously, and after time enough had elapsed to allow of a critical examination of the party outside, a voice demanded: "Who you, John? What you wantee catchee here?" It was a Chinese wood-cutters' camp, and there was not a white man about the place.

The Johns told me that there was a camp of white men on the other side of the ravine I had just crossed, and perhaps half a mile farther up the mountain; they thought it might be "Camp Numble 10." Half an hour's floundering through the snow brought me back to the point whence I had sighted the lights, and soon after one A. M. I was at the white men's camp. I roused the inmates more easily here, as they were indulging in a little friendly game of "pitch," or "draw"—that being Saturday night—and had not retired to their virtuous bunks. No, that was not Camp No. 10, my informer told me; and, what was worse, Camp No. 10 was right over the summit of the mountain, a mile and a half away. I could go around by the trail three miles, or ride up to the railroad-track, tie my horse, and walk through the snow-sheds, a little more than a mile—it was contrary to the rules to take an animal inside the sheds.

I started up toward the track, and reached it at two A. M. The night was now clear and still; not the slightest noise could be heard, and the silence was something awful and oppressive. The last man and the last horse on earth will not feel more completely alone than Jerky and I did at that moment. As I was about to dismount and tie him to a tree, a thought struck me. I knew every regular train on the road, and there was none due for hours from either direction. I had a time-table in my pocket, and I took it out and examined it carefully by the moonlight. The track was clear; why might I not venture to save my strength and that of my horse, and, by saving time, perhaps save a valuable human life as well? Why not, indeed? The more I thought of it, the more satisfied I became that it was a safe thing to do.

The moon, now unobscured, was high in the heavens as I entered the snow-shed, and it was not very difficult to keep the way, as the light came scintillating through a thousand cracks and crevices in the rough timber structure. Three or four culverts, to allow the passage of mountain streams when the snow is melting, checked my progress for a brief time, but there was a plank across one or two, for the convenience of "foot-passengers," and as the water was hard frozen, I got old Jerky around the others in safety.

The worst was over, and I was already beginning to chuckle over the adventure, and pride myself on my forethought and pluck in making the venture. I had, undoubtedly, saved at least an hour of hard work wading through the snow, and possibly—not improbably, in fact, saved a life. Just then I heard a low, tremulous, humming noise running along the frost-laden rails, and instinctively checked my horse to listen. It had subsided for the moment, and I went on in silence.

Suddenly it commenced again, and seemed louder and clearer than before. I halted again. God have mercy upon me! I exclaimed involuntarily. It was the rumble of the wheels of a coming train, beyond a question. I sprang to the ground and placed my ear to the rail. The train was coming from the west; it must be a "construction train," laden with materials for the road, and possibly with laborers as well. The track occupied the full width of the shed, allowing only for the overhang of the cars. A man might escape by lying down; but a horse was almost sure of death, and if the train struck him, it must go off the track almost inevitably. I was upon old Jerky's back before I was even aware of what I was doing, and started down the grade, to the eastward, as fast as his stiff and clumsy legs, urged by whip and spur, and the attraction of gravitation, could move him. Clearer and clearer came the humming noise; and I heard, at length, a short, sharp whistle, as the rushing train entered a tunnel, turned a sharp curve, or passed out of a tunnel. It could not be more than two miles, or three at most, away. Jerky skated over the ice-patches, and floundered through the small snow-drifts which had filtered in through the crevices in the shed-work, but reckless of danger to limbs alone in presence of the greater danger to myself, and perhaps hundreds of my fellow-men, I whipped and spurred unceasingly, and drove him on at the height of his speed. Nearer and nearer came the train. I could already hear the chough, chough, chough of the locomotive behind me. At last I saw an opening in the side of the shed not many rods distant, and, with with a triumphant yell, I urged my steed to put forth his utmost effort. Sixty seconds more and I would be saved, and the danger to the train avoided. The seconds seemed hours in the feverish excitement of the moment, but they were over at last, and I sprang off my horse on the instant that he reached the opening, and rushed, with the rein in my hand, through the aperture. Old Jerky snorted and sprang backward, throwing me down, and pulling the rein from my hand. I saw the trouble at a glance. The opening was not of sufficient height to admit of a horse going through it erect, and a heavy timber to which the planks were nailed, ran across the top. I sprang inside and took a survey of the situation in an instant. The beam would have borne ten times the strain that I could have brought to bear upon it, as it was a foot thick, sound, and firmly placed. I threw all my strength and weight against the planking a little beyond the beam, and fell back upon the icy ground; the planks were imbedded in the frozen ground at their lower ends, and I could not start them in the slightest degree. I sprang up and ran to the other side of the shed, to try if the planking on that side was less firmly secured. Through the crevices I saw a precipice running hundreds of feet, sheer down from the side of the shed. I could not escape that way, and if the train went off there, no person on it would survive to tell the tale.

I fell on my knees to pray, but, before I had uttered a word, the thought passed through my brain that I might throw the horse down, and pull him through the opening by main strength. I had the rope from the saddle in my hands in an instant, and throwing it around his fore-legs, I sprang to one side, and with my whole strength attempted to trip him. The brute jumped backward and refused to fall, while the rope ran through my hands, tearing the skin, and searing the flesh as if I had grasped a red-hot iron. I remembered at that moment having seen a Mexican *vaquero* showing off his skill in horsemanship, at San José, amid an admiring throng, and making the sneering remark to a friend, "And he is nothing but a bull-driver, after all." In that time of supreme agony, I would have sacrificed every advantage of birth, education, talent, and professional skill, and changed places with that uneducated, despised, bull-driving Greaser, merely to have received in turn the gift of the ability to perform the trick of throwing down a horse. My foot struck a stick of wood, such as is used for burning on the locomotives, which was lying on the ground, and I instantly stooped to get it, determined to beat the brains out of the brute with it, or at least stun him into insensibility, and then pull him into the opening. It was frozen fast in the ice, and I could not tear it loose, though I put forth strength which seemed herculean, in the frenzy of my excitement. It occurred to me that I had a pocket-knife, and I might cut his throat; but the train was almost upon me, and there was no time for him to bleed to death; this reflection did not consume a second and a half. In my despair, I gave one long-drawn yell—"Help!" No answer came.

The train rushed on, as it seemed to me, with light-

NO TIME TO LOSE.

ning speed, upon the down grade, and the light of the locomotive head-lamp already fell upon me. Ten seconds more, and there would be a terrific crash, and a pile of broken cars; and crushed, bleeding and dying men would burst through the side of the shed, and go rolling down the mountain side. Deadly faint, and convinced that all was nearly over, I staggered against the side of the shed, closed my eyes, and sank half down to the ground. I heard Jerky give a sudden snort of terror, and opened my eyes. He had discovered the danger at last, and comprehended it all in an instant. The train could not have been more than thirty feet from him, when he made one tremendous jump, and went through the opening. The beam caught the high Mexican saddle, tore it into fragments, and frightfully lacerated his back, but his weight, and the strength which mortal terror gave him, carried him through, and he fell in the snow outside. I sprang after him, just as the locomotive came abreast of me, and fell, trembling, exhausted and fainting beside him.

I don't think the engineer saw us at all. I did not see him, so far as I could remember afterward. It was half an hour before I could gather strength enough to regain my feet. When I did so, I got my exhausted and bleeding horse upon his legs, and replaced the wreck of the saddle upon his lacerated back, securing it, as well as I could, with some thongs cut from the edge of the rein, and my pocket-handkerchief, torn into strips, and prepared to resume my journey. In a cañon, filled with the black shadow of the mountain, I saw what appeared to be the dim outlines of several cabins. That must be Camp No. 10. Pulling my limping steed after me by the bridle, I made my way slowly and painfully down to the nearest cabin, and knocked at the door. "Git!" was the response which came to the third or fourth knock. I repeated the knocking. "Git! you drunken son of a gun! You have been yelling around here long enough! Leave—or I'll put a bullet through you!" came in decided and most emphatic tones from within. I called out that I was the doctor from Camp —, not the man they mistook me for, and wanted to know if that was Camp No. 10, and if John Smith was there —John Smith, who was dying, and wanted the doctor so bad. There was a moment's debate in whispers, between two or more persons inside; then I heard the scratching of matches and the shuffling of heavy slippers over the floor, and at last the door was opened, "Be you the doctor? Well, you are a powerful weak-looking young chicken for a doctor!" said John Smith—for it proved to be he—after he had held the candle to my face, and deliberately scrutinized my person for some seconds.

"You sent for me, I think, Mr. Smith?"

"Well, yes, I did send for you; but I'm kinder sorry now that I did, for I have concluded to go over thar to-morrow on business, anyhow."

"But the messenger said you were dying, or the next thing to it—*almost* dead, I think he said."

"Well, yes, I was pretty considerable scared at the time. You see I had a eruption come out right bad on my leg, and I was afraid it might be pleurisy, or new-amonia, or erysifilus, or suthin o' that sort, and if I come over in the snow and catched cold in it, I might 'a gone in."

He sat down on the side of his bunk, and pulled up the drawers from his right shin: there was a patch of ringworm there, about the size of a silver dollar—and that was all. I made use of some strong expressions. I don't often swear, but I felt aggravated, under all the circumstances, and considered myself justified. I still so consider. Mr. Smith heard me through. Then he arose majestically to his feet, and thus relieved himself:

"Young man! I jest put you up for a derned fool, on first sight—an' I wan't sold *much!* Ef you hain't got no more sense nor to git mad 'bout trifles, you'll have many a long day ter wait 'fore you'll be called on again to visit this camp—an' it's goin' to be a right lively camp in the spring, you bet! I *did* perpose to ask yer ter take a drink, bein' as how it's late, an' you must a' had a purty good ride over the mounting; but now, I'd jest see yer blessed first. Thar's the door; git! you derned, ornary, wizened, contemptible little scrub, an' don't come foolin' around here no more, ef yer don't want ter git hurt! Git!"

I took his advice, and "*got,*" without another word, just as the gray dawn began to streak the sky over beyond the Washoe mountains.

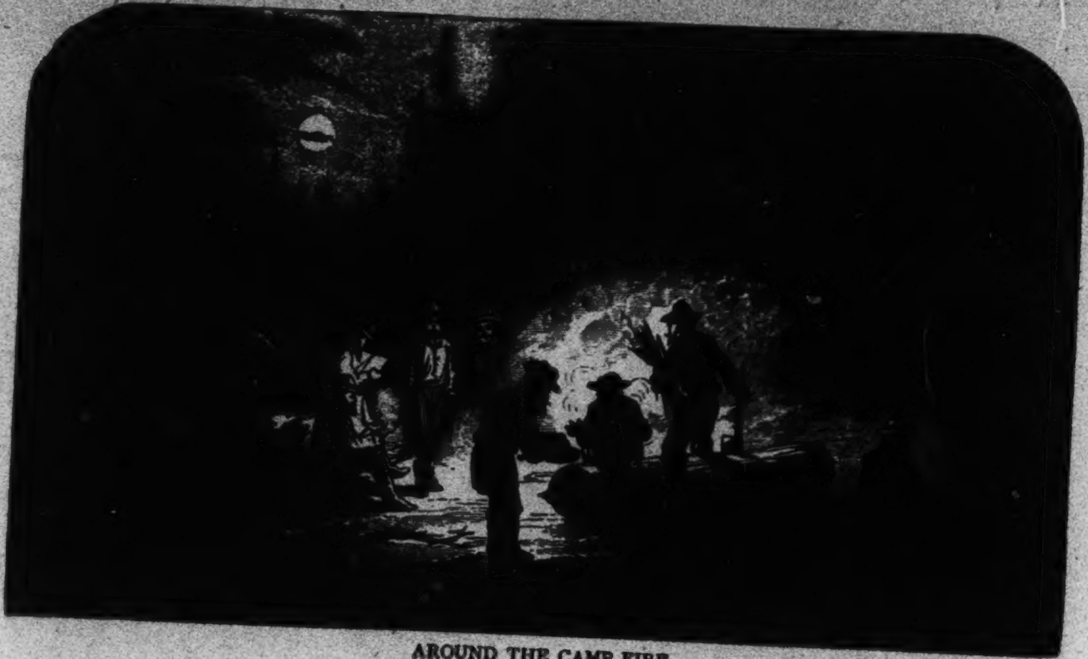
There they come at last! I can see their horses winding around the ridge across the cañon yonder. Bill, unpack the basket, and have everything in readiness for the lunch. Hunters, fishermen and clergymen generally have powerful appetites.

# CHAPTER X.

## AROUND THE MOUNTAIN CAMP FIRE.

The Fountain of Youth.—Hunting for Trouble.—Mike Durfee's Snake.—The Days of '49.—A Tragedy in the Redwoods.—When shall We Three Meet Again?—Story of the Champion Mule of El Dorado.—How a Green Down-Easter Struck it Rich.—Result of Misplaced Confidence.—Sensational Reports Deprecated.—Out-Door Amusements in Arizona.—An Alarm in Camp.—The Mountains by Moonlight.—Parting under the Madroño.—Adios!

NOWHERE on earth, I think, does one so relish food and drink as around the camp-fire. On the treeless plains of the West and Southwest, in the rugged, Indian-haunted mountains of Western Texas and Central Arizona, even on the bare, hot sands of the deserts of Nevada and Southern California, there is always a weird attraction, and a sense of hearty enjoyment in the evening around the camp-fire. Some of the happiest hours of my life, many of them, I may say, have been spent around the camp-fire, and ever and anon the old longing for wild life and dangerous adventure comes over me even in the busiest hours of city life, and the desire to shake civilization and all its comforts and refinements, and go back to the wilderness, becomes almost uncontrolable. The charm of danger is year by year being lost to camp life in California, but exciting adventure may still be found, and there is nothing equal to a glowing camp-fire to bring out anecdotes of the past and re-awaken



AROUND THE CAMP FIRE.

the recollections of the wild life of other-days; or, as Beranger would express it:

"The brave days when we were twenty-one."

And of all places on earth for solid comfort in camp there is none like California. The pure, dry, mountain air is always so healthful and invigorating, and the nice, dry ground is worth all the spring mattresses in Christendom for a bed. And then it never rains in California during the spring, summer and autumn months. Given a shot-gun, a rifle, fishing-tackle, blankets to sleep in, a frying-pan, coffee-pot and cups, a little flour, salt, pepper and a few sundries, and a bunch of matches, and, with two or three jolly companions—it is none the worse if the party is half made up of ladies, so that they are possessed of sense and know how to rough it and enjoy it—your "outfit" is complete.

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

Better one month of camp life in the California mountains, than years on years of life at the fashionable "watering-places" and "summer resorts" of the East and Europe.

Ponce de Leon sought in vain for the Fountain of Youth in the swamps and forests of Florida—he was looking in the wrong direction. I found the fountain years ago up in a quiet cañon, under the madroño trees, in the mountains of California; and every time I drink of its waters and camp by its side, Time, at my bidding, turns back in his flight, and I am only a boy again.

We lunched with such hearty satisfaction, and found the mountain air and scenery so much to our liking, that we were loth to leave it and return to the city. So we took a vote on the proposition, decided to go into camp for the night at least, and, having dispatched Bill to Calistoga for blankets and cooking apparatus, proceeded to make ourselves at home.

There are always people who will go poking around hunting for trouble and disagreeable things wherever they happen to be. Curse all such people, I say! What is the use of it? "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," is the wisest saying between the lids of the bible, and I travel on it. We had one of these people in our party, and he knocked around in the bushes until he found a rattlesnake. It did not bite anybody, and was not looking for anybody to bite, and if it had not been stirred up with a stick and set to rattling, no one would have known it was there. As it was, it frightened the ladies and destroyed the pleasure of the party for hours. More fool the man who found it.

I can recall one incident in my lifetime, and one only, in which snakes had a healthy effect and rendered a service to humanity. Some ten years ago the San Francisco bar numbered among its members many jolly, good fellows, who were given to free indulgence in the pleasures of the table, and not unfrequently passed the limits of prudence, and wrestling too ardently with old King Alcohol, were thrown and severely hurt. Among them was Mike Durfee, now a strictly temperate man, a successful lawyer and an exemplary citizen, after nearly all his old associates have succumbed and passed away. When Mike "went on a tear" it was a long and desperate one, and its result was a foregone conclusion. The reporters for the daily press of San Francisco were sitting one morning in their special quarter in the Police Court room, taking notes of the trials and sentences of the thieves, vagrants, burglars, wife-whippers, drunkards, and all other offscourings of humanity who attend the daily levees of his honor, when Mike, who, in pursuance of his time-honored custom, had been "running all night," and was just on the debatable ground between sudden reform and *delirium tremens*, came in, and leaning up against the partition which separates the reporters from that of the shysters, fell fast asleep. Seeing him in that position, the writer reached over to the chair always occupied by poor old Dick R——(Rattlesnake Dick, as we used to call him by way of affectionate endearment, was a special favorite with all the reporters of that day), and pulled out a little roll of curled hair from the cushion. This hair was rolled into a hard wad, about the size of a large marrowfat pea, and dropped quietly inside of Mike's shirt-collar, where it lodged without in the least disturbing his slumbers. The morning wore on and the business of the day was nearly concluded, and still Mike slept on. At last a case was called, in which Mike was interested, or supposed to be, and the bailiff in attendance shook him by the shoulder, with the emphatic adjuration, "Here Mike, wake up; your case is called!" Mike awoke with a start, and stepping out promptly in front of the Judge's desk, threw out his right arm in oratorical style, began—

"Your honor, I propose——" At that instant the ball of curled hair, which had been confined between his shirt-collar and his neck, set free by the change in his position, commenced rolling down his chest upon the unprotected cuticle, like a spider with ten thousand sharp, clawed feet, going after his prey in a hurry. Mike felt it, and every nerve in his system thrilled in response, as if struck by the shock from a galvanic battery. Springing about four feet clear of the floor, he yelled in wild despair, "WHOOP! HELL'S BLAZES! SNAKES!" and came down with a jar which shook the whole room, with hair on end, eyes in frenzy rolling, and face of the hue of death; fairly gasping for breath, he snatched at his collar convulsively, tore it open, and following the descending serpent with desperate haste, tore every button off his shirt bosom in succession, grasping the dread monster at last as it paused in its career at its waist, where his pants were cinched so tightly that it could go no further, drew it forth, with hand trembling so that he could scarcely hold it, and sank faint, sick and helpless into a chair. Meantime the commotion in the Court room was something indescribable. The Judge sprang to his feet in astonishment and ill-concealed apprehension; the spectators and members of the bar, under the impression that Mike had gone suddenly crazy, or been violently attacked with the *delirium tremens*, were seized with a panic, and upsetting chairs, benches and each other in their haste to get out of his reach, fled from the room, as the demon fled from the chamber where the fish of Tobit lay—probably holding his nose as he did so—while to crown the uproar and confusion, a tall policeman who had been sitting with his feet braced against the large upright stove, and his chair tipped back, straightening himself out in his effort to rise and join in the flight, sent the stove end over end on the floor, the long pipe following suit, and coming down on the affrighted crowd joint by joint, flinging clouds of sticky coal-soot and smoke in all directions. When the stampede was over at last, and Mike had so far recovered from his attack of snakes as to be able to comprehend the situation, he arose, tottered over to the reporters' desk, and thus freed his mind: "By ——, if I murdered the man who put that centipede in my bosom, any jury in Christendom would render a verdict of justifiable homicide! But, boys, *it's my next deal*, and I'll be —— if you ever get a chance to play that on me again! If it had got down into my boots I'd never have drawn another sane breath so long as I lived. As it is, I'll never draw another drunken one, damn you!"

And Mike kept his word like a man, stopped drinking entirely, devoted himself to the practice of his profession industriously, rose step by step in public estimation, and now holds an important office, to which he was elected by the votes of his life-long friends and acquaintances, many of whom to this day tell with infinite gusto and roars of laughter the story of Mike Durfee's snake.

We built a glorious camp-fire in the little opening like an artificial clearing in front of the great madroño, and with the remnants of our lunch and the spoils of the forest and mountain streams, got up a supper that a prince might envy. Did you ever roll a mountain trout in wet paper or green leaves and roast him like a potato in the hot ashes? If not, you have yet to learn the first lesson in gastronomic enjoyment. Soyer was a fool! I will match a California mountain trout so cooked against all the "made dishes" he ever produced, and trust to any jury on earth for a verdict in my favor; no, in favor of the trout, I mean. After supper, when we had made up our quarters for the night and gathered ourselves comfortably around the blazing camp-fire, the fun commenced. Few of the stories brought out on such occasions will bear the test of repetition in print. It wants the mountain air, the wild, romantic surroundings, the jolly companionship and good fellowship to give them the hearty zest which makes them so enjoyable at the moment. How quickly the "forty-niners" go back to the mining-camps and the wild scenes of those early days, and live over again the life of the pioneer gold-hunters, who poured in a torrent over the Sierra, and, in an almost incredible space of time, searched every cañon, nook and crevice of the mountains for the precious metal, tore up the soil of every hillside from Siskiyou to Fresno, marring and disfiguring the whole face of nature for all time, and then leaving their cities and villages, which had sprung up like Jonah's gourd in a single night, to fall to decay and slowly disappear from sight, and almost from memory even, scattered far and wide over the whole earth, little dreaming of the true wealth of El Dorado which they left, untouched and undeveloped, for a priceless heritage to those less adventurous souls who should come slowly plodding after them in other years. Of all that mighty host, not more than one in a hundred remains in California to-day. In neglected graves, in the red earth of the Sierra, in the shadow of the cross of Calvary, under the laurel and willows of Lone Mountain, in the great depths of the sea, in the trenches of innumerable battlefields, in far-off Australia or Southern Africa, in Alaska, in Arizona, in Mexico, in Nicaragua, they sleep their last sleep.

Wherever gold was to be sought for, wildernesses to be reclaimed, suffering to be endured, blood to be shed, they wandered, and fought, and died by thousands. They were a rough set—ready with the knife and the revolver, free-handed and liberal withal to the last degree—rich to-day, poor to-morrow, hopeful always, and game to the last. When the placers of California are exhausted, and the orchard and vineyard cover every hillside, the stories of their reckless adventures and wild career will be repeated again and again, and listened to with interest by every class in the community. "The days of '49" will ever be memorable as marking the most striking and wonderful epoch in the history of the Pacific coast. After them everything will seem stale, and flat, and tame to the youthful reader of history.

As the hours of evening wore on, one and another took up the story of pioneer life, and many an anecdote, new to me and hitherto unprinted, was related by eye-witnesses. Among them was the following:

After the first rush to the placers, and when the building of permanent towns had fairly commenced, lumber fit for building purposes became in great demand, and in the forest near the sea coast, where transportation was readily obtainable, immense camps sprung up, and the scenes of the flush times in the mines were repeated. Lumber was worth hundreds of dollars per thousand feet, and money was gained and lost with a lavishness and rapidity almost incredible in these days. In one camp in the redwood forests of Humboldt, not far from the present town of Eureka, there were some six hundred men at work, and business was lively, in every sense of the word. There were two "stores" at which articles for miners' and lumbermen's use—heavy clothing, groceries, provisions, and notably whisky and cards—were dispensed at round prices. Every store in those days was a saloon, and a gambling-house as well; and poker, monte, faro and fights were the order of the day and night. It was no uncommon thing for a prosperous gambler on a Sunday morning to knock the head out of a barrel of whisky, put a tin cup in it, and set it in the middle of the store, for all comers to help themselves free of charge. And it was the dearest whisky man ever drank at that, for nine out of every ten who partook of it left from ten to a thousand times its nominal value at the gambler's bank before he went home that night. The feast of Belshazzar was nothing to the wild carousals which took place sometimes in that camp. There were six of us in our cabin—no two from the same State, I think—and a pretty good crowd we were generally. But whisky and gambling will tell in the end, and they did on us. Among the party was one tall, finely-built, athletic man, of some twenty-eight or thirty years of age, who went by the name of "Kanoffsky." The name would indicate a Polish Jew, but he was evidently nothing of the sort, and the name was like that of half the others in camp, merely assumed through caprice or the desire to conceal identity while the possessor was laboring to retrieve a broken fortune or a ruined character. I always thought that he was a collegian, probably a graduate of Harvard or Yale, and he was undoubtedly a New Englander of good family. Curiously enough, his boon companion was a rough, uncouth, uneducated Missourian, who went by the common nickname of "Pike," about the last man in the world one would think to attract the sympathy and secure the confidence of an educated gentleman, such as "Kanoffsky" evidently was. But misfortune and mining excitements make strange bed-fellows. Their intimacy was casually remarked upon by everybody in camp, but in those days we thought little of any social phenomena—we had little time or inclination to think long and seriously about anything—and for a long time nothing important seemed to come of it. But at last an event occurred which startled and excited the whole camp. One dark, stormy Sunday night in the mid-winter season, when the wind roared through the forest in broken, savage blasts, and the rain fell in torrents, at brief intervals snatches of starlight intervening, Kanoffsky and Pike were absent until far past midnight, and we had all retired to our bunks with a certain undefined feeling of impending trouble, which every one has felt at times, but which no one can ever fully explain and account for. At last Pike, with an uncertain step, was heard coming in alone. He seated himself before the huge log fire, which had burned well down, but still gave off a ruddy glow from its great heap of fresh coals, partially lighting up the entire cabin, and drawing off his wet boots, remained toasting his feet for some time in moody silence. To inquiries as to the whereabouts of Kanoffsky, he replied somewhat testily that he did not know: that he had left him down at the stores half drunk early in the evening, and knew nothing more about it. His manner was peculiar, and produced the impression on myself and companions that he had been in difficulty with some one, probably over some gambling affair, and was "out of sorts," as well as a little drunk. While he sat there over the fire, one of our party got up, went outside and brought in another back log, which he threw upon the fire to prevent its burning out entirely before morning, and compelling us to rekindle it with matches and wet wood—a task of some difficulty. As he turned back from the fire, he remarked, "I stumbled over something outside there which I cannot make out! It felt like a bag of shot!" Pike looked up uneasily but said nothing. The man who had been out took a brand from the fire and stepping back to the door, stooped down and examined the object over which he had stumbled. With a puzzled air he lifted it up and brought it inside. It was, as he had said, like a bag of shot, and proved to be a shot-bag filled with gold-dust. There was blood in great blotches on the bag. We all sat up in our bunks to look at it, and the inquiry broke from each in succession as to whom it belonged.

"Well, damn you, if you all must know, it's mine!" growled out Pike at last.

"Where the mischief did you get such a bag of dust as that?" said one.

Pike, who now seemed now to be half drunk and half crazy, replied, "Well, it's none of your damned business anyhow; but if you must know, I got on a little spree down at the camp, and some of us cleaned out that Jew store."

Starting from my bunk, I exclaimed: "Boys, there has been murder here, sure as heaven. That old Jew and his son never submitted to be robbed while they had the breath of life left! Pike, you must consider yourself a prisoner."

The words were hardly out of my mouth, when Pike sprang up, and grasping me by the throat hurled me back upon the bunk with a savage imprecation, swearing that he would kill me on the instant if I did not take them back. All three of my companions were on him at once, and though he struggled like a madman, as he was, we got him down at last and tied him. Then he suddenly changed his tune, and tried to laugh it off. It was only a joke, he said, and nobody had been hurt. Untie him, and he would go back at once with the dust.

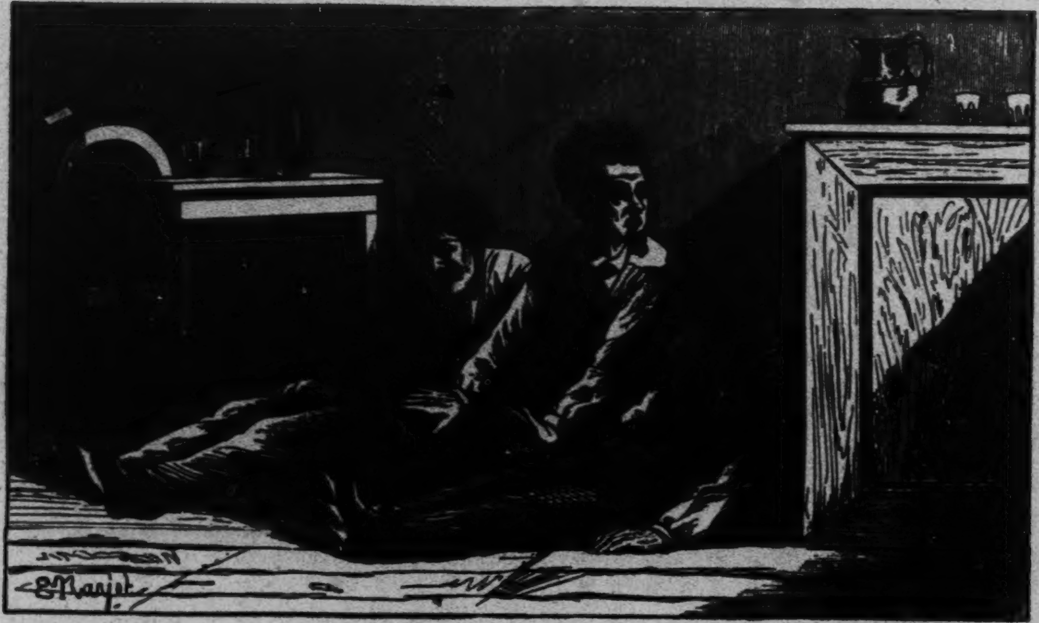
We were more convinced than ever that there had been murder, and one of the party volunteered to ride over to the main camp, some mile and a half distant, and find out what had occurred, while the other three kept guard over Pike. He started off and was gone about two hours. Just after daybreak he returned with a crowd of companions, all deeply excited. They had gone to the Jew's store, found it closed but not locked up, and on entering with lights, had beheld a spectacle frightful beyond the power of words to describe. The store was kept by a Jew of some fifty-five or sixty years of age, and his son, a boy of eighteen or nineteen, both of whom usually slept in the place. The old man lay on the floor of the main-store-room, horribly chopped and mutilated with a hatchet, his skull fractured, jaw broken, one ear chopped off, and a great number of cuts on his head, face and breast, but still breathing. The floor was covered with blood, like that of a slaughter-house, and the marks of a desperate struggle for life were everywhere visible. In the back room they found the boy literally hacked to pieces and cold in death. The drawers had been forced open and rifled, and a trunk, kept under the counter and used for storing gold dust, coin and valuables, for want of a safe, stood smashed open and empty on the floor near the body of the old man, who had evidently fallen in attempting to defend it from the robbers, who had entered by the front window and rear door simultaneously. The news spread like wildfire through the camp, and in a short time Kanoffsky, who had been out in the woods, undoubtedly hiding his share of the plunder, was arrested on his way back to our cabin. The party arrived at our place, provided with a rope, and fully prepared to make Pike open his mouth, and tell the whole story, or "swing for it" instanter. At the sight of the rope he weakened, and related how it was all done.

The party, consisting of four persons—himself, Kanoffsky and two others who had escaped on horseback to the mountains and were never arrested—had planned the robbery some weeks before, and waited patiently for a dark night to carry it into execution. After the robbery and murder, Pike, in a spirit of recklessness or insanity—he could never give any reason for his conduct—started directly for our cabin, intending to hide the bag of gold-dust in a hollow stump, or some similar receptacle convenient to the place, until he could get it safely inside the house; but finding none in the darkness, brought it on until he reached the door, then laid it down where it was found, and went in to think the matter over and decide how he should dispose of it. Had one of our party not gone out to get the log to replenish the fire, it is probable that he might have succeeded in getting it hidden after all, and possibly escaped suspicion of being connected with the murder, as the two of his companions who escaped would naturally have been credited with the entire transaction.

A Lynch Court was organized immediately, Kanoffsky and Pike tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. All business was suspended for the day in the camp, and nothing else was thought or talked of.

Kanoffsky denied all connection with the affair from first to last, and the place where he had hidden his share of the plunder was never found, though search was made for it for years.

A similar murder was committed in Tuolumne county in 1851, and the money, amounting to several thousand dollars in coin, buried by the murderers near the cabin. It was sought after for years, but it was not until twenty years later, in the summer of 1871, that a party of miners sluicing away the hillside where the cabin had stood, unearthed it and shared the spoil between them, all the original actors in the tragedy having passed away meantime. The plunder hidden by Kanoffsky may possibly be unearthed in some such manner years, or centuries even, hence. When the execution took place a minister was sent for, and he labored earnestly for hours with the murderers Pike and Kanoffsky, but all in vain—not a sign of repentance or contrition did either give. Led out at last to the tree on which they were to die, the halters were placed around their necks, and they were asked if they had anything more to say. Pike said he had told the whole story and had nothing more to say. Kanoffsky called me to him, and, holding out his hand, said, "Well, good by, old fellow; I can't blame you! When it's all over, write to my ——" He stopped there, thought a moment, and then said, "No, you needn't though; it is better as it is! Here,



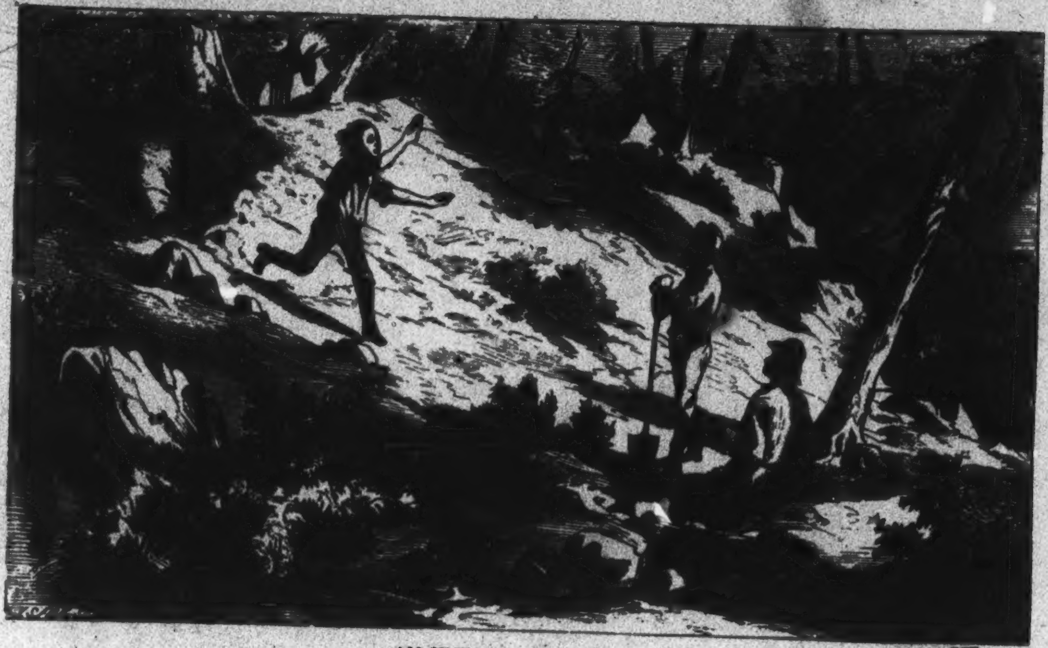
WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?

take this handkerchief out of my breast-pocket, and do me the favor to tie my hands securely behind me. I might go up after the rope and make the entertainment too lengthy. It is getting late, and the audience will want to adjourn as soon as possible. Please slip the knot a little further around in front so that it will come just under my ear. All ready; now go on with the performance!" The cart started off on the instant—down went both the men, their bodies swayed convulsively in the air for a few moments, and all was over.

Who or what Kanoffsky was we never learned, the secret of his real name and history dying with him. That night all hands in camp went on a general spree, and the carousal was kept up until far towards daybreak. The keeper of the other store furnished the liquor, and got blind drunk on it himself before the spree was over. Everybody admitted that he kept very mean liquor. Among the crowd were two young fellows, less intoxicated than the rest, and they finished up the performance by going out and cutting down the bodies of Kanoffsky and Pike, bringing them into the store, and setting them them up against the wall. They then took the storekeeper, propped him up between them, and left him alone with the dead. When he awoke from his stupor next morning and looked around him, the face of a ghastly corpse, with the rope still around its neck, grinned at him from either side; and on the floor at his feet were scrawled with chalk the familiar words: "WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN!" He went out of that place on the dead jump, yelling "murder" at the top of his lungs, and it was days before his nerves became quiet enough to enable him to mix a cocktail with anything like his accustomed skill and neatness.

Practical jokes were common in those days, and the jokers were by means fastidious as to the manner of playing them or their result. If life and limb were endangered, so much the better. I remember a man in Placerville, then called "Hangtown," from numerous little episodes in its history, which had resulted disastrously to parties involved in them, who owned a mule, which was admitted to be the champion animal for pure, unadulterated viciousness on the Pacific coast. He would start on the slightest hint. The rattle of a tin pan was poison to him; and in running away, he always made it a point to knock down and injure somebody. If he stampeded, and did not get a chance to kill or maim some one, he felt he had to account for a day wasted, and would stand for hours in deep dejection, his ears hanging down limp and lifeless; then suddenly rush across the street, whirl around and kick with all his might at a child or woman, by way of getting even and making up for lost time. It was a standing joke with the jolly boys of Hangtown to lend him to a party of newly arrived miners, to pack their traps to some placer mining-camp, and at the hour for starting gather in front of the express office to see him go off like a rocket, scatter everything right and left, and break for the chaparral, leaving the astonished gold-hunters to gather their traps and lament over the blasting of their prospects at their leisure. It was as much as a man's life was worth to go within reach of his heels; and it was necessary to muzzle him to keep him from eating everybody who came within reach of his jaws. One day a remarkably green specimen of the veritable "down-east Yank" came into Hangtown from the plains, and inquired for the nearest and best place to make a fortune in the diggings. He was kindly directed to a promising gulch, and, as he was hard up, the use of the champion mule to pack his grub, tools, blankets and traps was generously tendered him. He proposed to start at eight o'clock next morning, and all the jokers in town, comprising the larger share of the male population of the place, were on hand at the appointed time to see him off. Promptly at the time, the greenhorn from the land of steady habits made his appearance, and commenced to pack the mule. The heavy *aparejo* was placed on his back and securely cinched; flour, beef, bacon, etc., etc., strapped on that, and then a miscellaneous collection of pans, kettles, shovels, picks, etc., etc., corded on top of all, and the load was completed. Up to this time the mule had stood there as quiet as a lamb, but the fun, as all save the greenhorn in that goodly company well knew, was about to commence. The owner of the mule invited all hands to take a drink, at two bits a glass, and the invitation was cheerfully accepted. They all shook hands with the victim, and bid him God speed on his journey as he came out of the saloon and made ready to start. The piazza and sidewalk were crowded, and everybody was ready to yell at the moment the signal was given. Judge of the surprise, indignation and disgust which took possession of the crowd, when they saw that infamous mule walk off like a pet lamb with that confiding victim of their pleasantry, and disappear in the distance without so much as giving a snort, a kick, or even a parting look behind him at the friends and companions of his youth! The owner of the mule watched him until he disappeared over the hill, then invited all hands in to take another drink. He was dead beat, dumbfounded and nonplussed. What influence could have been at work on the brute to induce him to thus suddenly go back upon every tradition of his race, and forfeit his long and well-earned reputation, he could not for the life of him imagine, and he got blind drunk while puzzling his mind over the problem.

It was noon when the greenhorn reached the gulch to which he had been directed, and presented a note from the owner of the mule to his partner, who was mining there in a claim, which had formerly paid handsomely, but was then nearly worked out. The wink went around the mining party when the letter of introduction was read, and on the innocent victim inquiring for a "first-rate spot to dig out the gold in big chunks," he was directed to a tree up on the side hill, some two hundred feet above the level of the gulch, as a first-rate point at which to stick up the usual notice and commence. The victim meant business. He did not propose to waste any time in looking around, and at his request one of the party wrote



AN UNEXPECTED FIND.

him out a mining-claim notice, which he at once posted on the tree as directed. There was not the trace of a "color" anywhere near that tree. In fact, it was evident to the eye of a professional miner at a glance that gold would never be found there. But the greenhorn, in blissful ignorance, pulled off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and went in at once to dig a prospecting hole. The party in the gulch below saw him gradually sink down into the earth and disappear, as hour after hour he plied the pick and shovel with sturdy arm and determined will, and many were the "winks and nods, and wreathed smiles," to say nothing of broad grins and hearty guffaws which went around at his expense. About four P. M. they heard a shout from the prospecting hole in which he had disappeared, and a moment later he came out with a bound like a deer, and yelling like a madman, came down the face of the hill twenty feet at a jump, holding high above his head a nugget, or "chispa," of pure gold, weighing over $900. All was excitement in the camp in a minute. The chispa was examined and its character decided at once. Then they examined the hole, and decided that he had struck upon a pocket, or seam, of decayed quartz, where the gold set free had not been washed, and had remained undisturbed in its place. Such pockets often paid enormously. A lucky Irishman once found one near where the Catholic Orphan Asylum now stands, on the hill above the town of Grass Valley, took out a wheelbarrow-load of gold in a few hours, went raving mad over his suddenly acquired wealth, and died in the State Insane Asylum.

Even as late as October, 1871, such a pocket was struck by a drunken Swede, near Georgetown, El Dorado county, and he took out $100,000 in a single day, then went on a drunk, which he has not yet got over.

Such pockets are good things to have. The company in the gulch, in which the owner of the mule was a large stockholder, after some bargaining, bought the claim for $10,000, paid him down in gold-dust and orders on their partners, and hurried him off for Placerville early next morning, lest he should repent of his bargain and want to back out. Next morning they were at work there bright and early, while he was collecting his money in Placerville, and getting ready to "go down to the Bay"—*i. e.*, to visit San Francisco. This was on Wednesday. The mule was delivered to his delighted owner, and, in consideration of his good services, enjoyed tall feed in a livery-stable for the rest of the week. His proprietor, anxious to inspect his new source of untold wealth, hired a horse and started at once for the gulch.

On Saturday he returned with a face as long as the moral law, and black as a thunder-cloud. The party who purchased the victim's claim, himself included, had worked it for three days in succession, and given the whole side hill a thorough prospecting. They found two small nuggets, aggregating about $12, the first day; nothing on the second; and the third day was even as the one before it. They were sold, bilked, swindled, wronged, out and injured to the tune of $10,000. What became of the greenhorn they could never discover, and to this day they have the impression very strong in their minds that he was a "fraud from the word go," never saw Massachusetts in his life, and had put up the whole job on an unsuspecting and confiding community. If he had ever visited Hangtown again, the place would have earned an additional claim to its popular designation. But that guilty mule received his reward. On the morning following the return of his affectionate proprietor from the gulch, he was found in his stall with his back broken. It was suggested that he had dislocated his vertebræ in the vain effort to kick a fly off the end of his nose with his hind feet, or in attempting to reach the roof of the stable with his heels, there being nothing else in reach for him to exercise his strength upon in a playful manner; but his heart-broken owner knew better, and wisely kept his own counsel. As an expert and a life-long advocate of the decencies and amenities of life, I give my unqualified professional opinion that it was done with a club—and served him right. A few such examples as that unworthy mule afforded would utterly dissipate and destroy all one's confidence and trust in human nature.

Rough practical jokers though these old miners and frontiersmen always are, they are proverbially sensitive to newspaper criticism, and ready at all times to resent any liberty taken with their names or reputations. In an earlier chapter I have related how the man who fell from the roof of a three-story building on the corner of Montgomery and California streets, in San Francisco, compelled me to retract the assertion that, as he fell past the second story window, he, seeing a party inside playing seven up, and noticing that the dealer was turning the Jack from the bottom of the deck, called out "None of that!" It is ten to one that if the owner of that black-hearted mule is still living, and ever reads the above truthful account of his adventure, he will sue me for damages for libel on account of the insinuation as to the manner of the death of the animal.

It is only two or three years since an old and valued friend, a kind-hearted, energetic and determined frontiersman, to whom I am indebted for many an act of true politeness and hospitality in a country where such words have something more than a conventional meaning, wrote to me as follows:

WICKENBURG, Arizona, ———, 186–.

DEAR COL.:—We have had a very unpleasant affair here this week. Dick Snelling, whom you will remember, got on a spree, and being told that a Chileno, or a Portuguese, had threatened his life, got a shotgun and started hunting him on the street. He unfortunately met a man who looked like the man he was hunting for, and shot him dead, and in the excitement of the moment scalped him. Now, you know that I never favored scalping white men, but Dick is as good a fellow as ever lived, and if he had not been drunk he would not have done it. He has got a nice family, and for his sake and for theirs I would not like to see an exaggerated account of the affair get into the papers. Will you oblige by seeing that no sensational account of it is given in San Francisco?

Your friend,

——— ———

Willing to oblige a friend at all times, I gave merely the simple facts, without displayed headings as comments, and all was lovely

The camp at last is quiet; the last story has been told, and the tellers, one by one, all save myself, have dropped off into the arms of sleep. All is silence in the mountains. Not a breath of breeze disturbs the foliage of the trees, and outside the camp not a living object is to be seen. The moon, which had risen over the eastern mountains, floods valley and hill, forest and mountain, with golden light, beautifying and glorifying the whole landscape with its touch. The glassy green leaves of the great madroño overhead glow and glisten in the moonlight like a cascade of molten silver, and the dark laurels beyond the cañon are transformed into a golden-foliaged grove, such as glitter, rank on rank, by the banks of the rivers of Paradise

A dog which accompanied us on the expedition raises his head from time to time, and peers furtively into the dense chaparral, uttering a low, uneasy whine. His ears are sharper than ours, and he is conscious of the presence of an enemy unknown to us. Suddenly he springs to his feet, and, darting past the dying fire to the edge of the chaparral, utters a wild, angry bark, and in an instant a heavy body goes crashing away through the bushes, with a long, sharp "Yap-yap-yap-yah-hoo-ooo!" From the hillside above, from the cañon in the shadow below, from rock and glen, and glade and chaparral, comes a quick response; and for five minutes it seems that there are half a thousand instead of half a dozen angry, prowling coyotes howling around us. The infernal chorus dies away at last, and once more all is silent in camp and on the mountain.

The grey dawn creeps slowly over the eastern mountains; the horizon takes on the roseate hues of the inner surface of the sea-shell, then glows with gold and royal purple; and, as the forest air is filled with the song of birds, and all nature rejoices in the glory of the springtime, the sun rises grandly over St. Helena, and the whole landscape glows like molton gold at his touch. On the bank of the grand canal, between Lakes Chalco and Tezcuco, in the valley of Mexico, stands a fonda, upon whose wall is painted the inscription, "A LA SOL DE CALIFORNIA." Who can stand here and behold such a scene as this, and not sympathize in his inmost heart with the author of that inscription?

And here, companions in my wanderings, friends of my heart, I leave you, one and all, and reluctantly say good bye!

Together we have galloped through the valleys and climbed the mountains in search of health, curious adventure, strange sights and scenes, and the beautiful in nature, in the glorious land of the madroño. Perchance we have not accomplished all we anticipated when we started out; have missed something for which we sought; failed in something which we desired. But we have seen much to remember, something that was new and strange, and cheated care and toil out of some right pleasant hours. I trust that you have been repaid for your trouble, and enjoyed yourselves as I have. If so, I am glad, and we may at no distant day renew our acquaintance, and in broader fields and other lands seek for grander and more stirring adventure. But, in any event, let us still be as we have been, good friends; and as we part this morning here beneath the madroño tree, let us shake hands all round, as is the goodly custom of the country, and say with reverent sincerity, each to each—ADIOS!

# CHAPTER XI.

## THE CHINESE FEAST OF THE DEAD.

**Weird and Ghostly Scene in a Chinese Temple at Midnight.—The Story of Concatenation Bill, and the True History of the Great Indian Fight on the Gila.**

WHAT a strange, peculiar people are these Chinese! Dwelling among us, they are not of us; but are born and grow up, and toil and die here in the midst of the boasted civilization of the nineteenth century, just as they have been being born and growing up, and toiling and dying, for ages on ages, in the "Central Flowery Empire" on the other shore of the blue Pacific. They walk the same streets and breathe the same air with us; but they do not talk the same language; do not act as we act; do not reason as we reason; do not think as we think. From the cradle to the grave, the Chinaman is always a Chinaman, adhering to the traditions of his ancestors, walking in the footsteps of his fathers, careless of the approbation or reprobation of the rest of mankind, except so far as it may affect him pecuniarily. Keen at a bargain, naturally quick-witted and sharp of comprehension, a patient toiler, and skillful at every kind of handiwork to which he turns his attention, he yet halts unaccountably on the shore of progress, and is the best representative living of the effete civilization of Asia, wedded to the traditions of the past, looking ever backwards and never forwards. All things to all men, in commercial transactions, and wonderfully enterprising in his own way, he is a law unto himself; and our politics and ambitions, our industrial problems, and the amenities of our social life, are but as vanity and vexation of spirit to him, and he will take no part in them.

Among the strangest of the strange customs which the Chinese have transplanted on American soil, is the annual "Feast of the Dead." Heaven comes nearer to the land of his birth than to any other land, and before he leaves it for barbarian regions he provides for the ultimate return of his bones for interment in the soil where his ancestors, in countless millions, sleep the last sleep. Meantime he believes that the spirits of his departed friends linger lovingly near the place where their bodies rest for the moment; and so long as he remains within reach of their temporary resting-place, he, ever true to the traditions of his race, pays an annual visit of ceremony to it, and, with a solemn gravity which is incomprehensible to the average Caucasian mind, makes an offering of creature comforts for the delectation of the disembodied spirits with which his imagination peoples all the air.

All Chinese festivals come at irregular periods, for the reason that their months do not correspond with our own, and they throw in an odd month from time to time to make the year come even, as we do an odd day on our leap year. The feast of the dead came some years since in May, and I well remember visiting the Chinese quarter of Lone Mountain Cemetery at that time to witness the ceremonies. Their New Year festivities are accompanied by an incessant roar of burning fireworks: crackers of every size, from those which pop in the slightest and most delicate manner, to those which make a report like a young cannon, are burned by the cartload at a time; but the feast of the dead is a more quiet and solemn affair. The rich merchants, clad in the costliest silk and broadcloth, go on the first day, riding in the finest carriages procurable, and followed by express-wagons, loaded with pigs roasted whole, rice, fancy dishes, liquors, and other eatables and drinkables without number. A messenger or herald rides on the outside of each carriage, and as he goes along throws off, right and left, handfulls of squares of thin, yellow paper, in the centre of which is a small, impressed character, or a bit of gold or silver foil, for what purpose I could never ascertain. Next day, the artizans and manufacturers go in plainer carriages, clubbing together to make a load; on the next, the poor laborers and public women, riding in overcrowded express-wagons, carrying their meat-offerings with them in the same vehicle; and on the last day, the miserably poor, the rag-pickers and garbage collectors, trudge humbly along on foot over the dusty road to the city of the dead, each carrying in his hand the trifling offering, which his extreme poverty permits him after months of economy to provide for the occasion.

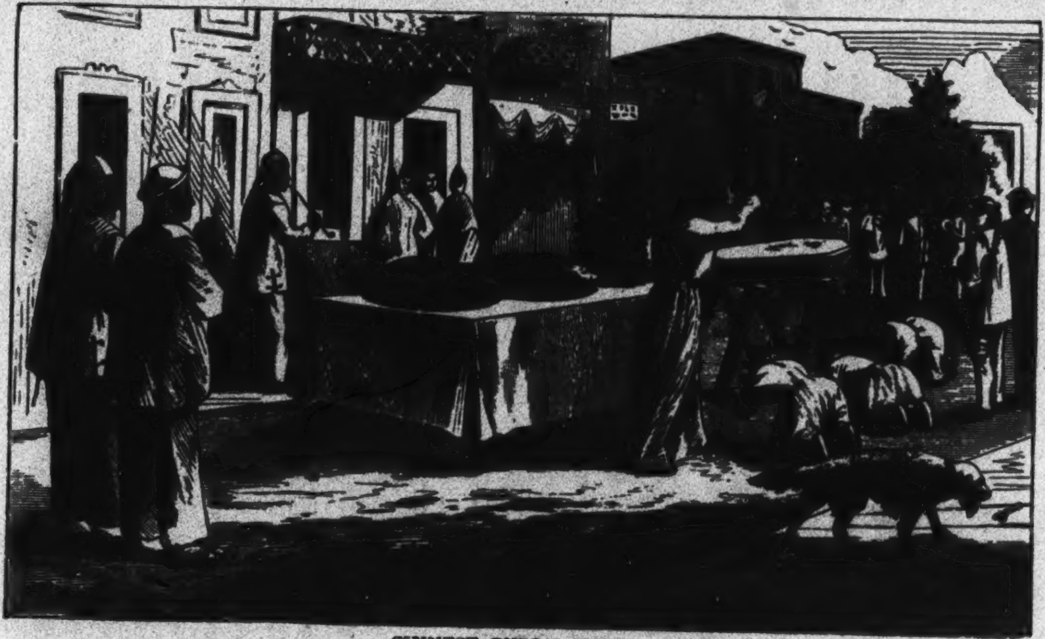
At the cemetery the graves are almost buried beneath the offerings of yellow papers, which are blown about by the winds until they form in drifts, like the snow in the streets of the cities of the Atlantic coast. Red candles, of vegetable wax, are lighted and stuck in the ground by thousands; and a cloth being spread upon the ground at the foot of each grave by its particular visitor, the feast is arranged upon it, the cups filled with sam-shoo, tea, etc., and then the living friend, bowing with solemn politeness, invites the disembodied spirit or spirits to come and help themselves. After that, he walks around and chats gaily with his living friends, smokes, drinks a little rice wine, and then, quietly packing up the eatables, which are none the worse for the service they have done, and placing them in the wagon again, spills the drinkables on the ground, and returns to the city (proudly conscious of having done his duty well, like a man and a C—hinaman), to dine upon "the funeral baked meats" himself. The spirits, as their name would indicate, take only the etherial part of the feast, and the living men get the most substantial, and to them at least most valuable portion of the comestibles.

An old and venerable member of the Christian church—a bright and shining light of the faith, who resides at Auburn, New York—once told me, while engaged in distributing tracts in the English language, which they could not read, to the poor native Protestants of Mexico, that he had learned, from long experience, that the true secret of Christian charity was to be able to do good unto others without cost-ing yourself a cent. He had followed out that idea all his lifetime, and the Lord had so prospered him in things worldly and things spiritual, that he was more satisfied, day by day, that he was on the right track, and had the thing down to a science.

The Chinaman has not been able to quite come up to this standard in his observance of the ceremony of the feast of the dead, but he comes pretty near it, and in a few thousand years more may succeed in reaching it; but he will be a terribly mean Chinaman when that time arrives!

The feast of the dead, like our Christmas services, winds up with social gatherings, friendly reunions, a "feast of reason and a flow of soul," and a good time generally. The Buddhist temples are then decked out in strangely fantastic style, quite unintelligible to the white American. The ceremonies at the temple at this time appear to be devoid of any marked religious character.

This year—1872—the feast of the dead came late in August, and I had the honor of assisting. We were going home at midnight (a party of half a dozen, who had been indulging in that peculiar little game at which if you don't bid you lose, and if you do bid you go back and lose two bits more, so much affected in California on the last night of the feast), and had stopped at the corner of Dupont and Washington streets, to listen to the babel of many tongues, the screeching of the Chinese one-stringed fiddles, the dulcet notes of the tom-toms, and the clashing of the gongs in the gambling-houses, where infatuated



CHINESE BURIAL RITES.

Celestials were betting themselves poor at the game of "Tan," or in the restaurants where others were dining convivially. It was a glorious moonlight night, such as one rarely sees, save on the Pacific coast, or in the tropics. The whole air was loaded with the fumes of burning "joss sticks," or incense candles, made from powdered sandal wood, fragrant gums, etc., the blue smoke of which rose from every door-way, open window, crack, crevice, or cranny in the houses where the blue-bloused sons of China congregate, resting on the Chinese quarter like a fog on a Jersey salt-marsh, or a cloud of mosquitoes on a Mississippi river-bottom. While we were standing there, a party of Chinese boys placed a row of these little joss-sticks upright along the edge of the gutter by the sidewalk, leading down to the centre of the block northwards, and set them all burning at once. As the cloud of fragrant smoke rose up from them, a well-dressed Chinaman appeared and directed a servant where to place a large tray, or salver, on which was neatly arranged a hot lunch, prepared in the most attractive style of the first-class Chinese culinary artist. The lunch being duly arranged on the edge of the sidewalk, he kneeled before it, chin-chinned repeatedly until his forehead nearly touched the curbstone, and then, to avoid the curious and irreverent throng of Caucasians, who were fast gathering about him, arose and hustled away the lunch into the house from which he came. A huge mass of curiously curled, and twisted, and convoluted, and cornuted—and I don't know what not else—tissue paper, forming some emblematic figures, which resembled in shape, and color, and design nothing which Caucasian mind ever conceived, or could comprehend if described—and I don't know how to describe it—was lying in the street in front of the line of joss-sticks, and, as he arose to go, a boy touched off a pile of fire-crackers concealed within it, and in an instant it disappeared in a blaze of glory. This appeared to be a part of the programme.

We followed along the line of joss-sticks, and found that it terminated at the entrance of the narrow passage which leads in between two gambling-houses to the centre of the block, where stands the Buddhist temple, erected by the famous Chinese physician, Li-po-Tai, in demonstration of his gratitude to the Supreme Intelligence for his escape from instant death some years since by a gas explosion, which killed his companion, and disfigured him for life. A crowd of visitors, Chinese and Caucasian, were moving in and out, and we passed in with the throng. At the end of the passage we came to a stairway, which zigzags up on the outside of the tall brick building to the upper story, terminating on a balcony hung with Chinese lanterns of the most brilliant and striking patterns, each as large as a flour-barrel, from which you enter the temple proper. At the last landing, below the top of the stairway, we stopped to look at a gigantic statue representing a "devil-man" sentinel, placed in an alcove, in a half-sitting, half-standing position, menacing the intrusive unbeliever, seeking for the Holy of Holies, with outstretched arm and fist doubled up, like a pugilist's in a prize-fight. A hideous mask answered for a face, while the eyes, lighted up from within, glared on the visitor with something of the weird effect produced by

> "Torches which have burned all night,
> Through some impure, unhallowed rite,"

When viewed by the true believer. The devil-man winked inquiringly at us, and we winked back at him, said "Press," and then passed on unmolested. One of the party observed this pantomime, and enthusiastically exclaimed, "Well, you fellows of the press have got a good thing of it, haven't you? If I don't mean to practice that, and try it on, when the time comes, on old St. Peter, may the ——" We requested him to spare our sensitive feelings, and he did so, and did not finish the sentence.

The temple was ablaze with light, crowded by a wondering throng, filled with the choking blue smoke of the incense, and as hot and close as the furnace-room of an ocean steamer in the tropics. The images representing Buddha, or Foh, the guardian deities of the southern, middle and northern districts of China, the Queen Mother of Heaven and her attendants, the black gentleman of whom it is always safe to speak respectfully, if not admiringly, and other objects of mingled admiration and contempt to the average Chinese mind, were all on their shrines in the different apartments or halls of the temple, and the usual lamps were burning before them. But the visitors appeared to pay no attention to them, and, for the time being, at least, regard them with no respect.

The extraordinary decorations for the occasion formed the attraction for the evening. Fronting the great folding door—on the wings of which are painted a hideous monster, armed sentinels, etc., depending from the ceiling by crimson silken cords—hung a whatnot-like arrangement, representing in miniature the stage of a Chinese theatre, upon which a "celestial star dramatic company," in all the elaborate silk and gold embroidery, decked garments, etc., which pertain to their wardrobe, was grouped with really artistic skill and effect. The scene represented a tableau in one of their historic dramas, and each figure, which was from two and one half to three feet in height, was a perfect counterpart in miniature of one of the well-known Chinese actors of the Jackson-street theatre, which is visited by every stranger from the east of the Rocky Mountains, who comes to see the wonders and curiosities of California. The features, which were of some hard material like plaster of Paris, were moulded with such cunning skill, that the expression was as perfect as life itself; and each actor could be recognized in an instant by any person who had seen him once upon the real stage. Five similar groups, each representing a scene in a play illustrating the history and traditions of the Central Flowery Empire, hung in different parts of the same principal apartment. In one corner we saw two curious phantom horsemen, mounted on nondescript, half human, half animal, phantom steeds. The framework of these figures was of the lightest split-rattan, and the superstructure light tissue paper of various brilliant colors. "What do they represent?" we asked of a polite Chinaman, who came bowing out of a side room to meet us, and show us around free of charge. He told us forty graceful fictions in ten breaths, and was "joshing" us all the time. I did not blame him, for two reasons: first, he did not know himself; and, secondly, his people are an imaginative race, and it is the custom of the country—their country, not ours, I mean, of course. In China—blessed country!—there are no professional politicians, and the lying is more evenly distributed among the people than with us.

But the greatest attractions that night were two monster statues, twin giant ghost-warriors, who stood on either side of the hall in front of the great altar. These figures were each fully eighteen feet in height, and were perfectly proportioned. They were costumed in half-armor, worn over long robes of the most brilliant hues, elaborately ornamented and embroidered, and each wore the cap of a high mandarin, surmounted by the crimson ball, indicative of the first rank, and a tall, variegated plume. The face of one had something of serene dignity and power in beatific repose upon it, and he held his right hand aloft, with the thumb, fore and fourth fingers slightly bent, and the middle and third fingers nearly straight—as do always the images of Buddha, or Foh, the representations of the incarnation of the Supreme Power and Intelligence, which are seen upon every shrine of the faith—while the right foot rested upon and crushed down to the earth a hideous, open-mouthed, writhing dragon.

The second was the counterpart of the first in all, save that his face was covered by a hideous, frowning mask, his raised right hand was open, with the palm turned full toward the spectator, and with his foot he trampled a snarling and struggling yellow and black spotted tiger. We asked the meaning of these giant figures of our obsequious Chinese attendant, and, as before, he told us a cock-and-bull story as gigantic in proportion as the figures themselves. The excuses urged in his behalf in the first instance are equally good in this.

We ascertained that the statues, like the phantom horsemen, despite their imposing appearance, were nothing but rattan, tissue and gilt paper, and bits of looking-glass—trifles light as air, almost, which even a breath might knock over and demolish. If they were intended to represent ghosts of the mighty dead of the days when there were giants in the land, they came near the mark; for anything more thin and unsubstantial to all the senses, save that of sight, could never have been conceived. Only the cunning hand of a celestial artist could have put them together, preserved their anatomical proportions, and made them stand there, erect, the very impersonation of hollow imposture. We noticed that the celestial crowd laughed and talked, and wandered about without the slightest regard for the religious character of the place, and we came away amused and interested, but not a whit the wiser for any insight into the hidden meaning of all this pageant—if any meaning there was—than when we came.

Coming back to Dupont street, I met a man whom I had last seen while on a hostile raid into the Hualapai Indian country, in Arizona, and our conversation, after the first greetings were over, turned upon one of the strange, peculiar characters with which the Pacific coast abounds—one we had both known—old "CONCATENATION BILL."

When and where he picked up the sobriquet, or it picked up him, we never knew; but, once attached to him, it became a part of his personality, and stuck to him thenceforth, through good report and through evil report, for the term of his natural life, and will be inscribed upon his tombstone, should fortune so far change her mood as to permit him to have one, which is a matter for doubt. It was doubtful if he knew himself. It was probably all he had to show for his months of labor in some early mining-camp, when he left it; and, as the camp itself is doubtless long since played out, and numbered with the things which have been, but are not, what matters it where it was located, or who toiled in it? In any event, it usurped the place of the name given him in baptism—if he ever was baptised—and, like most California nicknames, was appropriate.

"You are out of luck," said a rough-looking miner, to whom he had detailed his misfortunes, wanderings and misadventures for an hour.

"Out of luck! Well, I wish to Heaven I was; you may gamble on *that;* but I ain't. Why, God bless you, stranger, I'm just in a perfect streak of luck from morning to night, and from one year's end to another; and the *cussedest* luck! Why, I have had more luck than would sink a ship, and have got it yet!"

I will be just to the memory of my departed friend; he had.

He came across the plains in '49. He started with a good outfit supplied him by friends in Illinois, who fitted him out "on shares" as a speculation. He left them confident of large dividends, and those who are yet above ground are still waiting for them. His best horse was stolen from him on the first night out from "St. Joe," and he traded off the other and the double harnesses for a yoke of oxen, with a cow thrown in. One of his oxen was gobbled up by Indians on the Platte, and having sold, given away, or thrown away half his provisions to lighten his load, he started on with the cow yoked in with the remaining ox.

The cow pegged out on the headwaters of the Humboldt, and he abandoned his wagon and rode the remaining ox down to "the Sink," where it also gave up the struggle, and left him alone in his misery. From thence he made the remainder of the journey on foot, camping by night with any family or party who would give him a supper and the use of a spare blanket.

All things must have an end some time, and he finished his journey at last, arriving at Placerville late in the autumn, worn out, ragged, and seedy to the last degree—the very impersonation of persistent bad luck—but still hopeful of the future, and obtained a situation as waiter at a hotel, with good wages. At the end of the second month, he actually had money ahead, and being of a commercial turn of mind, tried his hand at "busting" a faro bank. He did not quite succeed in the operation—he never *quite* made a success of anything he undertook—but he won eleven hundred and eighty dollars nevertheless.

There was a gushing young lady, who tended bar in a dance-house in Placerville, who had made his acquaintance before he made this "ten-strike," and now she suddenly discovered that he was a really good-hearted fellow, and not bad-looking. She suggested that it would be a good thing for them to go into partnership, matrimonial and financial, and start a hotel at Coon Hollow, a new and promising camp not far from Placerville—which was then more familiarly known as "Hangtown." The financial partnership was to be immediate and absolute; the matrimonial one, conditional and prospective. The arrangement, though it might have pleased him better if slightly modified, on the whole met with his approval; they rented the hotel, and she started down to Sacramento to purchase the necessary outfit for the bar before starting in at "keeping tavern." She took his money with her, and—did not return. Bill borrowed fifty dollars of a sympathizing friend, followed her down to Sacramento, and there learned that she had gone "to the Bay" in company with a big red-headed fellow, known as "Sandy Bob," who came out with her from New York, and who, if not her husband, should have been. "No use following any further after *her!*"

Bill knocked around Sacramento until his borrowed fifty dollars were all expended, then got a situation as "assistant bull-whacker" on an up train, and made his way up into the mountains to Fiddletown, where he came across a friend, who took him into partnership in a placer gold-claim, which at the moment did not promise largely. They "struck it rich," for a wonder, in two weeks sold out for a "big stake," and started for San Francisco. On the way down the river, on the steamer, Bill was induced to take a hand in a little friendly game of draw-poker, just to pass away the time, and succeeded not only in passing away the time, but also with it all his own money, and all his confiding partner's share as well. In San Francisco he met with various adventures, finding temporary employment in a dozen different kinds of business, only to be thrown out of each in turn through some unfortunate occurrence, and find himself "dead broke" every time. When the Frazer River excitement broke out, he went up there, and came back "busted." Then he joined in the mid-winter rush over the Sierra Nevada to the newly-found Washoe silver mines, and found his way back again in the spring as poverty-stricken as ever. Then he drifted southward, fished for sharks, and gathered *abalones* at San Pedro, and for a time made himself generally useless on a stock-ranch. The Arizona gold excitement of 1862–'63 took him across the desert to the Colorado River. In the first camp he struck on the eastern side of the Colorado River, he set to work with a will to secure a valuable quartz claim—everybody was hunting up and locating quartz claims at that time. He would go out in the morning with claim-notices written out in advance, and tramp over the red volcanic mountains all day long in the burning sun, vainly seeking for an unclaimed lead. All the quartz leads in the country appeared to have from one to a dozen claim-notices stuck up on them. Just as hope was abandoning him, a friend suggested to try "extensions." If he could not find new claims, he could at least locate extensions on those taken up by others, and if the original claims prospected well, his extensions would eventually become valuable. The idea struck him favorably.

Next morning he was off bright and early, with his pocket full of ready-written extension claim-notices. Luck was still against him; he found extensions located in every claim in the mountains. Late in the evening he was making his way back to camp, footsore, weary and dejected, when he stumbled upon a claim-stake on a *mesa* at the head of a cañon, and getting down on his knees to examine it, was filled with delight at the discovery that there was no extension-notice fastened to the other side of it. He could not make out the words of the notice, but it was a claim, and that was quite enough for him. Pulling out an extension-notice, reading:

> "We, the undersigned, claim 200 feet each on the first northerly extension of this claim, and intend to work the same according to the laws of the United States and of this district.
>
> (Signed) "JOHN SMITH,
> "JOHN JONES *et al.*,"

he fastened it on the northern side of the stake, and started on toward camp with a lighter heart.

Descending into the cañon, he came upon another claim-stake, and repeated the performance of putting up an extension-notice. Fortune had favored him at last! Two extensions located within an hour—he was a millionaire already, in prospect, at least, when he returned to camp. That night he hardly slept at all. His heart beat high with hope—visions of untold wealth floated unceasingly before his half-closed eyes. Next morning he was up betimes, and invited his companions in the camp to go up with him before breakfast and take a look at his locations. They went up the cañon and found that the last extension located was the result of an error. All sorts of locations besides mining-claims were being made—town sites, mill sites, etc., etc.; the last claim on which he had taken up an extension was for a slaughter-yard. The discovery lowered his spirits a peg, but he was still hopeful, and went on with the party up to the *mesa* to examine the first location.

When they arrived at the stake, and Bill bent down to read the notice, his face turned pale and he started back affrighted, as did Robinson Crusoe when he saw the footprint of the cannibal on the island of Juan Fernandez. As I am a man and a Christian, he had located and agreed to work *an extension on a claim for a graveyard*

The joke got back to camp ahead of him, and Bill shot out of the place an hour later. like a second Mazeppa, followed by a

——— "loud shout of savage laughter,
Which on the wind came roaring after,"

from the lungs of every prospector within a mile of it.

He paused in his flight at a new camp near La Paz, and there had better luck for the moment. He located on a small vein, or deposit, of "silver-copper glance," and sold it to a San Francisco capitalist for three hundred dollars. With this money he started a modest and unpretending "dead-fall," proposing to supply the honest miners with liquor and cards at a handsome advance on original cost. The first day's business was a success, and he began to entertain high hope of a change for the better. Vain hope! On the second day a stranger came into his shanty for a drink, and fell down dead with heart disease before reaching the counter. Bad news travels fast. In half an hour the rumor had gone abroad through the whole camp that the respected and lamented deceased (who had emigrated from Northern California or Southern Oregon on account of a lawsuit involving the question of title to a horse) had died just after, instead of just before, imbibing a glass of Concatenation Bill's best whisky.

It was the warm season, and the gold and copper-seekers of that district were an excitable set at any time, with no wholesome restraint upon their actions in the shape of courts and legal enactments. In an hour fifty men had assembled, and were engaged in sampling his liquor, and testing it as a Committee of the Whole, with a view of deciding whether it would kill or not. It did not directly kill those who drank it then and there, without paying a cent for it, but it led to a fight, in which two honest miners were laid out with bullet-holes through them; and the indignant citizens, with the crude ideas of justice prevailing among them, held him responsible for this result, and immediately organized a Vigilance Committee, with the intention of going for Bill as soon as daylight came, to enable them to hunt up his hiding-place in the chaparral. Luckily for him, he learned of their good intentions in season, and before morning broke over the Weaver Mountains, he broke in that direction himself. They heard of him the next day at the Granite Wash, forty miles east of the river, and their ardor having cooled down a little meantime, concluded to drop the matter and pursue him no farther.

He next turned up at Wickenburg, on the Hassiyampi, in Central Arizona. Wickenburg was a lively place at that time. Jack Snelling was acknowledged to be a capital fellow when perfectly sober, but inclined to be playful at times, and indulge in little practical jokes, which generally resulted in somebody being sent out of town feet foremost, and perforated like a colander. It so happened that Jack was festively inclined on the day on which Bill arrived, and had been going around town compelling all the traders to close their shops and go home, on pain of instant death. Jack was much respected in that community, and his will was law. As Concatenation Bill rode down the single long, tortuous street which comprised the city at that time, Jack sighted him, and mistaking him for a man who had once insulted him by refusing to drink with him, went for him the moment he alighted, and thrashed him within an inch of his life before he discovered his mistake. Bill accepted his apology and a drink, but thought that business was opening a little too briskly in Wickenburg to be permanent, washed the blood from his face, bound a piece of raw beef on one of his eyes, and struck out for a new location at sunrise next morning.

In the course of his wanderings, he was seen at Hooper & Co's store on the Gila, and for a time was at home around Tucson.

Two or three years after his adventure at La Paz, Concatenation Bill came down Bill Williams' fork from Prescott, near Date Creek, and for some weeks was one of the fixtures of the Great Central Mining Company's camp, at the copper mines near Aubray City, twelve miles above the mouth of the fork. Nobody asked him to stop, and nobody seemed to care to invite him to leave; so he partook liberally of the hospitalities of the camp, never missing a meal nor paying a red, until it was whispered round among the miners that he was a heavy stockholder in the company, and it would be well to be on the good side of him.

It was in midsummer, and the heat was something terrible. All day long the naked red mountains absorbed the heat of the burning sun, and all night long they gave it back to the inhabitants, as the baker's brick oven absorbs the heat of the burning wood fire, and gives it back to the loaves within it, when the coals and embers have been raked out. Sleep, until far into the morning hours, was an impossibility, indoors or out, and the miners were wont to spread their blankets on the floor of the long veranda, at the *hacienda*, and, lying down upon them, while away the earlier part of the night, fighting mosquitoes and swapping lies, which were about equally abundant at that time in camp.

Some years previous to this time, the Mojaves of the Colorado Valley, becoming tired of inglorious peace, and panting for war and its triumphs and renown, concluded to go on an expedition up the Gila, and clean out the Pimos and Maricopas, their old friends and allies against the Apaches. The campaign opened auspiciously. The first skirmish resulted in the rapid retreat of the Pimos, with the loss of four bucks and one squaw, toward their main village, farther up the valley. But the second fight resulted differently, and the Mojaves retreated in confusion toward the Colorado, with the loss of half their force, and with their thirst for military glory whipped clean out of them.

Now it happened, almost as a matter of course since trouble was going on, that Concatenation Bill was in the vicinity when the fight took place—or, at least, had heard the particulars from some one who had been—and, as was his custom, had worked up the incidents and details into a wonderful romance, like unto that of the adventures of the Cid, of which you may be sure he was the central figure and hero, and he never tired of relating it, with endless variations, to any crowd who could be got to listen to the story. No one about the camp knew aught to the contrary; so, for want of contradiction, the story was accepted for its face, and became one of the acknowledged and respected legends of the fork. But for an unfortunate incident which I shall proceed to relate, it is probable that it would have passed into history and been handed down to posterity, with all the claim to reverence and credence which attaches to the story of William Tell, the tyrant Gessler, and the apple; or the infant G. W., his hatchet, and the old man's cherry-tree.

One day, just as the sun was sinking down in the orange-hued western sky, and the sweating cook was ringing the welcome bell to call the toilers at the mine to supper, a game-looking young frontiersman, clad in buckskin garments, and a broad-brimmed vicuña hat, rode down the steep declivity of the red mountain, and made his way into camp. He was tendered the hospitalities of the place, as were all strangers then, and turned in with the other "boys" on the veranda at night. Stories came on in due course, and, at a hint dexterously thrown out by one of the party, Concatenation Bill started in with the true and affecting history of the "Great Indian Fight on the Gila." And thus he began:

"Well, you see, boys, the old chiefs of the Pimos and Maricopas were all out of practice, and when they found things had gone agin 'em on the first fight, they looked about for a leader who knowed jest how to put up the pins for a victory. Pretty soon they pitched on me, and I drawed up the plan for the next day's operations right away. I stationed the braves at the right points, then laid for the Mojaves, and got 'em.

"They came up the river, yelling like so many devils, and drove our pickets in like chaff before 'em; but when I got 'em jest in the right spot, I give the word, and we riz on 'em. I never did feel much compunction at taking life before, leastwise the life of a damned redskin; but the fact is, that slaughter was dreadful, and it came to be a perfect butchery before we got through. I swear to man that the Gila riz over a foot; though mind, boys, I don't say it was *all* owin' to the blood which ran into it. There was about two thousand dead Mojaves a floatin' down the stream, an' it's likely they lodged and choked it up at some pint where it was narrer like, an' so set the water back, more or less. Right in the thickest of the fight, when it seemed for a few minutes as if the Mojaves—who was game to the last; I'll say that in justice to 'em—was goin' to get the best of us, after all, I sailed in myself, and went for their big chief, and downed him with a blow from the butt of my revolver; an' I was jest cockin' my weapon to give him a settler, when old Ickthermiree, his second in command, an' about half a dozen leftenants, lighted on me all at onst, an' we clinched and went down all in a heap. I got one arm loose, an' pulling out my old Arkansas toothpick, commenced slashin' 'em right and left, when ——"

Concatenation Bill never told us what happened after that.

When he commenced the story, the stranger, who was lying some feet away, listened attentively for a few moments, then rose slowly to a sitting posture, and then to his feet. As the story progressed, he moved quietly toward the spot where Bill was lying, and at length startled that worthy by suddenly appearing over him, towering up like a giant in the moonlight, every feature convulsed with excitement.

"*You* did that, stranger?" he yelled from stentorian lungs, every syllable being evidently enunciated under pressure of rage suppressed, until it was ready to burst him.

"Yes, *me!*" was Bill's slightly less confident reply.

The stranger bounded about four feet into the air, cracked his heels together with such force that the report sounded like that of a musket, swung his revolver round to the front, so as to have it ready for instant use, and as he came down yelled out:

"Well, by the great horn spoon, stranger, that is singular! There wasn't but one damned white man thar, or I hope to be dropped into hell this minute; AN' I'M THE MAN!"

The camp was as silent as death in an instant. Every man expected to hear the report of a revolver, or the sounds of a deadly hand-to-hand struggle, and waited in breathless anxiety for the crowning catastrophe.

"*You* the man?"

"Yes, by the bloody jumping tom-cats of Jerusalem, ME! Take a good look at me, stranger. I kin jest eat any ten men that dar dispute it."

The silence grew deeper. Concatenation Bill lay as motionless as a dead man for a moment, looking up at his opponent in the moonlight, silently weighing him and taking his measure; then apparently fully satisfied that he was a man of his word, and able to carry out his promises, slowly turned over on his side, drew the corner of his blanket up over his head, and in a voice as free from excitement as that of a child playing on its mother's bosom, drawled out:

"Well, I reckon that lets *me* out!"

A peal of laughter, wild and long, from all but two of the party, rang out upon the still air of the desert, and was answered on the instant by a loud yap-yap-yap–ya-hoo-oooo, from the startled wolves which were prowling around the camp by dozens. The stranger stood there in silence and in doubt for a moment, then walked sulkily back to his blankets and lay down. Again, and yet again, the loud laughter pealed forth upon the night, but not a word or sound of any kind came from the blankets where Bill was lying, to denote his consciousness of aught which was going on around him. He had played that hand for all it was worth, and was fairly raised out at last.

When the summits of the distant Harcuvar Mountains were glistening with the rays of the rising sun, the miners of the fork were up and stirring, as was their wont. The breakfast-bell sounded, and a rush was made for the dining-room. A familiar face was missing, and for the first time in weeks there was a vacant place at the table. Concatenation Bill was gone. The camp which had known him so long was to know him no more forever. In the grey dawn he had stealthily risen, folded his blankets, packed up his traps, saddled his hipshot mule, and as silently as a ghost departed, not deigning even to say good bye to anybody about the premises. What became of him we never satisfactorily ascertained. The road to La Paz he had already traveled too often; that toward Salt Lake was Hualapais; and that to Prescott and Tucson was swarming with Apaches. Had he taken "the road which Ward's ducks went?" We shuddered at the thought, but he may have done so in sheer desperation.

A few days later, the writer and a party of frontiersmen friends paused beside a lowly grave on the road to Skull Valley, over which some wandering Mexicans had erected a cross of stones, in testimony of the supposed fact that there rested the remains of a *Christiano.* There was an empty bottle by the side of the grave, and on the label the letters "C. B." Did they stand for "Cognac Brandy" or "Concatenation Bill?"

The party were about equally divided on the question of the probabilities; but it is a rule on the frontier never to miss an opportunity out of respect to a mere uncertainty; so from our pocket-flasks we reverently drank to the memory of the illustrious departed, the hero of the "the Great Indian Fight on the Gila;" then rode away into new scenes and dangers new, and thenceforth to all that reckless party, save the writer, poor Concatenation Bill was as dead, and almost as nearly forgotten, as

"The little birds that sang
A hundred years ago."

# CHAPTER XII.

## A CRUISE ON THE BARBARY COAST.

**Night Scenes in San Francisco.—Low Life.—Scene in a Recently Suppressed Gambling House.—Visit to the Chinese Quarter.—How John Chinaman Loses His Money.—The Thieves and Rounders of San Francisco.—How they Live and where they Lodge.—The Dance-Cellars.—Opium Dens and Thieves' Ordinaries of the Barbary Coast.—How the San Francisco Police treat Old Offenders, etc., etc.**

EVERY city on earth has its special sink of vice, crime and degradation, its running ulcer or moral cancer, which it would fain hide from the gaze of mankind. London has its St. Giles, New York its Five Points, and each of the other Atlantic and Western cities its peculiar plague spot and curse; it is even asserted that there are certain localities in Chicago where vice prevails to a greater extent, and life, virtue and property are less secure than in others. San Franciscans will not yield the palm of superiority to anything to be found elsewhere in the world. Speak of the deeper depth, the lower hell, the maelstrom of vice and iniquity—from whence those who once fairly enter escape no more forever—and they will point triumphantly to the Barbary Coast, strewn from end to end with the wrecks of humanity, and challenge you to match it anywhere outside of the lake of fire and brimstone.

Stroll by daylight through the region bounded by Montgomery, Stockton, Washington and Broadway streets, and you will have but a faint idea, a very inadequate conception, of the real character of the locality. A few red-faced, frowzy females will glance inquiringly at you from their seats just inside the doorways of the minor "dead-falls;" little dens, with the bar stocked with well-drugged liquors—which to taste is to look death in the face and defy him—on one side of the front room, a sofa on the other, and at the rear an arched opening hung with tawdry red and white curtains, communicating with an inner room, into the hidden mysteries of which you and I do not care to penetrate. Spanish-American women, clad in solemn black, and wrapped to the eyes in their dark *rebosos*, fallen and hopelessly degraded, but still preserving something of the grace of manner and speech which distinguish the females of their race above all others, flit quietly past, fixing their flashing black eyes inquiringly upon your face, but making no salutation. Chinese porters or "coolies," swinging heavy burdens on the ends of pliant bamboo poles balanced on their shoulders, and changed rapidly from side to side as they trot quickly along, meet you at every turn. A couple of small, wiry, supple little fellows, with black skins, straight black hair, with little black eyes which twinkle like those of a snake, carrying huge baskets, filled with soiled clothing, on their heads, may attract your attention next; they are Lascar or Hindoo washermen from the *Laguna*, in the western part of the city, where they work. You will see coming forth from the various narrow alleys which intersect the main streets, and are known by the expressive designations of "Murderer's Alley," "China Alley," "Stout's Alley," etc., any number of Chinese females, clad in their loose drawers or pants of blue or black cotton goods, straight-cut sacques of broadcloth, satin, or other costly or cheap material, according to their condition and social rank; shoes of blue satin, richly embroidered with bullion, and with thick soles of white felt and white wood, anklets or bangles, and bracelets of silver, gold, or jade-stone, and lustrous blue-black hair, braided in two strands, hanging down the back from beneath coarse-striped gingham handkerchiefs, thrown over the head, and tied beneath the chin as a badge denoting slavery, and a life of hopeless infamy; or, if the owner happens to be the wife of a laborer, tradesman or gambling-house proprietor, wonderfully gotten up with a species of transparent mucilage, and fashioned into a rudder-like structure sticking out fully a foot behind, supporting a number of skewer-like pins of gold or silver, each six or eight inches in length, and putting to shame by its size and cleanly appearance, the waterfalls of our Caucasian belles—shuffle along in groups of three or four, talking and laughing together like so many little children, or exchanging compliments, which would never bear translation into English, with the male blackguards, loafers and plug-uglies of their race. These women are intellectually only children, and are more to be pitied and less condemned than the fallen of their sex of any other race. Every second building is occupied as a saloon, in which nobody seems to be stirring, and has a basement, over the door of which is painted the name of the establishment, as "The Roaring Gimlet," "The Bull's Run," "The Cock of the Walk," "Star of the Union," "Every Man is Welcome," etc., etc., but now closed and apparently unoccupied. There are strains of ear-splitting music coming occasionally from the Chinese gambling-houses, and from time to time, as you walk along, you see rows of Chinamen seated at low benches in basements, industriously engaged in making up "every choice brand of Havana and Domestic cigars," as the signs over the doorways inform you. But for the most part, the dirty shops, saloons and basements have a thriftless, tumble-down, hopeless and half-deserted appearance, and you finally make up your mind that you have stumbled into a part of the town where nothing in particular is ever going on, and which is in a great measure deserted and going into gradual but certain decline and decay. Such is the "Barbary Coast" by daylight; but by gaslight or moonlight it is quite another thing, and you would find it difficult to realize that this was the sleepy, half-deserted locality you saw in the morning.

It is Saturday evening, in the middle of the rainy season, when no work is doing upon the ranches, and work in the placer mines is necessarily suspended, and the town fairly swarms with "honest miners" and unemployed farm-hands, who have come down from the mountains and "the cow counties" to spend their money, and waste their time and health in "doing" or "seeing life" in San Francisco. The Barbary Coast is now alive with "jay-hawkers," "short-card sharps," "rounders," pickpockets, prostitutes and their assistants and victims; we cannot find a better night on which to pay a visit to the locality. Half a dozen of us, more or less, make up the party, and we start out. The evening is pleasant, and Montgomery and Kearny streets are filled with the beauty, fashion, and wealth of San Francisco. A military company, in brilliant uniform, with a full and very superior band, returning from a target excursion, pass up the street, attracting the attention of the throng for a moment; and then come, in turn, a party of horsemen and horsewomen, gaily mounted, coming in from the Cliff House at Point Lobos, or just starting out for a night-ride, who dash down the street at a gallop, are glanced at, criticised, and forgotten. The drift of the crowd is toward the various places of amusement, and we go on with the tide. Turning up Washington street, we stop in front of what was, a few years since, the principal theatre, and looking into a saloon adjoining the main entrance, a scene which we witnessed there, less than three years ago, is recalled vividly to our recollection. There is a snug little saloon, and everything is as neat and orderly and business-like in appearance as possible. At the rear of the room is a green door, on which hangs a card inscribed in large letters, "Club Room—Now Open." Near the door sits a well dressed, gentlemanly man, who scrutinizes the face of each man as he passes through the saloon, and seems to be connected in some mysterious manner with what is going on in the interior room. Numbers of men, mostly young, and dressed like mechanics or small shop-keepers, clerks, etc., enter the saloon as we stand drinking at the bar, and pass quietly inside. At length a man approaches the inner door, who is recognized by the man sitting in the chair as an objectionable or suspicious character, and the latter, with a quiet motion of the hand toward the outer door, says, "I don't think, sir, the man you are looking for is inside!" or, "This ain't the place for you, stranger; better walk the other way;" and we hear a noise inside as if a chain had been let down and something had been bolted, which is quite likely the case. The bluffed individual departs without a word, satisfied that there is nothing to be made by parleying, and we advance toward the door-keeper—for such he really is—in turn. He looks sharply at us, recognizes us by a quiet nod, and glances inquiringly toward the rest of the party. "Only strangers from New York going the rounds; no shenanegan or cops in disguise; honor bright!" we reply. "All right; go ahead!" and we enter the door, turn to the right, go down a flight of steps, through a narrow passage, and, following the gas-lights, reach and enter a third door; passing which we find ourselves in a wide, low hall, furnished with long tables covered with glazed cloth, lighted brilliantly with gas, and crowded with men who are gathering in groups around the different tables. The air is close and hot, and the smell none of the most agreeable. Perhaps two hundred men are in the room, but there is no hum of conversation, and even the smokers hardly place their cigars to their lips often enough to keep them lighted. At the tables are seated dealers, dressed in long black robes, which completely hide every article of every-day clothing which they have on, with wire masks which conceal their features, though partially transparent, and slouched hats, which hide every trace of hair, making subsequent identification absolutely impossible. This is done to prevent policemen—who will, in spite of every possible precaution, occasionally get in, disguised in such manner as to defy detection—from being able to identify the dealers and prosecute them. The assistants of the dealers are dressed in the same manner, and the players never see the faces, recognize the clothing, or hear the natural voices of the men with whom they are, by a stretch of the imagination, supposed to be playing. The silence is only broken by the chink of coin, and the monotonous voice of the dealer: "All set; all made; roll! Black wins! All set; all made; roll! Red wins!" At one table *Monte* is dealt, at another *Faro*, at another *Rouge-et-noir*, at another *Diana*, at another "*Chuck-a-luck*," at another "*Poker dice*," and so on. You can be accommodated with almost any game you want, and it makes little difference in which you invest. "You pays your money, and you takes your choice!" You will notice that the players all appear to be of the classes before alluded to; there are none of the flashily-dressed clerks from the fancy dry-goods stores, no cashiers from large manufacturing, commercial, or banking houses, no stock-brokers and others, such as you may see in the more high-toned and fashionable hells of Montgomery, California, or Sacramento streets. The players draw their money from their pockets with the air of men who earned it by the sweat of their brows, and are loth to part with it, but cannot withstand the temptation to indulge in the all-absorbing passion which consumes them. Some of these men are taking their first lessons at the gaming table; others have been depositing four fifths of their earnings here regularly every week for years, and will do so for years to come. The walls are hung around in places with cards, detailing the rules of the game, and everything looks and speaks "business." There are no luxurious chairs and sofas, no costly pictures, no soft carpets, and no sideboard loaded with substantials and delicacies, champagne, oysters, rich wines, and fiery liquors in glittering cut-glass and silver decanters and stands, with obsequious negro or Chinese servants, to press you to partake gratuitously of the good things spread before you, as in the high-toned hells. The business of the place is naked gambling, and there is no effort to hide it or soften it with the "social amenities." The players barely glanced at us as we entered, and the games go on. A man with the appearance of a mechanic, reaches over the *monte* table and chucks a pile of silver half-dollars down on a particular card. The dealer draws the cards with a steady hand, the player wins, and the assistant, without a word, shoves toward him the amount of his winnings, in gold or silver. Again the player wins, and again, but the dealer never alters his monotonous drawl for a moment, and appears utterly indifferent to the result. The player, urged on by nods and expressive looks from his companions, "presses his luck," and the wrong card is drawn out; the assistant reaches out his rake, and hauls his pile toward the bank. The player draws a long breath, with a half-muttered, half-suppressed curse, and takes from his pocket a $20 piece, which he pitches, with an affectation of carelessness, down upon the nearest card. That, too, goes with the rest into the pile before the cashier of the bank; another and another follows, and at last the player wins again. Then he loses again, and again, and, suddenly starting up, strikes his hand upon his empty pocket, and walks quietly out of the room, without a word. Another victim takes his place, and so it will go on all night. Now and then a man will leave the room "ahead of the game," but you notice that the bank, be the game what it may, wins six times out of ten on the average, and, of course, must in the long run always break the players. We have had enough of this—let us go elsewhere, you say; and we walk out, our exit attracting as little attention as did our entrance.

Times have changed sadly of late, as any old Californian will tell you. The police are around now every night, watching for all such "sinful games," and such scenes as we have just been depicting are no longer to be witnessed in San Francisco, though gambling in a different way is just as common as ever.

And now, where? As we have seen how our Caucasian fellow-citizens, when unrestrained by the officers of the law, fool away their money at the gaming-table, suppose we go up to Dupont street and see how the Mongolians do that sort of thing. We pass up Washington street a couple of blocks, leaving the City Hall, with the gloomy "calaboose" in its basement, and the bright little garden-plat of a plaza on our left, and turn to the right into Dupont street. We are close on the Barbary Coast. A moment since we were exclusively among Caucasians, male and female, well dressed, and for the most part talking our language; we have gone hardly ten steps, and seem to be in another world. The uncouth jargon of the Celestial Empire resounds on every side. The stores are filled with strange-looking packages of goods from the Orient; over the doorways are great signs, with letters in gold or vermillion, cut into the brilliant blue or black groundwork, the purport whereof we know not. Little women in black or blue silk sacques and loose trousers, hair wonderfully gotten up, and slippers with soles an inch or two in thickness, such as we saw running around by daylight, gaze at us with their almond-shaped black eyes, and nod knowingly at the policeman who has kindly volunteered to accompany us. Men with long queues hanging down their backs to their very heels, and clad in the costume of a far-off land, crowd the sidewalks, and jostle each other and ourselves around the lottery-shops and the doors of their own gambling-houses. The air is redolent of a strange, dreamy odor, which you recognize as that of opium and tobacco mingled, and if it be during the time of the Chinese New Year's holidays in February, there is an incessant roar, as of musketry, from the explosion of fire-crackers, which are thrown into the streets in packages and by the box, from every store, gambling-house, restaurant and dwelling, until the atmosphere is one blue cloud of powder-smoke, and the pavement is covered with the red husks of millions of the popping nuisances. We notice numerous narrow doorways, with cloth signs, with huge Chinese characters over them. These are the entrances to the gambling-houses. At each sits a vigilant guardian, or doorkeeper, as silent as the Sphynx, with his hands tucked up into his sleeves, and his face as rigid and impassive as that of the great image of Josh in the Buddhist temple a few blocks away. He speaks to no one unless accosted; and you would never dream what a thinking he keeps up, and how much he takes in with those little half-closed eyes of his. Behind him we see an open door, a long narrow passage, and another door at the end. From the inner retreat comes strange, discordant—to our ears—and not over-attractive music, the air being almost always the same, and closely resembling

"The boat lies high, the boat lies low,
She lies high and dry on the Ohio!"

Chinamen are entering or coming out at every moment, and why should we not enter too. We approach the door, and the wooden-looking doorkeeper suddenly starts up as wide-awake as you or I, and stamps his foot on the floor. We see the door fly shut, as in a pantomime, no human agency being visible, hear a bar fall "chump" against it from behind, hear the rattling of a chain, and it is all up with us there. We might kick at the thick door until we were tired, and expostulate with old Confucius there until morning, and it would avail us nothing. He knows what he is there for, and we need not waste our precious time on him. "No shabbe!" is the only answer we can get to all our inquiries; and he does not even wink when we shake two four-bit pieces under his nose. Better luck next time, perhaps! We try again a few doors further down the street—same result. It is evident that our friend the policeman is not looked upon with favor by the sentinels at the gateways of the palaces of sudden wealth, and we suggest to him that he withdraw to the opposite side of the street, and still keep an eye on us. Attempt No. 3. We see a peculiarly pleasant-looking Chinaman, whose face is familiar to us, at one of the doorways, and approach him: "Good evening, John." "Good eening, gentlemen." "Look here, John; these gentlemen come allee way from New York. No policeeman; wantee see you house; makee littee talkee; no more! You shabbee, John?" John, with bland, benevolent expression of countenance, which promises well, and raises our expectations to the highest pitch, bows gently, and thus delivers himself: "You likee see me; have littee talkee, eh? Welly good! Me likee see you, allee same. You come to-morrow, four o'clock!" Bang goes the door, down comes the bar, the chain rattles inside, and John, with a face wreathed in smiles, inwardly chuckling over his own astuteness, and the weakness of the outside barbarians who took him, an old Mongolian, for a greeny, bows almost to the floor, and says with condescending politeness, "Good eening, gentlemen; hope you hab bellee good sleep!" "Why, blame the scoundrel; he has moved the previous question and us also, and that cuts off all debate!" exclaims one of our party. And he looked so pleasant and accommodating. "Come again to-morrow, four o'clock," indeed! There is a Celestial joke for you! We had better give up the attempt to see the inside of a Chinese gambling-house, and go farther down the Coast in search of amusement. We retrace our steps, and go a little way up Washington street to an alley, perhaps fifteen feet in width, running through the block northwards to Jackson street. This is "China Alley," and is occupied solely by Chinese prostitutes. The houses are all small brick affairs, coming flush up to the edge of the alley, and have windows with wickets in them, made by setting one pane of glass in a frame by itself, and hanging it on hinges. There is a front and a rear room to each of these little dens; and, as we walk along, we can see all the arrangements of the outer rooms. Each of these places appear to be inhabited by from two to half a dozen Chinese girls, some of whom are dressed in hoops and long dresses "Melican" style, but for the most part are clad in the costume of their own country. These poor creatures are all slaves, bought with a price in China, and imported by degraded men of their own race, who, despite our laws, contrive to hold them to a life-long servitude, which is a thousand times more hopeless and terrible than the negro slavery of Louisiana or Cuba could ever be. They have been reared to a life of shame from infancy, and have not a single trace of the native modesty of women left. They are, as we have said, mere children in point of intellect, having no education whatever, and no experience of the world outside of the narrow alleys in which they have always lived, and the emigrant ship in which they were brought over to this country. They have their likes and their dislikes, of course, and become attached to each other in a childish way, frequently being seen walking together on the streets, hand in hand, like little Caucasian sisters going home from school. At very long intervals, some of these poor untutored children of the East become imbued with Western notions of liberty and right, and making their escape from the clutches of their masters, become joined in lawful marriage to some laborious washerman, or other countryman, and endeavor to settle down to an honest life; but their chances of escaping kidnapping, and being dragged away to some distant locality, beaten, and reduced again to prostitution and slavery, are very slim indeed. The owner in such cases has always a personal grudge, as well as a pecuniary loss, to urge him on to vindictive measures; and he will willingly spend ten times the value of his escaping chattel to get her back again, and have his revenge. Besides, the safety of this peculiar institution demands that the most rigorous measures should be taken in every case, as an example to deter others from following in the same vicious course. The girls cost $40 each in Canton, but are valued here at about $400, if passably good-looking, young and healthy, and readily sell at that figure in cash, or approved paper. Each colony of half a dozen girls is under the immediate control of an "old mother," herself a retired prostitute, who jealously watches over each, and receives from them the wages of their shame as fast as earned. From each wicket all the way down the alley a female head may be seen protruding, and there is a constant fire of jokes and repartee going on between the occupants of the dens on each side of the alley, while every passer comes in for his share of personal notice. A girl, with hair carefully braided and decked with artificial flowers, and cheeks and lips cunningly painted so as to resemble those of her frail Caucasian sisters, notices us looking toward her wicket, and instantly raising her hand, taps at the window, but at the moment catches a glimpse of the policeman behind us, and shuts the wicket, and turns away as if she had not seen us at all. The alarm runs down the whole alley in an instant; there is a rattling of wickets, as if a hurricane was sweeping through the place, and in half a minute all is as silent as the grave, and not a head to be seen. It is a special misdemeanor under our city ordinances for a Chinawoman to tap on a window to attract the attention of anybody on the street; and the girls well know what is in store for them if they are caught at it by the police.

We walk through the alley, and we emerge upon Jackson street, stumble upon Ah Ting, a Sacramento street merchant, as shrewd and smart as any down-east Yankee, who is walking with the swell Chinese doctor, Li-Po-Tai, who created such an excitement in San Francisco on his arrival, a few years since; and, laying all nonsense aside, really does perform some almost miraculous cures. Ah Ting is our friend; he will get us into a Chinese gambling-house at once. He sends off the policeman, as one too many in the party, and walking across the street, approaches the guardian of one of the temples of finance, confidentially says a few words to him, and in we go. The room is bare and plain; nothing attractive in its decorations, and the air is blue with the smoke of opium and flavored tobacco, from the little cigarritos between the lips of nearly every man in the room. There are, perhaps, fifty Chinamen, of the lower class, crowded around a long table, behind which sits the banker, a benevolent-looking old fellow in huge spectacles, satin blouse and skull-cap. In one corner of the room is the band, consisting of a woman, richly dressed, and painted, with a hair-rudder standing out from behind her head in startling proportions, playing on a three-stringed guitar, a pock-marked scoundrel of the male sex playing on a two-stringed fiddle, which he holds between his feet, and another who beats the infernal tom-tom with sticks, making discord of what might otherwise be considered an apology for music. From time to time the woman breaks forth in a wild, plaintive air, in a voice not bad in itself, but pitched at a key as high as the ordinary whistle of a steam-engine. This, Ah Ting tells us, is "the Song of the Jasmine Flower," and we agree with one of the party, who suggests that the aforesaid jasmine flower must have grown on a hill-side, in hard stony soil, exposed to high winds, and had a hard time of it generally. The game which is being dealt is "Than," or "Tan," a kind of "odd and even" affair; we came to the conclusion that it would be odd indeed if anybody ever got even by playing at it. It looks all fair enough to an outsider. The dealer has on the table before him a pile of "copper cash," or Chinese bronze coin, each about the diameter of our old-fashioned copper cents, now out of use, but only about one fourth as heavy, and with a square hole in the centre. These coins are of the value of the thousandth part of a Mexican dollar, or a tenth part of one cent; and in trade in China are used mostly strung on strings of a hundred or a thousand each, for convenience in handling and to save counting. Picking up a handful of these coins, apparently at random, before the eyes of the players, he puts them down on the table and covers them instantly with a common Chinaware bowl inverted. The players then make their bets on the number coming out odd or even, and also on guessing the exact number, the bank always taking the chances against the betters on either side. He then raises the bowl, and with a wire, about fourteen inches in length, crooked at the end, pulls the coins rapidly into little parties of four each, so that anybody can count them almost at a glance. If you bet on odd, and an odd number is found to have been under the bowl, you win; if you hazard a guess at the actual number and hit it—about as much chance of your doing so as of your being hit by lightning in San Francisco—you win; or, if you bet that the last little pile drawn out will contain four, three, two, or only one coin, and hit it, you win. It all appears as fair as the day, and yet you cannot but notice that the bank gets rich and the players poor, by regular degrees, all the time. Of course there must be a percentage in favor of the bank somewhere, but you cannot see where it is if you watch the game all night. The lower classes of the Chinese are inveterate gamesters, and must all know that there is such a percentage, which must ruin the player in the long run; but, like gamblers of other nations, they keep at it as long as they have a cent, and return to it the moment they have made another raise of a dollar or two. We have been admitted as a special favor, and of course must "patronize the house," so we select a Chinaman who speaks a little English, and ask him to act as an agent in the transaction. He is only too willing to accommodate us. A half-dollar is staked on "odd" and we lose; another on "even," and we lose again; then one on the exact number, and our agent turns to us and explains, with many shrugs, bows and apologies, that he regrets very much that we did not win that time, as, had we done so, we should have doubled our money as many times as there were pieces in the pile. We regret as much as he does that our luck did not run that way, and tell him so with as many bows, shrugs and apologies in return. "Well, hopee you catchee him next time!" Not if we know ourself, oh ingenuous and unsophisticated son of the Occident! That game is played out, so far as we are concerned! We have seen all we can see, and learned all we care to learn here, so we will go on somewhere else in our search for useful knowledge. "Good night, John"—to the banker. "Good night, John; please you come again uddah time!" he replies, and we part company, with assurances of distinguished consideration all round, and emerge on the street again.

Our policeman rejoins us, and we go on down to Pacific street, the roughest and least pacific of the streets on the Barbary Coast. The whole street, for half a dozen blocks, is literally swarming with the scum of creation. Every land under the sun has contributed toward making up the crowd of loafers, thieves, low gamblers, jay-hawkers, dirty, filthy, degraded, hopeless bummers, and the unsophisticated greenhorns from the mines, or from the Eastern States, who, drawn here by curiosity, or lured on by specious falsehoods told them by pretended friends met on the ocean or river steamers, are looked upon as the legitimate prey of all the rest. The number of prematurely-old young men, mere boys in years, but centenarians in vice and crime; sallow, wrinkled, pimpled, dirty, stoop-shouldered, disgusting in language and action, who drift up and down the Coast as we stand looking on, astonishes you. They seem to make up the bulk of the passers on the sidewalks. You never see this class of fellows even in this locality by day; they seem to shun the light of the sun, and only crawl forth at night to feast on unclean things, and fatten on rottenness and corruption. Some of them have parents in California, doubtless, but the great majority have left homes in some far-off land, where they are often spoken of with pride by confiding mothers, sisters and brothers, who know nothing of their actual status in society here—well for them that they do not. "I have a son in California. I have not heard from him in several years, but he was doing well when he wrote last," says a fond mother in the Atlantic States. Well for you, oh mother, that you cannot stand with us this evening, and see him floating with the tide, a hopeless wreck, along the slime-covered shores of the Barbary Coast! From the "deadfalls," as the low beer and dance cellars are designated, which line both sides of the street, and abound on all the streets in this vicinity, come echoes of drunken laughter, curses, ribaldry, and music from every conceivable instrument. Hand-organs, flutes, pianos, bagpipes, banjos, guitars, violins, brass instruments and accordeons mingle their notes and help to swell the discord. "Dixie" is being drummed out of a piano in one cellar; in the next they are singing "John Brown;" and in the next, "Clare's Dragoons," or "Wearing of the Green." Women dressed in flaunting colors stand at the doors of many of these "deadfalls," and you frequently notice some of them saluting an acquaintance, perhaps of an hour's standing, and urging him to "come back and take just one more drink." Ten to one the already half-drunken fool complies, and finds himself in the calaboose next morning, with a broken head, utterly empty pockets, and a dim recollection of having been taken somewhere by some woman whom he cannot identify, and finding himself unexpectedly in the clutches of men he never saw before, who go through him like a policeman, taking from him watch, chain, and every other valuable, and pitch him headlong down a stairway; after which all is a blank in his memory. All these dens are open and in full blast, yet we see few persons going in or out who appear like customers, and they do not seem to be selling lager or whisky enough to pay for gaslight. Look in the papers to-morrow morning, and you will see items like this:

> ROBBED ON THE BARBARY COAST.—John Smith, a miner from Mud Springs, El Dorado County, came down on the Sacramento boat last evening, and put up at the What Cheer House. On his way to the hotel, he made the acquaintance of a man who claimed to know a friend of his who had worked with him at mining in 1858, on the south fork of the Yuba. The two started out in search of this mythical friend, and visited numerous deadfalls without finding him. They drank at each place they visited, however, and about one o'clock this morning Smith reached the calaboose in a half-stupified condition, and charged a girl known as "Pigeon-toed-Sal," whose headquarters are in a deadfall near the corner of Kearny and Pacific streets, and her male confederate, with robbing him of $800, her companion holding him down while she searched his pockets, and took the money from them. Officers Smith and Brown arrested Sal and her confederate, the "Billy Goat," and locked them up on the charge of grand larceny, but it is doubtful if the charge can be sustained, as the money was not recovered, and the friends of the accused will fee a lawyer with the money, and hire the witnesses for twenty-five per cent. to leave the State, or swear that Smith had agreed to marry the girl, and gave her the money

**as a free present, telling her to purchase the necessary outfit for the wedding with it. It is, in all probability, the old story of the fool and his money.**

A few such items will enlighten you on the question of how the proprietors of so many of these well-named "deadfalls" manage to make a living.

Three men come up the street as we stand on the sidewalk looking and listening, and two of them eye our friend the policeman uneasily as they pass. These two are unmistakably of the Algerine pirate class, and the third evidently a middle-aged greenhorn from the mining country. The officer comprehends the situation at a glance, and stepping forward, says emphatically, "Look here, Jack; I told you once before to get out of the jayhawking business, and not let me catch you on the Coast again. And you, Cockeye; when did you come back from over the Bay? I'll bag you both, as sure as I'm a living man, if I catch either of you on my beat again. You can go this time, but cuss me if it ain't your last chance. Toddle, blast you, and don't let me see you again!" The young fellows slink away without a word, like renegade curs caught in the act of killing sheep, and the officer addresses himself to their intended victim. "Look here, old fellow; those fellows picked you up at the wharf, or around the What Cheer, and pretended they used to know you at home. They are two State Prison thieves, and would have robbed you before daylight, sure. Now, you go back to your hotel, put your money in the safe, and go to bed, or I'll lock you up for a drunk; do you hear?" The countryman stares a moment with blank astonishment, and then, with many thanks, tells the officer just what the latter had already told him, and leaves the Barbary Coast in all haste.

"Do you want to see what they are doing in these places?" says the officer. "Come in here with me." We enter what appears to be an ordinary "corner grocery," with piles of potatoes, onions, soap, candles, and other ordinary goods, in boxes and bags, stacked up in front. Everything looks quiet and respectable, but the German or French proprietor of the place glances anxiously at our escort, who pushes open a green Venetian blind, which serves as a door at what appears to be the back of the room, and motions for us to enter. Here, in an inner room, for which the grocery in the front is but a screen in reality, we find some twenty rascally-looking negroes from Panama, the West Indies, Peru and Guiana, sitting round dirty tables, playing draw-poker and other swindling games, with greasy, fairly stinking cards, for money which we know they never honestly earned. "Hulloa, that is you, is it? You are a healthy crowd, *you* are! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine 'old cons.' One, two, three, four, five, six, seven chain-gang customers; and six that ought to be hanged, and will be, sooner or later." Having thus classified the occupants of the place, for our and their benefit, the officer leads us out once more on the street.

We next enter a similarly appearing establishment, in which there are a billiard-table in the back room, and a promiscuous crowd of Chileños, Peruvians, and other Spanish-American cut-throats, playing "pool," with any amount of small change changing hands at every game. "That sharp-nosed fellow with the billiard-cue in his hand murdered a peddler at New Almaden a few years since, but his woman swore him clear. That hook-nosed villain smoking there inthe corner, is a horse-thief from San José; he has been over the Bay (*i. e.*, in State Prison, or San Quentin, across the Bay from San Francisco) three times, and will go again soon, I reckon. That little fellow there with the scar on his face is a *monte* dealer; and that one with one eye is a burglar." And so our official friend runs on through the list, and we retire.

We next enter a low room on the ground floor of a rickety, old frame-building, which has stood here since 1849, and passing the screen which shuts off the view from the street, find a bar stocked with every species of liquid poison, at "5 cents a glass." A rough-looking Irishman is behind the bar; two miserable, bloated, loathsome-looking, drunken white females are quarrelling with each other in front; on the settee ranged along the wall sits a third wreck of female humanity, swearing like a pirate, and cursing "the perlice" at every breath; while a man with a face like a diseased beef's liver, who once represented a Western State in Congress, is patting her on the back caressingly, and endeavoring vainly to quiet her, lest the police outside should hear her and make a raid on the establishment. In one corner, a party of Kanaka sailors, from a Honolulu whaling-vessel, are holding a drunken pow-wow; but as we cannot understand a word of their language, we pass them with a glance. At the sight of our companion, the policeman, the woman on the sofa breaks out, like a maniac, in fresh curses and vituperation, and stepping to the door he gives a long, sharp whistle. Two answering whistles are heard, and in a few seconds two more policemen arrive, and start with the furious woman between them for the calaboose.

Guided by the music of violins, guitars and a piano, and the tramping of many feet, we descend a narrow stairway, and find ourselves in one of the most notorious dance-cellars of San Francisco. There is a low bar at one side of the room, near the entrance, and at the farther end a raised platform for the musicians. About forty young women and girls, ranging down to ten or twelve years of age, dressed in gaudy, flaunting costumes, and with eyes lighted up with the baleful glare of dissipation, are on the floor, dancing with as many men, of all ages: rowdies, loafers, pimps, thieves, and their greenhorn victims; while perhaps fifty men of the same stamp stand looking on and applauding the performers. The room is blue with tobacco-smoke, and reeking with the fumes of the vilest of whisky. Half a dozen men, or overgrown boys, are sitting or lying on the floor in various stages of inebriety, but they are unnoticed by the other occupants of the place. Every time a man takes a partner for the dance he pays fifty cents, half of which goes to the establishment and half to the girl, and at the close of each dance he generally takes her to the bar and treats her. We notice with thankfulness that the females appear to be almost all of foreign birth, the exceptions being Spanish-Americans, with occasionally an Indian girl, who has been raised as a servant in some family in San Francisco, but, Indian-like, prefers a life of idleness, vice and degradation to one of comfort and honest labor. This place has been the scene of many a savage affray and brutal murder; and often have we seen the sawdust on its floor red with the blood of some victim of the knife or bullet. It is long past midnight, but the drunken orgies go on unchecked, and will do so for hours yet, if no bloody row occur to end them prematurely.

"Do you want to see where these people lodge? Come along with me," says our official friend. We notice many large lamps with "Lodgings 25, 50 and 75 cents per night," painted thereon, are hanging at the doors of dirty, dilapidated-looking buildings. We enter one of these places without ceremony. A wrinkled old hag sits in an outer band-box of an office, to receive the pay in advance from the customers of the establishment. "Who have you got in here to-night," demands the man of the star. "Well, we ain't began to fill up much yet; but there's Tom Reynolds, an' Constable Bob, an' Bluey, an' Callahan, and a few others. I hope you don't want any on 'em now, do ye?" replies the hag. Relieved by the assurance that the visit is only one of curiosity, not on behalf of the law, the old creature, with a chuckle of satisfaction, leads the way with the lamp, and we go through the premises. The rooms where the lodgers at 25 cents a night are stowed away are fitted with bunks, like the forecastle of a vessel, and each lodger has a narrow straw mattress, a pair of blankets—perhaps dirty sheets as well—and a pulu pillow. The dozen bunking thus in one room have not money or valuables enough, all put together, to pay any one of the number for the trouble of going through the pockets of the rest, and they can rest in peace until evening comes again, when they emerge on the streets once more, to resume their pursuit of plunder. When one of these fellows makes a raise by "rolling a drunk" (*i. e.*, taking the valuables from the pockets of a drunken man on the sidewalk), "cracking a crib," or "jayhawking a Webfoot" (robbing a green Oregonian), he will take a single bed at 37½ cents in the next room, which is a little better furnished, and has two or three bedsteads in place of the bunks; and, should his luck be extraordinarily good, and a fat pigeon fall in his way and get plucked, he will probably go one degree further, and invest 50 cents in a room with one double-bed, and invite one of the frail females from the dance-cellar near at hand, or some one of the numerous deadfalls in the vicinity, to share his wealth with him. But for 50 cents a night a man could get a good bed at a second or third class lodging-house in a decent locality. Yes, but you forget that the patrons of such establishments as we are now in are all known to the police, and could not get admitted anywhere else, except in disguise, and then only for a short time, if they had any amount of money to pay their way with. That is why they must sleep here or on the street.

Bidding the old hag good morning, we next visit a huge three or four story building, with a large area in the centre, and galleries all around the inside, cut up into almost innumerable little rooms, which are let, furnished, at so much per month, to the "pretty beer-slingers" and their male companions. Every girl attending in the beer-cellars has a male friend—sometimes her husband, but not often—who fights her battles, robs her of her earnings, and not unfrequently plunders, by collusion with her, the inebriated greenhorns whom she entices into her den after the deadfall has closed for the night.

Bang! bang! bang! What was that? We hear the sharp whistle of a policeman and several answering whistles, and run out to the street to see what is going on. The story is soon told. An officer has met three well-known thieves skulking through an alley with something in bags on their backs. On general principles, he orders them to halt, and is answered with a staggering blow with a slungshot by one of them. To draw his revolver and let fly at each in succession is the work of an instant. One of the desperadoes is shot through the heart and falls dead in his tracks; one is lying on the ground with his right thigh-bone shivered by the bullet, so that it will require amputation; and the third, barely hit in the side, has thrown up his hands, and stands waiting for the irons to be put on him. The police clear the field of action in a few minutes, and on searching the bags find a quantity of valuable goods just taken from a grocery store on Pacific street, which the defeated party had broken open and plundered. (This occurred just as related quite recently; the two survivors are now in the State Prison—one of them with a wooden leg—and the officer is still on the police force.)

The excitement being over, the officer conducts us through a narrow alley swarming with Chinese prostitutes, and reeking with a thousand separate stinks, each more abominable than the other, to see what he designates as a "Chinese Hoo-doo House." In a back room, hidden entirely from the gaze of passers in the alley, we find a crowd of the lowest class of Chinese, who are enjoying themselves in various ways. There is an altar at one end of the room, with a Joss, in gorgeous vermilion and blue, sitting erect at the back. His face bears the same expression of conscious power, rest, and complete self-satisfaction which is seen on that of his more aristocratic brother in the Buddhist temples on Dupont and Pine streets, and he holds the fingers of his uplifted hand in the same mysteriously significant position. But instead of rich satin garments and costly hangings of crimson silk and wonderful gilt filagree work, he is clad in tawdry cotton-stuffs and surrounded by hangings of trifling value. The altar-ornaments are porcelain instead of bronze metal, and the meat-offerings before him are not such as would tempt the appetite of a well-regulated and healthy immortal, while the incense which is burning under his nose is redolent of tobacco and garlic rather than of sandal-wood and the costly perfumes lavished on the altars of the high-class temples. In an alcove on one side of the room is a raised couch, spread with matting, and provided with braided split-cane pillows, for the accommodation of the opium smokers, two of whom are now stretched out at full length thereon, gazing into vacancy with fixed, staring eyes, unconscious of all that is passing around them, and wrapped in the wild hallucinations called into existence by the fumes of the deadly drug, which is sooner or later to utterly prostrate them, bodily and mentally, and send them, after awful sufferings, to fill untimely graves. Did not Christian England wage a savage war upon Heathen China, that the opium trade should not be broken up? Why then talk of abolishing it, now that it has become the curse which is destroying the whole Mongolian race? We are not missionaries, and did not come here to preach. Round a table, a party of coolies are engaged in gambling, for "copper cash," with dominoes, playing the game very rapidly, and with consummate skill, though in a different manner from that known by the name with us. On another table we see a strange collection of nondescript effigies, made of highly-colored paper and slips of pliant cane. One resembles in outline a goat, but has the head of an alligator, and the figure astride its back is that of a man with a cock's head on his shoulders. The next figure has the body of a lion, a horse's head, and a fish's tail, and is ridden by a man with the head of an ox, and a sword in his hand. A Chinaman, who appears to understand English, volunteers to explain these mysteries to us. We question him, and he answers "yes" and "no" alternately to everything we ask him. "Why," says one of our party, "this must be Chief Crowley?" "Yes, Chief Clowly!" replies our celestial cicerone. "And this must be Capt. Lees?" "No Capt. Lees all same," responds John. "Why, blame me if he is not repeating every word after me like a parrot; he don't understand a word of what we are saying." Further questioning establishes the fact that such is the case, and despairing of gaining any useful knowledge under such circumstances, we give a quarter to the least repulsive-looking female in the band who are making night hideous with their unearthly music, and depart in disgust.

One more sight before we leave the neighborhood. The officer leads us a few doors farther down the alley, and enters a low door into a room, dimly lighted by a China nut-oil lamp. Stretched on the floor of this damp, foul-smelling den, are four female figures. These miserable wretches are the victims of the most fearful and loathsome disease with which the vengeance of God has cursed sinful humanity, and having been pronounced incurable by the Chinese doctors, and refused admission, under our laws, to the alms house and public hospital, are here dying, by inches, a slow, lingering, horrible death. One of them, at our request, lifts from her face a cloth which hid it, and in place of mouth, lips, cheeks and nose, we see a horrible cavity, formed by the eating away of the flesh until the bare bones are exposed, as in the grinning effigy of a death's head on some ancient tower.

With a sensation, beside which seasickness is delightful, we rush from the room and regain the alley, determined to see no more.

One more sensation is yet in store for us. As we emerge on Jackson street once more, we are met by an officer, who tells us that another of those horrible, mysterious murders of fallen women, which have horrified the community over and over again, and baffled and set at defiance the detective powers of the city officials, has been perpetrated in Stout's Alley. He leads up into the alley, and along it to within a few yards of Washington street, and an officer at the door, who is keeping back the curious crowd of men and women which was gathered on hearing the news, admits us to the house where the tragedy has been enacted. There are two rooms on the main floor, which had been occupied by the French woman, now dead. In the front one is a bed luxuriously furnished, a bureau, wardrobe, table, etc., and in the back room a wash-stand, stove, and some cooking utensils and crockery. Her male friend slept up stairs, and knew nothing of the tragedy going on below. The police are busily at work searching for clues, to lead to the detection of the murderer, but all in vain. On the floor in the front room, the body of the miserable victim is lying in a pool of blood, the skull fractured by a blow with a chair, which lies shivered by her side, and the throat cut from ear to ear with a dull knife, taken from the other room by the murderer. The bed is drenched with blood, and a pillow, thrown against the wall at the other side of the room, is saturated with it. It is evident that the murderer arose from her side while she slept, dealt her a stunning blow with the chair, then ran into the back room and got the knife. On returning, he found her standing up on the floor, she having staggered to her feet and endeavored to make her way to the door, probably with some dim, undefined, instinctive impulse, to call for assistance. He has then got her down upon the floor, stifled her voice with the pillow, and finished his work with the knife. He has then risen, searched her trunk and bureau-drawers for money and valuables, felt his way into the back room, and there washed his hands and face, wiping the bloody water off them upon the towel, dressed himself, and then coolly departed. This much can be inferred by the marks of blood on the wall, of bloody hands upon the clothing in the trunk and bureau, on the lace curtains and on the middle door, but all else is idle conjecture, and the murderer carries the secret with him to the grave, despite the efforts of a really efficient and energetic police.

Out in the street once more. The city is silent, and the streets deserted at last; we have seen enough for one night; enough for a life-time of this sort of thing, you say. Well, we will not quarrel with you on a matter of taste. And so, just as the first faint light of the grey dawn begins to flush the eastern horizon beyond the Contra Costa hills, we break up our little party, and wend our way to our several homes. Thus ends our long night's "Cruise on the Barbary Coast."

## CHAPTER XIII.

### FROM THE ORIENT DIRECT.

**Arrival of a China Steamer at San Francisco.—Her Passengers and Cargo.—A Horseback Trip to Mount Diablo.—Ascending the Mountain.—The Magnificent View from the Summit.**

WELL, what next? We have done the Mission Dolores and its quaint old red tile-roofed, adobe walled, and curiously ornamented altar, standing amid the graves of the pious fathers, whose faith led them here and helped them to rear this structure on the far confines of heathendom, generations ago. We have galloped over the broad macadamized road—out past Lone Mountain, with its City of the Dead gathered around the tall, white shaft which marks the resting-place of the gallant Broderick, and Mount Calvary, with another City of the Dead gathering around the white cross gleaming from its summit—to Point Lobos, where we have seen the ships from Europe, Asia, Australia, the Atlantic ports, and the islands of the Pacific, come sailing in through the Golden Gate. From the balcony of the Cliff House, overhanging the roaring breakers, we have looked down for hours with never-flagging interest, upon those strange monster survivors of the World Before the Flood, the sea-lions, as they crawled from the depths of the slimy sea upon the rugged rocks, writhing and wriggling as if in mortal agony, fighting and howling in infernal chorus, over the degeneracy of the days upon which, through some mistake never fully explained, they have fallen, ages and ages after their co-inhabitants of the primeval world had perished. Fruit we have indulged in to a surfeit. Wine? We went round through the cellars yesterday until our heads were, or felt as if they were, as large and as full as the great casks holding thousands of gallons, in which the champagne was being prepared for bottling. The Barbary Coast, with its reeking vice, seething crime, and nameless, unutterable human degradation, we did last night; this evening we do the Chinese Theatre; to-morrow the Geysers; next week the Big Trees and Yosemite. But what to-day?

There is a small white flag, inscribed with the letters U. S. M., flying from each of the San Francisco street cars as it passes; a mail steamer from some part of the world has entered the Golden Gate. From the direction of North Beach, a messenger of the Merchants' Exchange comes galloping at full speed along Stockton street, his half-wild Spanish horse—with head erect, nostrils distended, and lustrous eyes (the glory alike of Spanish steeds and women) that flash like coals of fire—bounding over the rough pavement as proudly as if conscious that he bore the fate of Cæsar and his empire. "What is it?" we call out as the messenger flies past us. "The Great Republic, from China and Japan," is the answer he gives, without even turning his head to see who asked; and the loud report echoing over the city tells us that the proud steamer, which has borne our starry flag to the uttermost parts of the earth, is safe in port, and is rounding Telegraph Hill on her way up the harbor to the wharves of the P. M. S. S. Co., at Rincon Point. Eureka! here is the wished-for sensation. Let us be off for South Beach!

Looking down from Rincon Hill, we see the long shed-covered wharf of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company stretching far out into Mission Bay to the southward, huge steamers lying in the docks, or at anchor in the stream, a stone's throw off, and in front, outside the high, closed gates, a vast crowd of Europeans, Americans, and Asiatics commingled, and a jam of vehicles of every description, gathered in anticipation of the steamer's arrival at her wharf. Descending the hill and making our way slowly through the crowd, we reach the gates at last, and approaching the group of police-officers on duty, offer the card inscribed, "*Admit the Bearer on Great Republic*," which was received at the company's office on Sacramento street, as a special courtesy from the great corporation. The officer has already recognized our companion as a member of the San Francisco "press-gang," and passes us through the side door with a quiet nod, not even condescending to look at our ticket. Passing down the long wharf, between the great steamers lying on either hand, we find in waiting a few vehicles—hacks sent to bring away some particular persons known to be on board, the United States mail and express wagons—some gentlemen and ladies who, having friends on board, have secured passes to go inside the gates, a crowd of custom-house officers, detectives in the employ of the company, the captain of the San Francisco police, with his entire watch, in grey uniforms, and armed with clubs and revolvers, and fifty to one hundred leading Chinese merchants, consignees of the cargo, or representatives of the "Six Companies," to whom all the Celestial emigrants or immigrants are consigned.

The "Great Republic," flying the flag of our country, that of the P. M. S. S. Co., and the yellow dragon of China, has meantime rounded Rincon Point, and is lying in the stream, off the southern end of the wharf, with hawsers out, vainly endeavoring, against the strong ebb tide, to warp into her berth on the western side. The bow hawser parts at last, and she drifts out towards Yerba Buena Island, then swings slowly round under steam, heads towards San José, and then, when about half a mile away, turns gracefully, and, with her monster wheels beating the bay into a foam, comes rushing at full speed directly down toward the wharf. The picket gates which separate the southern end of the shed from the section of open wharf beyond, are opened in an instant by the officers, and the people rush at their utmost speed down towards the northern gateway, apprehensive lest the leviathan, now approaching with the fleetness of a racehorse, should miss the point aimed at by a few feet, knock the pine-timber built wharf into kindling-wood, and send those upon it into Davy Jones' locker in an instant. Needless alarm! The monster of the deep obeys her helm to perfection, comes rushing swiftly into her berth right alongside the wharf, and, before we have ceased wondering at the immense proportions of this magnificent specimen of American marine architecture, her wheels are reversed, and she has ceased to move. Then, for the first time, we observe that her main deck is packed with Chinamen—every foot of space being occupied by them—who are gazing in silent wonder at the new land whose fame had reached them beyond the seas, and whose riches these swart representatives of the toiling millions of Asia have come to develop. The great gangway-planks—bridges they might be called more appropriately—are run out from the wharf and hoisted into place; the health-officer, who had boarded the steamer off "the Heads," comes down bowing and smiling as he parts with the officers of the vessel, the custom-house officers ascend to the decks, the detectives and policemen range themselves at the gangways fore and aft, and—hats off in front!—the grand panorama of the Orient is about to be unrolled!

The forward gangway is reserved for the disembarkation of Chinamen exclusively; the after gangway is for the cabin passengers, mostly Americans and Europeans. Several Chinese merchants, neatly-dressed and quiet, gentlemanly-behaved men, attempt to go on board by the after gang-plank, and are hurled back with, it would seem, needless violence by the officers stationed there. The sub-agents and employés of the Six Companies, who attempt to reach the main-deck by the forward gangway, are repulsed with even greater rudeness and force: the orders are that none shall be allowed to go on board until the custom-house officers have done their work. Half a dozen United States Navy officers, from the squadron in Chinese and Japanese waters, coming home on leave of absence, come down the after-gangway, and are told to get their luggage all together in one place on the wharf, and it will be passed immediately by the officers. Their lacquered boxes, trunks, open-work, rattan chairs and lounges for reclining upon in a trop-ipical climate, boxes of rare plants, and small collections of "curios" from the far East—West it seems to us—are soon run through, and chalked with the names of the examining officers, and they enter carriages in waiting, and are driven away to the hotels. A stout-built, manly-looking American, forty years of age or thereabouts, comes down the plank, and a fair-faced woman, who, with her four half-grown-up children around her, has been standing patiently for hours in a corner of the building on the wharf, grows suddenly pale in the face, runs towards him, and with the single exclamation, "O Joe!" has her arms around his neck in an instant. A few ladies and gentlemen, looking curiously about them, issue from the cabin, point out their luggage on the wharf, receive the proper directions, and, entering carriages admitted through the gates one at a time to receive them, are hurried away, apparently half glad at finding themselves standing on the solid land once more, half sorry to part from those with whom they have voyaged across the broad Pacific, and dared the perils of the sea. And now from the cabin emerges a tiny creature, clad in costly robes of satin, richly embroidered, and stands at the upper end of the plank in the gangway opening, as if in doubt which way to turn or how to proceed. She is not more than four feet in height—slender and graceful of figure. Her lustrous blue-black hair is puffed out at the sides and fashioned into a wonderful rudder-shaped structure behind, supported with gold and silver skewer-like ornaments thrust through it; and her head, guiltless of hat or bonnet, is surmounted by a small wreath of bright-colored artificial flowers. Her face is really pretty—the features being delicately formed—despite the obliquity of the almond-shaped eyes, and the slight projection of the anything but Grecian nose. Her complexion, naturally whiter than that of the common working people of her country, has been so cunningly improved by her maid-servant—who could teach our enamellers and beautifiers the first rudiments of their profession—that she is as fair to look upon as the blonde beauties of our race, and you would hesitate long before you would swear whether the red which tinges her cheeks and lips is real or the work of "high art" in its perfection. Her tunic or sacque is of sky-blue satin, embroidered with flowers in bright-colored silk; her wide, loose trousers of darker blue satin, similarly but more elaborately embroidered; and her dainty little feet are encased in slippers of blue satin, with gold-bullion embroidery and thick white felt soles, with thin bottoms of polished wood. In her hand she holds two fans, with which she endeavors to keep her face hidden as far as possible from the public gaze. Timid to the last degree she seems, and probably is, and she looks neither to the right nor the left, but keeps her eyes fixed on the plank beneath her, as if anxious to avoid the sight of everything else in the world. As she stands there in the open gangway, she looks the perfect counterpart of something we have seen, or dreamed of, before. Ah, yes; we remember now! Thirty years ago—fifteen or sixteen years before this little thing was born—our big cousin came home from a sailing voyage round the world, and among the curious things he brought with him was a book of rice-paper, white as snow and soft as velvet, each leaf of which bore a single, wonderfully elaborate little picture, in colors more brilliant than the rainbow; her picture, correct and perfect in the most minute detail, was there; no one could fail to recognize it at a glance. She is the bride of an opulent Chinese merchant of San Francisco, who has been home to get her; his parents selected her for him from one of the most respectable families in the Central Flowery Empire, and he had no trouble with courting and such like Caucasian nonsense. He leads her down the plank, the bracelets and bangles of silver and green semi-transparent stone which encircle her wrists and ankles, clinking musically as she walks; and at the wharf a policeman, detailed for the purpose, receives and escorts the party through the crowd, which opens respectfully before the end of his club, and they enter a carriage. Another and another come down the plank; the last two are accompanied by bright-eyed, richly-dressed children, who follow mechanically in their mother's footsteps, furtively glancing at the strange crowd as they pass through it. These are the wives and offspring of Chinese merchants resident here, who married before coming to California; you had better take a good look at them now, while you can, for they—the women and female children—will be kept in the strictest seclusion from the moment they set foot in their husbands' and fathers' houses, and they may live many years, and die, here in the midst of a great Christian city, and yet never be looked upon by Caucasian eyes. You may purchase exquisite pictures, on rice-paper, of these "first-chop" Chinese ladies, at the bazaar of Chy Lung & Co., on Sacramento street, but the living married Chinese women or respectable young girls you will never so much as catch a glimpse of, except on such an occasion as this.

Following the Chinese ladies comes an Englishman returning from the Indies, a broad, burly fellow, with dogged resolution, self-complacency, and a stout, unconquerable determination to grumble at everything he meets in "this blarsted country, you know," traced upon every lineament. His feet are encased in clumsy thick-soled gaiters, his nether limbs in gray, very scant cassimere pantaloons, which hang limp as withered cabbage leaves round his ankles; a coat, broader than it is long, covers his shoulders, and reaches down just below his waist, and on his head is a hideous Monitor-shaped hat, as large as the shell of a green turtle, and as unmanageable and badly out of place in the San Francisco summer trade-winds as a balloon in a western tornado. Surely we have seen somewhere the counterpart of this figure also ; yes, it was years ago, when we were laid up with a broken leg, and the fever of our waking hours was followed by the nightmare in our troubled sleep.

The custom-house officers have done their work here quickly, and perhaps effectually, and now all is ready at the forward gangway. A living stream of the blue-coated men of Asia, bearing long bamboo poles across their shoulders, from which depend packages of bedding, matting, clothing, and things of which we know neither the names nor the uses, pours down the plank the moment that the word is given, "All ready!" They appear to be of an average age of twenty-five years—very few being under fifteen, and none apparently over forty years—and though somewhat less in stature than Caucasians, healthy, active, and able-bodied to a man. As they come down upon the wharf, they separate into messes or gangs of ten, twenty, or thirty each, and, being recognized through some (to us) incomprehensible freemasonry system of signs by the agents of the "Six Companies" as they come, are assigned places on the long, broad-shedded wharf which has been cleared especially for their accommodation and the convenience of the customs officers. Each man carries on his shoulders, or in his hands, his entire earthly possessions, and few are overloaded. There are no merchants or business men among them, all being of the coolie or laboring class. They are all dressed in coarse but clean and new blue cotton blouses and loose baggy breeches, blue cotton-cloth stockings which reach to the knee, and slippers or shoes with heavy wooden soles; these last they will discard for American boots when they go up country to work in the dust and mud; and most of them carry one or two broad-brimmed hats of split bamboo, and huge palm-leaf fans, to shield them from the burning sun in the mountains or valleys of California, or the fertile fields of the south, towards which many of them will eventually direct their steps. There is a babel of uncouth cries and harsh discordant yells, accompanied by whimsically energetic gestures and convulsive facial distortions, as the members of the different gangs recognize each other in the crowd, and search out the places assigned them. The luggage is deposited on the wharf, and each group squat on the planking, or stand silently beside their little property, waiting in patience and perfectly soldier-like order the arrival of the officers who are to search them for smuggled goods. "Here, this way!" "Here, here on this side!" "There, over there on that side!" shout the policemen, as they swing their clubs about and frantically endeavor to direct the tide, often really creating disorder among these most orderly and methodical people, who would get things straightened twice as quickly without such assistance. For two mortal hours the blue stream pours down from the steamer upon the wharf; a regiment has landed already, and still they come. The wharf is covered with them so densely that the passage-way for carriages through the centre can with difficulty be kept open, and yet the stream is not broken for a single moment. You wonder where such a swarm of human beings found stowage room—the bulk seems greater than that of the steamer—and wonder still more when told that the vessel with all these on board had still room for a cargo of thousands of tons; her freight-capacity being some six thousand tons, and her custom house registry measurement between four and five thousand. This steamer actually brought one thousand two hundred and seventy-two Chinamen; last week one thousand two hundred came by sailing vessels, and behind them are yet four hundred millions of the most patient, ready, apt, and industrious toilers on the face of the earth.

The writer shares none of the prejudice against this people which is manifested so strongly by the lower order of the European-born residents of California, and leads to so many disgraceful acts of violence and outrage; but such a sight as this awakens curious thoughts, and suggests doubts of the future in the mind of every one who has made political economy and free institutions a study to any extent. The Chinese-labor question is destined within the next ten years—five years, perhaps—to become what the slavery question was a few years since, to break down, revolutionize, and reorganize parties, completely change the industrial system of many of our States and Territories, and modify the destiny of our country for generations to come. Educated, thinking men do not, as a rule, fear the result, nor see in this vast semi-civilized immigration any danger to republican institutions; nevertheless, it is a movement fraught with mighty consequences for good or ill, and the question demands and must receive a most careful consideration in all its bearings. Commerce, religion, politics, capital and labor, education, our whole social fabric, must be affected more or less. Occident and Orient stand face to face at last, and the meeting must signalize a notable era in the history of mankind.

The customs agents search the person of every Chinaman as he lands, and go through the luggage of every group or mess as thoroughly as possible, in quest of opium, the one blighting curse of China, for which she may thank Christian England, and for which her children will run any risk and bear any privation. The deadly drug is so costly in proportion to its bulk, that, next to gold and precious stones, it offers the greatest inducement for smuggling; and on the arrival of every steamer and sailing vessel from China, large seizures are made by the officers. On this occasion one officer detected and confiscated forty boxes of opium, each worth eight or ten dollars in coin, which had been concealed in the false bottom of a box containing merchandise of comparatively small value. To do them justice, we should say that one of the Chinese companies' agents directed the officer's attention to the box, and so caused him to make the discovery. Another officer discovered a suspicious protuberance on the person of a Chinaman, and had just reached out his hand to examine it, when the frightened Celestial flung from him into the bay half a dozen boxes of the poison. Bladders of it, flattened out like pancakes, were found concealed in the linings of blankets or bed-quilts, and the stuffed under-garments worn by some of the men. In all, several thousand dollars' worth thus fell into the hands of the officers, and a moiety of its value will go into the treasury of Uncle Sam, if the costs cannot be made large enough to swallow up all his share.

Fifteen or twenty Chinese girls—the poor raft and boat born women of Canton, trained, from childhood, to lewdness, and as utterly ignorant of the ways of virtue or any sense of shame or moral responsibility as so many blocks of wood—were landed also; some steamers bring them by hundreds, in spite of the efforts of the "Six Companies" to discourage the traffic. These women signed contracts, in China, to serve their masters a given number of years for their passage-money, board and clothing, and, despite our laws, will submit to live and die in a slavery more horrible than any other that ever existed on earth; all efforts of our authorities to break it up having proved utterly unavailing. As they land, they are searched in no delicate manner by the officers, and then received by their purchasers, and delivered into the charge of the sallow old hags in black costume, with bunches of keys in the girdles at their waists, who are called "old mothers," and who will hold them in horrible bondage and collect the wages of their sin—if they who have no moral responsibility can be said to sin—for the remainder of their days. The girls are dressed in silk or cotton tunics and trousers, similar in shape and color to those worn by the married ladies, but far less costly, are painted gaudily on cheeks and lips, and wear on their heads the checked cotton handkerchiefs which are the badge of prostitution. They are jeered and "hi-hied" by the crowd of common Chinamen waiting outside the gates, as they pass out to enter the open express wagons waiting to receive them and carry them away to the dens in Murderers' Alley and along the Barbary Coast. As fast as the groups of coolies have been successively searched, they are turned out of the gates, and hurried away towards the Chinese quarter of the city by the agents of the "Six Companies." Some go in wagons, more on foot; and the streets leading up that way are lined with them, running in "Indian file," and carrying their luggage suspended from the ends of the bamboo poles slung across their shoulders. By nightfall the throng has dispersed, the work of the officers is over, and the vast wharf is cleared for the delivery of the immense cargo in the hold of the steamer.

This cargo is made up of articles in a great measure strange to the people of the Atlantic States; and for their benefit the list is copied out in full from the manifest, as follows:

For San Francisco: 90 packages cassia; 940 packages coffee, from Java and Manila; 192 packages fire-crackers; 30 packages dried fish, cuttle-fish, shark's fins, etc.; 400 packages hemp; 116 packages miscellaneous merchandise, lacquered goods, porcelain-ware, and things for which we have no special names; 53 packages medicines; 18 packages opium; 16 packages plants; 20 packages potatoes; 25 packages rattans; 2,755 packages rice; 1,238 packages sundries—chow-chow, preserved fruits, salted melon-seeds, dried ducks, pickled duck's eggs, cabbage sprouts in brine, candied citron, dates, dwarf oranges, ginger, smoked oysters, and a hundred other Chinese edibles and table luxuries; 824 packages sugar; 20 packages silks; 203 packages sago and tapioca; 5,463 packages tea; 27 packages tin.

For New York; 2 packages merchandise; 21 packages sundries; 150 packages silks; 465 packages teas; 144 packages rhubarb; 9 packages hardware.

For Panama, 1 package opium; 1 package sundries; 115 packages tea.

It is not the tea season, and this cargo is consequently a small one comparatively—nothing, in fact, to what is sometimes landed from a China steamer; though, as will be seen from the foregoing manifest, it comprises no less than 13,354 packages of merchandise, many of them of large size—a small mountain in the aggregate.

Having enjoyed to the utmost the pleasure of a new sensation, we leave the wharf, meditating on the strange scene which we have beheld, and wondering what is to be the end of all this, and wend our way back to Montgomery street. Sitting by the fruit-laden table in our own room in the evening, and breathing the air charged with the odors of the fairest flowers that bloom, a doubt arises in our mind, and we begin to inquire if there was in sober truth any such scene as we fancy we have been witnessing. Was that little oval-faced woman, clad in blue, purple, crimson and gold, shrinking in speechless fear from the strange throng around her, a being of flesh and blood after all, or a creature of the imagination? Did we actually see her come out of the great black steamer's cabin and stand there hesitating in the gangway, or have we been gazing at some brilliantly-tinted picture from the land where Marco Polo journeyed centuries ago, until one of the figures took on itself the semblance of life and action, and walked forth from its frame? Was it not in fact *all* a dream? A dream, we would almost swear! And yet a dream it could not have been, we find when we come to reflect upon it. There is the card of admission to the wharf, still lying on the table before us; that is tangible and real at least. The sunlight which the waters of the bay of San Francisco glistened under, and which flooded with its golden glory the mountains of Contra Costa and Alameda, looked and felt real. We can still hear the roar of many voices shouting in an unknown tongue, and see the stream of men in blue blouses, with shaven foreheads, and with long braided queues of glossy black hair and silk hanging down their backs. The strange odor of Asiatic tobacco, spices, opium—

> "Mandragora,
> And all the drowsy syrups of the world,"

which pervaded ship and cargo, still clings to our tell you, with an earnestness which impresses you with the sincerity of their belief in what they say, that three fourths of a century ago a *vaquero*, chasing a stray band of cattle, ascended the mountain nearly to the summit, when he came suddenly upon a cavern from which issued great sheets of flame and clouds of sulphurous smoke, and he felt at once that he stood at the door of the abode of the Enemy of Mankind. Crossing himself with trembling hand, he devoutly repeated a prayer to Mary Mother, and turning his horse's head, rode regardless of risk to life and limb, looking not backward until he stood among his friends in the valley below, and told them of the wonder he had seen. From that time the mountain bore the name of him who was supposed to make his abode in its depths, and no man's foot intruded among its lonely defiles and savage cañons until the *Los Americanos*, who feared neither God, man, nor devil, came and possessed the land, carried their surveying instruments to its summit, and there set up a rude monument of stone, which serves as a base for the surveys throughout all Alta California. The fire which the *vaquero* beheld, or thought he beheld, has burned out long years ago, if it ever existed; the cavern, if ever there was a cavern, has been closed to human eyes, and the superstitious dread with which the mountain was regarded has passed away with the simple people we have dispossessed, and the order of things which we have overturned. Thus much for the mountain as we see it at a distance, and the name it bears.

It was a pleasant afternoon early in the month of May, 1866, when a party of four, including the writer, went on board the Oakland ferry steamer "Washoe," at San Francisco, bound for Mount Diablo. The swift steamer in half an hour landed us at the Oakland railroad wharf, and we started off for the ride across the country. Two of the party, Dr. James Murphy and Dr. James D. Whitney, Jr., eminent men in their profession in San Francisco, rode in a light carriage, with a span of fast-trotting horses; while R. H. Lloyd, Esq., a prominent young lawyer, and myself were on horseback. Lloyd rode a beautiful, spirited, and very fleet-footed California horse, of a pale gold color, and with a mane and tail like spun silver — "Silvertail" they called him; while I was mounted on my pet, "Juanita," a bright bay California mare, with great brown eyes, widely distended nostrils and clean limbs, which could carry her over the ground as fast as any mortal man would care to ride.

Poor Juanita! How bitterly do I remember springing to my feet, after a troubled sleep, one glorious moonlight night a year later, in the Great Colorado Valley, and at a glance discovering that she had been stolen from beside me as I slept! I ran out into the open ground and called aloud, "Juanita! Juanita!" but there came no answer. Half frantic, I searched all around for tracks, and soon found the prints of her dainty hoofs in the soft soil. Alas! a long-pointed moccassin track was beside them, and a little farther on I discovered where the accursed Chimahuevis thief had mounted her and ridden off at a gallop across the sandy desert toward the desolate Chimahuevis mountains; and I knew that pursuit was useless, for long ere I could have reached the *rancheria* of the accursed tribe, their long sharp knives had slashed her silky throat, and her plump, round form had furnished food for the savages, to whom I also then owed a debt of hatred and revenge. I paid it well in after days; but let us turn back towards Mount Diablo.

From the landing at Oakland to Clayton, at the foot of the mountain, is thirty miles, up hill and down. We ride at a gallop through the quiet streets of Oakland, the most beautiful and flourishing of the suburban towns around San Francisco Bay; passing elegant residences standing embowered among the great spreading live oaks, which gave the place its name; deep green acacias, which in this climate never shed their feathery leaves; rose trees, loaded down with flowers of every hue, the fragrance of which pervades the dreamy, soft, voluptuous, languid air; fuschias, hanging like banners of living flame from trellis-work, arbor and broad veranda; and, in short, all the flowers which, gathered from every land beneath the sun, have become acclimated here; passing churches, school-houses, and college-buildings, through a long, wide lane, leading between thrifty orchards filled with ripening cherries, apricots, plums, nectarines, peaches, apples, pears, and wide acres covered with richly-bearing strawberry, blackberry and raspberry plants, where the Chinese laborers are at work in their broad bamboo hats and blue blouses, in rows like Louisianian slaves in the "good old time," now gone forever, gathering the luscious fruit for the San Francisco market, and emerge at last on the open farming country which stretches up to the high hills of Alameda, over which our road leads. At the foot of the hills we halt a moment, to rest and water man and beast, then strike into a winding cañon, which leads us up by an easy grade toward the summit of the hills. A little stream of pure, bright water comes down the cañon, and, as we splash through it from time to time, we catch glimpses of hares and rabbits scudding away into the chapparal, and the beautiful tufted quail of California rise in pairs and whirr away to the leafy coverts where their nests are concealed. The sides of the cañon are densely covered with the vine-like shrub known as the "poison-oak" which affects some people so terribly, even the wind blowing over it poisoning them so as to produce frightful swellings and eruptions of the face and glands, blindness, deafness, and sometimes even death itself. This plant has no effect whatever on any animal, nor on many men. The writer has chewed its fresh leaves, and handled it with perfect impunity. There are dog-roses and many wild flowers of brilliant hue, of which we do not know the names. The summit reached at last, we stop at a roadside inn to rest and "recruit"—gentle reader, if you ever travel in California you will learn what that means—and look back for a few minutes at the glorious panorama of the Bay of San Francisco and its surroundings: the white-winged ships coming and going from and to the uttermost parts of the earth—the steamers thread-ing the blue waters, and the thousand evidences of life and progress developed in a few short years by the indomitable energy of our people on this outer edge of the continent—this western outpost of the Great Republic. On again, down a broad, graded road, which is cut along the side of a cañon, leading eastward among beautifully-rounded hills, covered with a dense growth of wild oats to their very summits, across a narrow valley, and up over the broken hill-range of *Las Trampas*, and down once more into a broad, beautiful valley, filled with farm-houses and wide fields of ripening grain, which seem wonderfully like those of the prairie country of Illinois. We pass through two or three country villages, each consisting of a store or two, post-office and express-office combined, a hotel, billiard-saloon, and two or three small rum-mills, and stop to refresh at each.

The sun is sinking behind the Western hills when we pass up by a short cut through a winding cañon filled with wild mustard plants, as high as our horses' heads, through which we push our animals with difficulty, and emerge on a gravelly, unfenced and uncultivated plain, which stretches away to the foot of Mount Diablo, and catch a glimpse of Clayton, where we propose to pass the night. The company all together, we propose a taste of fragrant *pisco* (Peruvian white brandy) all round, sundry bottles of that and other refreshments having been stowed away under the seat of the carriage in which the doctors are riding. Something knocks Dr. Murphy's hat off, and I, Greaser style, swing down from my saddle, catch it from the ground, and slip it over my own. A laugh at his expense, and he offers me a chance at the bottle of *pisco* for the hat. I take the bottle and jump back just in time to avoid a swinging cut from his horsewhip, and in an instant we are off on a race across the plain. The doctor binds his head with a handkerchief, giving himself the air of a Bedouin of the desert, and lashes his horses into a "dead run" to overtake me, but in vain, and he coaxes and threatens by turns, as we allow him to get almost alongside of us to tantalize him, and then dash off again at a gallop. Silvertail and Juanita are mad for another brush, and Lloyd and myself leave the doctors far behind, and "go in" with a will to see who shall reach Clayton first. Now Silvertail makes a sudden dash and passes ahead, sending the gravel flying back from his hoofs in such volleys that I must perforce shield my eyes and get to one side as soon as possible; then Juanita, with a snort, closes into the work and shoots ahead, compelling him to yield the road in turn. Just as the day is closing and the soft twilight falls, we dash neck and neck into Clayton, rein up our panting steeds before the "Ironclad Hotel," and dismount, having ridden over the mountains and across two hill-ranges, thirty good miles, in just three hours and forty-five minutes, stoppages included.

Round, red, and full the moon rises over the eastern hills and floods the landscape with golden glory, bringing out the peaks of the mountain, and every rock, hill, and glen in masses of sharply contrasted light and shadow, very grand to behold. Supper clothing, and finds its way into our nostrils. It was real, wholly real, after all! We have indeed stood on the farther shore of the New World, and seen the human tides which have surged round the globe from opposite directions meet and commingle, and have beheld the yellow flag, emblazoned with the red-dragon, emblem of the "Lord of the whole Earth and Brother of the Sun and Moon"—master of the oldest nation which the sun shines upon—and the starry emblem of a sovereign people, "By the Grace of God Free and Independent," floating side by side. It was a sight worth living long and coming far to look upon—a scene to wonder at, to ponder over and reflect upon—to gaze upon once and remember through all the coming years of life—a scene such as our fathers never beheld nor dreamed of, and of which our children's children only may know the full import and meaning.

The rainy season is over at last, and we are thankful for it. We are weary of the city, its vices, its crimes and its follies, already. All cities are much alike after all, varying only in minor details, but the mountains; God be praised for them. There we shall find change and beauty, sunshine, pure air, freedom, and rest.

As the steamer approaches the Golden Gate, one of the most striking features of the glorious landscape which unfolds itself before the eyes of the traveler, is the bold crest of Mount Diablo standing out clear and sharp against the blue sky, over beyond the Contra Costa hills to the eastward of the Bay of San

Francisco. As he walks the streets of the Golden City he sees it still before him, and as he ascends the Sacramento or San Joaquin, it confronts at every turn and bend of the winding stream, every change in his position revealing some new feature in the scene.

When he ascends the Sierra Nevada, on his way to the Yosemite, or climbs farther up to the line of eternal snow, and looks back toward the Pacific, the dark mountain looms up grander and more beautiful than ever, seeming to have increased in size while he has been climbing heavenward, and looming up apparently thousands of feet higher in the blue, hazy atmosphere than when he stood at its base in the valley miles and miles below. Located near the junction of the two great rivers which drain the vast interior basin of California between the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Range, it rises abruptly from the plain to a height of nearly 4,000 feet; and standing isolated and solitary, with no rivals to dwarf it by comparison or detract from the effect of the picture—it is preeminently the great central feature of the landscape, travel which way you may. Placed by the side of Mount Shasta, or the high peaks of the Sierra, Mount Diablo would sink into insignificance, but standing alone in solitary grandeur, he is monarch of the land. No other mountain peak in America, perhaps in the world, commands a view of such wide extent of country and so wonderful and varied scenery; and he who has not ascended to its summit, certainly has not seen and can form no clear idea of California.

Old Californians of Spanish-American origin will over, we sit, chat, and smoke our cigarritos around the doorway until bedtime; then give orders for a guide, an early breakfast and a lunch to take with us up the mountain, and retire to rest.

Daybreak sees us up and making ready for the ascent of the mountain which looms up right before us, with its walls of rugged rock, which look altogether impassable. A good breakfast disposed of and we are all in the saddle—no carriage can ascend the mountain—and away up a little valley, dotted with patches of vineyards and young orchards, into a deep, dark cañon which leads right into the depths of the mountain. Larks and robins are singing in the black beech and water-maple trees by the roadside, as we gallop along; and, as we ascend the defile, we look down upon the bright waters of a purling brook coming out of the mountain, in which we see the spotted mountain trout of California playing as we used to see them in the brooks of New England so long ago that we do not care—I might say do not dare—to count the years between. Soon the road leaves the bed of the stream, and becomes a narrow path, cut with infinite labor along the side of a precipice, over which you can look as you ride along, and drop a stone down hundreds of feet before it strikes the rocks, and goes bounding and awakening echoes down to the bottom of the cañon. There is no room for two horses to go abreast, and we wind along in Indian file up, up, up, toward the blue sky above us. The bridle-path becomes at last a mere trail—dim and indistinct; but we press on, passing the first peak, and arrive at a point where our horses must be recinched, to prevent the saddles slipping over their tails and dumping us over the precipice, as they go up an acclivity steeper and more difficult of ascent than any we have as yet encountered. This matter of cinching a California mustang is no trifling feat for a green hand to essay. The wide band of woven horsehair, known as the cinch, is drawn up by the powerful purchase on the *látigo* strap until it deeply imbeds itself in the animal's belly, causing him to swell himself up like a toad to resist the pressure, and not unfrequently—especially if he sees that you are a stranger at the business—to commence a rearing, plunging, kicking, and biting performance, involving danger to life and limb.

We soon reached Deer Flat, a little park-like plateau, in a sheltered nook within a mile of the top of the mountain, and stopped for a breathing spell. A few years ago, when all California was wild with excitement and everybody was getting rich—on paper—from wild-cat mining stocks, every hill and mountain around San Francisco was bored, and tunnelled, and drifted in search of gold and silver bearing quartz. Claims were actually staked off in the streets of San Francisco, and companies formed to work them, on the strength of a few wandering bits of metalliferous rock having been picked up here and there. The prospectors pushed their way up here into the rocky defiles of Mount Diablo, and finding traces of gold, silver and copper, organized dozens of companies to work the "leads." For months the deep gorges of the mountain echoed the sound of the sledge, the pick and the drill, and the loud reports of the blasts let off to disengage the rock which hid from the eager eyes of the miners boundless stores of imaginary wealth. It is all over now and silent as the grave, save when a wandering party of pleasure-seekers penetrates here, as we have done, or the hunter climbs the rocky peaks in search of deer or a stray grizzly bear, and awakes the mountain echoes with the sharp crack of his rifle. Here, at Deer Flat, a comfortable house had been erected, and the superintendent of a mine, a Mexican, had made his headquarters. A vegetable-garden, run to weeds and climbing vines, a field of volunteer barley—into which we turn our panting horses without a question—and a trellised arbor, covered with sweet peas and climbing plants in full bloom, which a woman's loving hand must have planted and trained, tell of the industry and taste of those who once made their home in this wild mountain eyrie. A drink of cold water from a running spring, with the chill taken off it by an admixture of *pisco*, is heartily enjoyed after the hard ride, and we are soon ready for another climb. Up a steep hillside, past tall pine trees, like those of the Sierra Nevada, along a steep, narrow "hog-back" of crumbling, shelvy stone, running through a waste of the bitter, worthless *chemisal*, a plant which grows only on land too barren to support anything else; then up another sharper and more stony hill, and we pass through a scrubby thicket, and suddenly emerge on the summit of the mountain.

We stand for a moment in silence, looking down on the world at our feet. Words utterly fail to convey the faintest idea of the grandeur of the scene which bursts on our startled vision. I have ascended mountains higher than this, but never beheld such a scene as that below me, as I stood looking down, as upon a map, upon the vast country spread out on every side. The view was unbroken from the mountains to the sea, and what a scene! The sun was high in the heavens; it was nine o'clock, and the whole landscape was bathed in his glory. Turning naturally eastward at first, we see in the far distance the whole vast range of the Sierra Nevada; mountain piled on mountain, stretching to the limits of the vision north and south, with summits white with snow, glistening in the rays of the summer sun, beneath which the dwellers in the valleys are sweating at their toil. Northward the black buttes of Marysville, far away in Yuba county, bound the view. Southward you look away over the billowy hills and fresh smiling valleys to the mountains of the Coast Range, old Loma Prieta, a hundred miles or more away in Santa Cruz, being the last object distinguishable. Westward the ranges of *Las Trampas* and Alameda, and over them, the high peak of Tamalpais to the northward of the Golden Gate. Far away to the northwest, where Napa, Lake, and Sonoma counties meet, is dimly discernible the summit of Mount St. Helens. A white mist is on the western horizon, but, even as we gaze, the curtain unrolls and lifts from the scene, and we see the city of the Pacific, proud San Francisco, the Golden Gate, and the blue ocean beyond, aye, even a steamer far out at sea, heading for the portal of the golden land. The bay of San Francisco is only partly visible, but we see on its bosom the dark form of Yerba Buena Island, and the steamers *Washoe* and *Alameda* plying to and from Oakland and the Encinal de Alameda, crowded with pleasure-seekers going over the bay for a Sunday's amusement, the shipping lying thickly around the wharves upon the city front. The rock fortress of Alcatraz, bristling with heavy guns, rising tier on tier from the water's edge, and surmounted with barracks and officers' quarters, painted of a peach bloom color, can be readily distinguished, and as a heavy bank of mist drifts in and covers it for a few minutes, we almost fancy that our ears catch the deep booming of the fog bell,

> "The weary warden that o'er sea and marshes
> Monotonously calls,
> The challenge to the foe whose stealthy marches
> Invest the city's walls."

A fog-bank, white as driven snow, drifts swiftly up the Marin county shore, slides over Lime Point, and fills the defiles of Tamalpais, whose summit, cut off from his base, apparently rocks and pitches in the surging billows like the wreck of some proud ship, tossed in the breakers on a stormy coast. The mist is gone again, and the Presidio of San Francisco, with its long lines of barracks, and Fort Point, with its red brick fortress, stand out so plainly, that we look in momentary expectation of seeing the glinting of the muskets of the sentries in the sunlight, as they turn in their silent round and glance seaward for the foe who never comes. The bay of San Pablo is nearly all visible, and the bay of Suisun, with its surface dotted with sails, lies uncovered before us. The blue of the sky overhead mingles with the blue of the sea in the west, all the middle ground is emerald green, and white and cold gleam the summits of the Sierra along the whole eastern horizon. Martinez, Pacheco, Alamo, San Ramon, Lafayette and Clayton lie at our feet; it seems as if you might toss a stone into either of them from where we stand; and, on the other side of the straits of Carquinez, Benicia, and Vallejo, with every building plain and distinct, are to be seen. Suisun, Rio Vista and Freeport, farther northward, are plainly visible, and we see Sacramento, embowered in shade trees, distinctly in the northeast. Nearer where we stand, we see long threads of yellow water twisting and winding among tule marshes and low plains. It seems hardly possible that one of these is the lordly Sacramento, whose waters are thick with the earth from a thousand hills, being washed down by the miners in their search for gold, and on whose bosom is borne the commerce and treasure of the State, and the lands beyond the Sierra. Coming in from the southwest is another winding stream of somewhat purer water, and the eye follows it up through vast, treeless plains to the southward, until the limit of vision is reached, and it glitters in the sunlight on the edge of the horizon like a broken bit of rainbow on a cloud; this is the San Joaquin. The dozen lesser rivers emptying into one or the other are hardly distinguishable in the bayous and natural canals which cut up the tule marshes in all directions. Eternal Winter looks down from the snow-capped summits of the Sierra Nevada on Summer, in all her riches, in the valleys below us, and we, looking at both by turns, have but to cast our eyes toward San Francisco, where summer heat is never fully felt, and winter's cold never comes, to see eternal Spring. Tropical heat is felt, and tropical fruits flourish in the valleys of Sacramento and the San Joaquin, and up on yonder mountains, near the limit of human habitation, the climate and productions of New England may be found. The gold placers of the foothills, the quartz ranges of the mountains, the wide valleys and rich alluvial bottom lands, resembling those of the Delta of the Mississippi, along the Sacramento and San Joaquin, the vine-clad hills of Napa and Sonoma, the great pine forests of the upper mountains, the boundless pastures of Contra Costa and Alameda, all lie before us. Without Le Sage's demon's gift, we look down into the dooryards, and upon the roofs of half the dwellers in all the goodly land of California. Pacheco Valley, rich with the broad acres of ripening grain, where the reapers are already at work; Moragua Valley, green as an emerald lake, where the haymakers are; Livermore, San Ramon, Nashau, Marsh, Walnut, and a dozen other valleys, are around us. There is grass enough standing in the valleys beneath us, to feed countless thousands of cattle, but since the great drouth of 1863-4, the country is almost stripped of live stock, and we look over miles on miles of pasture, in which we cannot discern a single animal. To the southwest, half way down the mountain side, we see a lovely little lake, which seems the abode of fairies. No human habitation is within miles of it, and it is the haunt of wild game, hare, rabbits, quail, doves, even grizzly bears it is said, are sometimes to be found there. As we look down upon it, we see a herd of brown deer wading around in its clear waters, or lying at ease under the broad spreading live oaks around it. We could sit and gaze and dream for days, if we had the time to spare, and even then not be able to recount the half of the glories and the beauties of the wondrous panorama of mountain, plain, river, ocean, city, village, bay, forest, and boundless valley spread before us.

But the sun is already climbing high overhead, and approaching the meridian, and we have at least forty good miles ride yet before nightfall; so we hastily discuss our luncheon, wondering all the time, as we look down from the heights to which we have climbed, at the stupidity of those who dwell in the land below us. Of the two hundred and fifty thousand people who glance up at the peak where we are sitting, every day of their lives, not a thousand ever stood where we are standing, and beheld what we behold. And yet people leave San Francisco by every steamer to travel over Europe, or climb the pigmy heights of Mount Washington or the Catskills in search of the grand and beautiful in nature, and the "Colfax party" crossed the continent in search of wonders, and missed the grandest scene of all. Well, this *is* a very queerworld.

Luncheon finished, we make a punch from the last of the *pisco*, and on the principle of always speaking well of the person whose hospitality you are enjoying, solemnly drink the health of "San Diablo," fancying to ourselves the wink and chuckle in which the old gentleman indulged when he heard that pious prefix to his name announced. One more look all around, the horizon—over at the ocean to the westward—across the great interior valley of California to the great Sierra on the eastward, where delicate coral hues are beginning to flush the snow-fields glittering in the noonday sun; southward and northward to where the earth and sky joined to shut off the vision—then loosened the *cinches* of our Spanish saddles, and rearranged them, to prevent their sliding forward over the horses' heads in the descent, and regretfully started down the mountain. We had gone but a few rods, when somebody gave a yell, and off went all the horses on a gallop over rocks and shelving hillsides, where to stumble was to insure a broken neck, and to fall was a joke not to be endured twice in a lifetime. As we went helter-skelter down "the hog-back," I heard something fall with a dull thud, and looking up, discovered Juanita standing over me with the saddle under her neck, waiting patiently for me to recover my senses. I remounted as soon as possible, and rejoined my friends at Deer Flat, where they were waiting, not knowing what had become of me. Again we are off, and as we strike the bridle-path cut along the face of the precipice, yell after yell, and whoop *à la* Apache succeeds whoop *à la* Camanche, while the horses break into a gallop, and we turn in and out the winding road, and dash down the steep declivity with something of the sensation which the hawk or eagle must feel as he sets his wings at an angle, and slides down with arrowy swiftness from the realms of ether toward the lower earth. Stones dislodged by our horses' feet go over the precipice, and we hear them bound and crack from rock to rock down to the very bottom of the cañon, hundreds of feet below; but the sense of danger seems to give fresh zest to the excitement of man and horse, and the mad gallop is not broken until we reach the wagon-road in the bed of the creek, or the bottom of the great ravine by which we entered the mountain. Then the guide and myself run our horses across an irrigating-dam, strike a hard, smooth *mesa*, dotted with live oaks like an orchard, and leaving our friends to go round by the road, ride at the full speed of our mustangs down it, only halting when we have reached the stable at Clayton, and dismount to order dinner.

Dinner over, we re-saddle and hitch up, and are off at two P. M. for San Francisco, by the road we came on the previous day. An occasional race, pistol shooting at quail or hare, a lunch by a mountain spring by the roadside, and occasional halts for "refreshments," only diversifying the ride homewards, and at six P. M. we are again on board the *Washoe* at Oakland, steaming across the Bay of San Francisco, having ridden fifty miles up and down mountains and across the valleys since sunrise.

Reader, it would pay you to make the trip, and may you be with us when next we mount our fiery and untamed *caballos* to ride up and down Mount Diablo.

# CHAPTER XIV.

## EARLY TIMES.

**The Days of '49 and '52.—How they Administered the Law in Tuolumne County, and Justice in Sierra.—Old Put and Judge Hollowbarn.—Pike's "Sasherarer."—Peart Times on Rabbit Creek.—A Game that was Spoiled.—An Appeal that wouldn't hold, and Prediction that wouldn't do to Bet Upon.—Stories of Wagers.—Insulted Dignity Avenged.—Base Ingratitude.—Dead or Alive, Drowned or Not.—A Glass-eye Bet.**

BRAVE old days were those of '49. How mankind has degenerated since, any old California pioneer will tell you with a sigh. "Things was lively then, you bet, and one man was as good as another!" he says, with a shake of the head which implies volumes. Nevertheless, California was not wholly a Paradise even then, though it pains me to be compelled to say so. The fierce, aggressive energy of the Anglo-American invaders, when it overthrew the social habits, long established customs and local laws of the quiet, unambitious descendants of the old Spanish conquerors, could not establish a new system perfect in all its details in a day, and something of chaos and confusion necessarily followed. Judge Lynch generally did his work quickly and well, though being human, and as such liable at times to err, there was something a little rough in the operation of his decisions when a mistake did occur. An old Spaniard, domiciled in a robber-infested section of the State of Jalisco, Mexico, once told me that he had organized all his neighbor rancheros into an armed corps, who, by waging unceasing war upon the banditti, had already almost cleared the district of the gentlemen of the road within two years. His plan was, whenever a number of them, two or three, were found lounging about the country, "without visible occupation or means of support," to go for them and shoot them on sight. In this way they avoided the delays and uncertainties of the law, and saved a great deal of unnecessary expense and waste of time. But, my friend, is it not possible that you sometimes make a mistake, and shoot a man who is *not* a highwayman? "Well, yes; I suppose we do, *but the average is on the right side, however!*" was his emphatic and self-satisfied reply. The advocate of Lynch law generally took the same view of the case in California, and saw the regular courts and written laws take the place of Judge Lynch and summary justice with a sigh. And, in truth, there was some ground for their apprehension that society might not, immediately at least, gain greatly by the change.

In fact, if the plain truth must be told, Dame Justice in those days, as represented in our courts, was little better than a woman of the town; and she traveled so long in devious and crooked ways that she, became permanently disabled, and never fully recovered the free use of all her faculties, having a cast in her unbandaged eyes, and a peculiar shuffling limp in her gait as she walks, even to this hour.

The people of San Francisco bore with her trifling and misdoings, until patience ceased to be a virtue, and then, rising in their might, ousted the old lady by violence, and installed Dame Vigilance for the time being in her place. This made things lively for the crowds of evil-doers who had made the name of San Francisco a by-word and a reproach, and the moral atmosphere was so purified by the storm that, when the old dame came sneaking back and resumed her place in the temple, she could see more clearly.

Up in the mountains it was hard to get a first-class lawyer to accept a position so low down as even a County Judgeship, and as for the Justices of the Peace—well, some of them were from rather indifferent stock, to say the least. "Old Tuolumne" was the great county of the "Southern Mines." Placer gold was found on nearly every hillside, and on the banks and in the bed of every stream, while every "bar" on her rivers, the Tuolumne and Stanislaus, was a thriving village or mining camp, where miners' stores and gambling tables abounded. Whisky was as free as water, and a fight and a man for breakfast was a part of the daily programme. Society became organized, and courts were established in Tuolumne county earlier than in most of the counties of the State; and, if the machinery worked a little rough at the start, it is hardly to be wondered at, considering the incongruous materials of which it was composed, and the hurried manner in which it was knocked together.

Among the first Justices of the Peace appointed in Tuolumne was Judge Hollowbarn, a shrewd, unpolished, slightly educated, and, as his enemies were wont to say, not over-scrupulous man from the mountain districts of Tennessee, "nigh unto the Kaintucky line." He was a natural genius; and had he come into the world a few years later, and taken to patriotism and politics instead of whisky and the law, would have become a millionaire, and made his mark in the world. He was one of the old school, and believed in State rights and such a construction of the Constitution as would least hamper and encumber him in the discharge of the duties of his office as he understood them. His school believed that all powers not expressly delegated by the Constitution to the Federal Government were intended to be reserved to the States as the high contracting parties and first repository of authority. By parity of reasoning he had arrived at the conclusion that the Justice's Court, being the first on the list and nearest the people, the source of all authority, was entitled to exercise all the powers not specially prohibited by statute. This gave him a wide range in cases both civil and criminal, and he played his hand for all it was worth, and literally went for everything there was in sight. He was also fully satisfied that what he had a right, as a magistrate, to do, he had also in the same capacity the right to undo. Thus, if he could marry a couple—and the statutes clearly gave him that power—it followed that he could divorce them again. It is true that the law conferred the power of granting divorces on the higher court, but there was not a line in the "Statutes and By-laws" of the State of California which said that a Justice of the Peace should not have and exercise the same power; and until the Supreme Court decided against him, he meant to transact all that kind of business which fell in his way—and he did. The eldest Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, or at least the one longest in office, was by right the Chief Justice of that august tribunal, and he being the first in rank by priority of commission in old Tuolumne, was, as a matter of course, Chief Justice of the Peace of the county, and the other Justices ranked as Associate Justices of the Peace. Could any proposition be plainer than that to the legal mind? Certainly not! So he regarded it, and so he, for a time, at least, half coaxed, half bullied, his colleagues into believing. And this was not all. He was satisfied that a traveling pedlar, who took his goods right to everybody's door, could sell double the amount on the same capital that could be worked off by a merchant tied down to his own store, and the same rule would hold good in his own business. People might object or neglect to come all the way from a distant mining camp to Jimtown to patronize his court, but if his court followed the example vulgarly ascribed to Mohammed, and went to the Mountain, *i. e.*, to them, at stated intervals, the case might be different, and litigation would be made a convenient and easy, not to say popular, amusement for the entire community. Acting on this idea, he dubbed his court "The Circuit Justice's Court of Tuolumne County," and, accompanied by his constable and clerk, made periodical trips through all the mining camps, going down the Tuolumne river and returning up the Stanislaus, stopping at every bar, hearing all cases at shortest notice which came before him, and dealing out justice, plain or fancy, according to the wealth and social position of the litigants, as long as there were any complaints preferred, or there was even a moderately remote chance of his services being called for. Township lines were nothing to him; no pent-up Utica should contract his powers. Putting up a canvas for an awning, and setting out his table with pens, ink, paper and a few law books, ostentatiously displayed thereon, he would call out in a loud voice, "Oh, yis! Oh, yis! Oh, y–i·i i-s! This yere Honorable Circuit Justice's Court of Tuolumne County is now legally opened for transaction of bizness at Dead Man's Bar!" and then glancing around with an air of defiance which implied a readiness to make good his words at any sacrifice, adding, "an' any d—n man that says it ain't can jist settle it with *me* right yere!" A man of pluck and a "fightist from the word go," with his reputation in that line already well established, he seldom found anybody to contradict him, and for a long time he had it pretty much all his own way. But, as time wore on, and lawyers grew more numerous, trouble began to come upon him, as it is liable to come upon the worst of us. Colonel James, Major Hoyt, Sam Platt, and other refractory and unmanagable attorneys, badgered and worried the life nearly out of him. They caviled at his assumption of legal knowledge; questioned his claims to authority in many cases, and even denied the justice and legality of his decisions. The worst affliction came last on the list. A lawyer, familiarly known as "Old Put," with whom he had been on intimate terms for years, actually had the impudence to take an appeal to the County Court, and had one of his decisions reversed. That was the straw that broke the camel's back. Judge Hollowbarn, when the notice of the reversal of his decision was served upon him, was nearly prostrated by the shock, and for some days he hardly raised his head to respond when invited to drink. But in the end his strong and vigorous nature reasserted itself, and he rose equal to the emergency.

A few days after the occurrence of this disaster, Old Put had a case before him, and the Judge went in for even. In the face of the plain letter of the law, the testimony, and his own precedents, he decided squarely against Old Put's client. Then Put boiled over. Seating himself on the edge of the Judge's table, he shook his fist under the nose of the impersonation of the majesty of the law, and proceeded to relieve himself as follows:

"And so you derned old skeesicks, you have gone back on me, have you? Cuss you; haven't I winked at your iniquities; put up with your impudence; excused your ignorance; borne with your ill-temper, and furnished you with the best whisky and grub in camp for months and months? And now, you infernal old scoundrel, you propose to throw off on me! I'll have you broke as sure as my name is—"

"This yere Honorable Circuit Justice's Court for Tuolumne County is adjourned for five minutes, while I lick hell out of Old Put!" roared Judge Hollowbarn, as he sprang to his feet, fairly purple in the face, and gasping for breath in his rage, shucking himself on the instant, and going for Old Put like a double-action earthquake under full headway.

Old Put, surprised by the suddenness of the demonstration, sprang for the door, dextrously throwing a chair and a three-legged stool behind, Parthian-like, as he fled, and "lit out" for home on the double-quick. One of the stools got mixed up with the Judge's legs, and they went down together. Before they could disentangle themselves and the Judge had regained his feet, his friends, who knew well enough that Put had gone after his revolver, got round him and persuaded him to let the matter rest for the moment, having amply vindicated his honor by putting his insulting adversary to ignominious flight. The Judge was fain to follow their advice, but he determined in his heart to have his revenge.

Next day he was riding across the country when he suddenly come upon Old Put mounted on horseback like himself, and armed with a double-barreled shotgun as well as a revolver. The Judge took in the situation at a glance; there was no show for talking fight under the circumstances, but he had his legal remedy for his wrongs, and he determined to avail himself of it. Riding up to him, he demanded to know why he insulted him the day before.

"Because you deserved it, you infernal old scamp!"

"Well, look here, Put, I'll just convince you that you are damnably fooled if you think you can play me. *I jest fine you two hundred-and fifty dollars for contempt of court.*"

"You fine me for contempt of court? Why you natural born idiot, don't you know that your Court ain't in session, and you can't punish for contempt—either felt or expressed?"

"I can't, eh? Well, you jest see! I'll show a thing or two before I'm through with you!"

And they parted without saying good-bye, each going his way in wrath and bitterness of heart.

Next day the "Honorable Circuit Justice's court in and for the County of Tuolumne" was in session, and Old Put appeared for the plaintiff in a case, involving the possessory title to a piece of bottom land, on which an honest, rough and wholly unsophisticated son of Missouri, known as Pike, had been settled for a year or more cultivating vegetables, or "garden-truck," which he peddled around among the different mining camps. Some outsiders had jumped Pike's claim and held possession by force of arms in clear violation of right and law, and Pike had brought suit to eject them. When Put arose to open the case, he was promptly shut off by Judge Hollowbarn, who informed him that he was fined $250 for contempt of Court committed two days previously, and he could not say a word in that tribunal until the fine was paid. Old Put was in a towering rage, and he cursed and expostulated until he was black in the face, but justice personified by the Judge sat stern and imperturbable. Let the heathen rage; was he not strong in his position, and could he not smile at all attempts to brow-beat or convince him? Of course he was, and he did. Old Put, seeing that it was useless to attempt to argue the matter and determined not to be robbed, refused to come down with the money, and drew out of the case, advising Pike to substitute Major Hoyt as his counsel, and go on with the trial. Pike took his advice, went on with the case, proved as clear as the sunlight at mid-day that he was in the right, and then listened in blank astonishment to a decision in favor of his opponents from the Judge. Thereupon Pike and his counsel withdrew and talked the matter over outside. The decision was clearly an outrage, and in utter defiance of justice and the law; but what could they do? The Major advised an appeal and, Pike consenting, he returned and made in open court his notice to that effect.

"Not if this honorable court knows herself! That thing is played out. We don't allow any more appeals from this tribunal. That's our new rule, and we're goin' to stand by it every time after this," was the prompt and decided answer of the "Chief Justice." The astonished counsel attempted to argue the illegality of such a rule, but desisted on the threat of a fine for contempt of court, and, considerably crestfallen, withdrew again to consult with his client. Pike wanted to know if that was the end of the matter, and he must quietly submit to be ruined in that infamous way. The Major told him that there was but one way now left him to obtain a remedy, and as he knew that he, Pike, was a poor man, he feared that it would be too expensive for him. Pike said, "damn the expense," he wanted justice, and he would have it or die. "Well," said his counsel, "if you can give the requisite security and get a writ of *certiorari* from the County Court at Sonora, you can have the case carried up there and tried before a jury in spite of the old scoundrel."

"How much security, Major?"

"Well, double the value of the ground; say $800 in a bond, with two good sureties, or the amount in dust."

"And the other thing; what d'ye call it, Major?"

"Why, a *certiorari!*"

"A which?"

"A *certiorari!*"

Pike repeated the last phrase over several times, and in deep thought made his way to the nearest saloon and called for "whisky straight," of which he swallowed about half a pint, and then sat down to think it over. As the liquor, little by little, took effect on his brain, he saw his way clearer and clearer out of the legal muddle, and at last rising equal to the occasion, he started a little unsteadily to his feet, and made his way as straight as he was able to the court room. Entering the hall of justice with the light of coming triumph in his eyes, and calm determination depicted on his severely classic countenance, he advanced boldly to the Judge's table, and striking an imposing attitude, opened the campaign as follows:

"Well, Judge, I've talked this yere matter over with my li-yer, an' he 'vises me that if I can give the security an' perduce a sasherarer, I kin hev this yere case carried up ter Sonora in spite of yer!"

"Yes, Pike, if you think it will pay, and you ain't satisfied with my decision, I s'pose you can do it, but all I can say is, I've decided 'cordin' to law, and tried to do you justice, and you'll find that out when you have spent what money you have got in lawin' it, and feeing these infernal thievin' lawyers."

"Never yer mind what I'll spend, nor what you've tried ter do fur me, Judge; what I want ter know is, *will the security on a sasherarer do it?*"

"Of course it'll do it; but, as I was sayin'—"

"That'il do, Judge! Yer infernal old skunk, I've just got yer this time whar the har's short, you bet!" Here he drew a large buckskin bag of gold-dust from his pocket, and slapped it on the table with one hand, while with the other he dexterously pulled from its scabbard from behind him his huge army-sized Colt's revolver, swung it over his head, cocking it as he did so, and bringing it down with a heavy thud on the table, with the muzzle pointing directly in the line of the Judge's diaphragm. "Thar's my security, an' dern yer connubiating old gizzard, WHAR'S MY SASHERARER?"

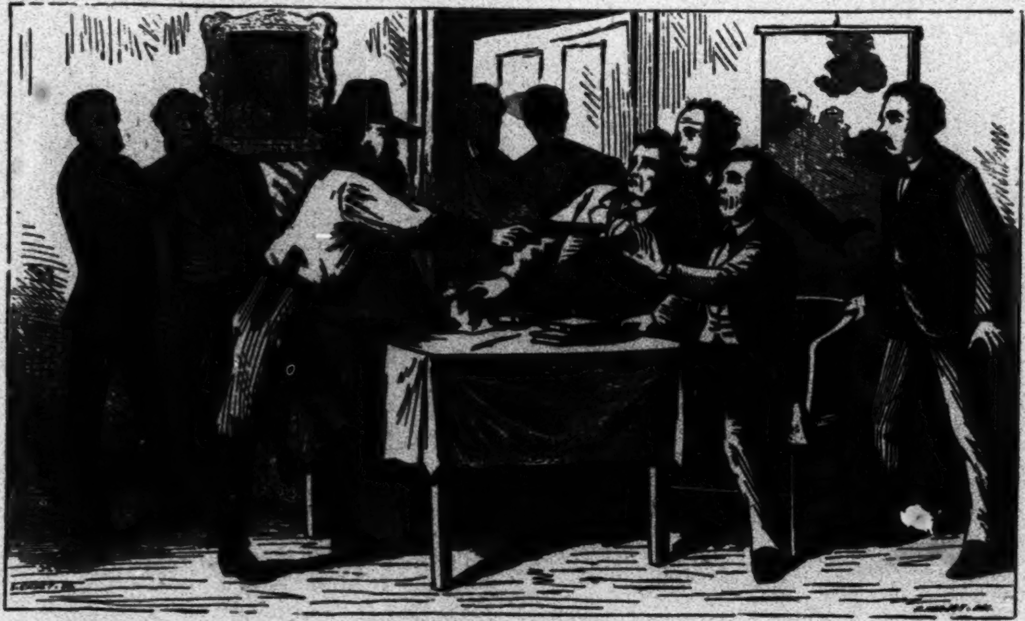
The Judge was no coward, but he took one good look at the revolver pointing directly at his vitals, with its six chambers filled to the end with powder and lead, raised his eyes to Pike's face, and saw deadly determination in every curve and line and wrinkle, and—he weakened.

"'Tain't no use of our quarreling, Pike; you can take an appeal this time!"

"Oh, I kin, kin I? Well, fer fear of anythin' happenin' ter make yer disremember it, yer kin jist pass them ar papers rite over heyer this minnit, an' the thing'll be settled!"

And Pike, as good as his word, stood there covering the Judge with his "sasherarer" at full cock, until the clerk made out the document without any unnecessary verbiage, you may be sure; and they were duly signed by his Honor with slightly unsteady hand, and passed over to him. The precedent established in this case was ruinous to Judge Hollowbarn. He never fully recovered from the shock; and other summary proceedings following thick and fast upon it, he soon after threw up the judicial sponge, retired from the field, and drifted away from the sight—almost from the memory as well—of the dwellers in Old Tuolumne, going, none knew or cared where, to seek the obscurity he was so well fitted to adorn.

Sometimes the sentiment of the community was divided between a preference for summary justice as administered by Judge Lynch, and respect for the majesty of the law, as embodied in the legally constituted courts. In such cases a compromise was usually agreed upon, a trial taking place with all the forms of the written law, but under the direction of Judge Lynch. When our friend from Old Tuolumne had finished his story of the Honorable Circuit Justice's Court, Col. Charles W. Crocker, now of the



A FORCIBLE ARGUMENT.

Oregon *Bulletin*, who has knocked around the Pacific Coast in all its highways and byways for many a year, and studied the character and peculiarities of its people as closely as any man living, chipped in and gave us, in his own peculiar and characteristic style, a story of the doings of himself and companions in the summary justice line, in the days when they had "peart times on Rabbit Creek:

The bustle among the inhabitants of La Porte, the principal mining camp on Rabbit Creek, as observed through the silvery gray atmosphere which encircled the town on the morning of the 19th of March, 1852, indicated that something unusual was on the tapis. Red-shirted men, whose faces were covered with shaggy beards, whose hair fell in tangled disorder over their shoulders, and who wore their pantaloons stuffed into the top of their boots; who carried revolvers and huge bowie knives in their belts, and constantly puffed volumes of smoke from their lips, were to be seen going from one saloon to another, or stopping for a moment on the only street of which the town could boast, for the purpose of shaking hands with some old acquaintance or exchanging a few words. The very atmosphere seemed to impress even the most casual observer that something more than the usual dull routine of a mining camp life was about to transpire.

Four long weary months had dragged themselves by since the snow came down upon Rabbit Creek Cañon, and put an end to all out-door operations of the miners. For four months the little town had been cut off from all communication with its neighbors. The earth was buried deep beneath the white shroud which had so silently fallen upon it. The creek was bound in fetters of ice, and the piercing blast from the trumpet of rude Boreas, who sat amongst the crags high up the Sierras, had come down through the cañons and gulches with a keenness that made them cut like a razor, and kept everybody within doors. Four months had elapsed since a mail had been received, and during all of that time the inhabitants of the camp had eaten their food, made snow-shoes, and waited patiently for news from the outer world.

A slight thaw, followed by a severe "cold snap," occurring a few days before the opening of my sketch, had formed a thick crust upon the snow. This crust being sufficiently strong to support the heaviest man, its advent was hailed with universal delight, because it enabled the miners to get abroad. The reader may rest assured that after having been held in snowy fetters so long, the residents were only too glad to visit the town, where they could spend a few hours in the drinking-saloons and stores in talking over the prospects of the coming season, or visit the gambling-house and indulge their passion for gaming—a passion that existed in the breast of nearly every miner in California during the five years following the advent of the mining population.

The gamblers, those who dealt faro, monte, and other games of chance, and who followed no other occupation, were delighted with the change. For weeks it had been "dog eat dog" with them, and now the prospect of having a few outsiders to fleece was a source of great gratification. In order to celebrate the event they had clubbed together, raised a purse of a thousand dollars, and offered it as a prize to the person who could make the quickest time on snow-shoes over a track to be designated by a committee. The contest was to be free to all who chose to engage in it; and it was to witness this race that so many of the hardy sons of toil came into La Porte, and their arrival in the village had caused the bustle alluded to in the opening paragraph.

La Porte, at the time of which we write, consisted of half a dozen saloons, where liquor was sold and games of chance played, two or three stores where groceries, mining tools, etc., were kept on hand, a couple of blacksmith shops, a shoe shop, and a hotel. It was as flourishing a camp as could be found in the mines; and the miners on Rabbit Creek were as industrious and thrifty as any in California.

The miners as they came into the town on the morning referred to, would drop into a saloon, exchange a few words with the inmates, take a drink or two, and then go to another saloon, where the proceedings would be repeated. Upon the countenance of every one could be observed a look which indicated relief from confinement, a determination to enjoy the day, and a sort of I-don't-care-for-anything appearance generally.

The attention of a group of persons standing in front of the hotel was attracted to a man who was descending the hill, at the foot of which the town was built. He was a tall, raw-boned man of about thirty years of age; although his stooping shoulders and swinging gait gave him the appearance of being much smaller than he really was.

There was something in the movement of the man to attract attention, and as he drew nearer and a better view of his features were obtained, the broad, high forehead and piercing nut-brown eyes indicated that he was a man equal to any emergency, and one who could upon occasion wield a powerful force for good or evil amongst his acquaintances.

Gabe Husker, for such was the name of the person who had become the centre of attraction, was the owner of a valuable mine a couple of miles above the town. It was generally thought he had a large amount of gold dust hidden away; and this belief being shared by the gamblers, they had made numberless efforts to induce him to play, but so far without success. In fact Gabe had no love for gaming, nor liking for those who managed games of chance. He regarded all gamblers as thieves, and was no way bashful in speaking his sentiments. The gamesters, however, refused to be insulted by him, because they hoped ultimately to be able to succeed in their designs, when they would be avenged for all the insults he had ever given them.

"Times are right peart on Rabbit Creek, ain't they?" asked Gabe, as he entered one of the saloons, where a number of persons were standing in front of a long counter, waiting for drinks that were being prepared by the bar-keeper.

"Hello, Gabe, is that you? I'm dern glad to see you!" "How's things out in the hill?" "Many of the boys comin' down to-day?" "By jingo, yon look sorter blue round the gills; come up and name yer ruin," exclaimed a dozen voices, and as many hands were extended to welcome the new arrival.

Amongst those welcoming Gabe was Hank Seymour, the owner of one of the most valuable claims on the creek—a good natured fellow, whose worst enemy was his appetite; who never visited the town without getting drunk, and, when in that condition, and unfit for any business, visiting the gambling-houses and losing heavily. He had been one of the first to arrive on the morning alluded to, and had immediately commenced drinking.

"Thank yer; 'blieve I will wet my sofergrass with a mite of Kaintuck wine. It's powerful good for a steady drink; a miserable sight better nor champagne and absence; sticks closer to yer ribs, and don't leave no headache behind. Then, again, it's a home production, and I allers allow that a man as don't patternize home products ain't worth shucks. So, barkeep, yer may jiss pass over yer corn-juice!"

"Will you take bitters or sugar, sir?"

"Sugar or bitters in liquor? Not by a derned sight! When I drink liquor I drink it for itself, and not for bitters or other adjunctifications. I sorter imagine that yer don't reckon I'm from Pike county, Missouri, or you wouldn't ask me if I drank sugar or bitters in my liquor! No sir-ee, Bob! I allers drinks my liquor straight!"

A bottle was placed before him. Pouring a glass nearly full, Gabe raised it in his hand, held it between the light and his eye, and after gazing at it affectionately for a few moments, said:

"Here's to we uns; may we all have heaps of luck and water when the winter breaks."

"We'll all drink to that!" exclaimed the miners as they raised the glasses to their lips and poured the liquid fire down their throats.

"As I remarked, when I first came in, times are right peart on Rabbit Creek, ain't they?'

"Yes, sorter, kind o' peart," responded one of the group. "The fact is, times has been infernally dull for a long while, and 'twas necessary for to do something to bust the shell. Things having got a boost, there is a right smart chance of peartness goin' on."

The speaker was the proprietor of a faro game, who, being anxious to cultivate Mr. Husker's acquaintance, sought to improve the occasion. He was a large-framed, bull-necked, dark-eyed, scowling-countenanced fellow, known by the name of Chadwick, who, rumor declared, had, since his advent into California, killed one or two men and robbed a great many others, but during his residence on Rabbit Creek he had conducted himself in a manner to give no offense. His features were marked with several deep scars, which gave evidence of his having participated in many a desperate combat, while the bowie-knife and revolver in his belt indicated that he was prepared for war at any moment.

By eleven o'clock between three and four hundred miners had assembled in the town, and all were more or less under the influence of liquor. The gamblers, after treating all hands until they began to show symptoms of inebriation, opened their little games and commenced winning the money of those who were foolish enough to play. Around each table could be seen a crowd of hardy fellows betting their hard-earned dust, and indulging in rude jests and boisterous laughter. The harsh oaths that would occasionally escape from the lips of some of the players, gave evidence that luck could not prevail against scientific attainments in the art of cheating, and that the gamblers were making hay while the sun shone.

After the noon-day meal had been disposed of, the committee of arrangements set to work to arrange the preliminaries for the snow-shoe race. Judges, time-keepers, referees, starters, etc., were appointed, rules established, and everything fixed in consonance with the ideas of the majority of the committee. Then those who were to take part in the contest were notified to appear at the starting-post. The judges took their positions; those who had been absorbed in gambling forsook the tables, and sought places from whence a good view of the race could be had.

When the hour for starting arrived the signal was given, and the contestants bounded off with the speed of lightning. At the last moment a woman appeared upon the scene and started with the others. She was evidently an expert in the use of the snow-shoes, and passed several of the contestants during the first hundred yards. Those who were watching the race became fearfully excited, and whenever the woman would succeed in passing one of the racers, they would make the welkin ring with their shouts of joy and encouragement.

"Who is she?" was asked on all sides, but no one answered the question.

It is not my intention to give a description of the snow-shoe race, nor to paint a picture of the exciting contest. I only allude to it for the purpose of giving the reader a clue to what is yet to come. The race was soon over, and was won by the mysterious female, who had been materially aided by the wind catching in the skirts of her dress.

Perhaps her success may partially have been caused by the gallantry of the other contestants, who thought it would be ungentlemanly to beat a woman. But of this we cannot speak knowingly.

There were but two or three females on Rabbit Creek at the time of which we write, and consequently great curiosity prevailed to learn which one had entered the lists and carried off the prize, and no sooner had the contestants crossed the home mark than the crowd rushed forward and surrounded them.

"Who is she?" cried a dozen voices, the owners of which were pushing with might and main to get a glimpse of the lady's features.

The victor threw back the bonnet and veil that covered and concealed her features, and revealed the face of a man, bearded like a pard.

"Oh, pshaw! 'taint no woman, after all!" exclaimed

Hank Seymour, as he elbowed his way from the center of the circle.

"Then who in thunder is it?" asked one who was using his best efforts to get a sight of the champion.

"Well I'm danged ef that ar woman don't turn out to be Jim Wilkinham, who lives over on t'other side of the hill," said Gabe Husker, whose curiosity appeared to have been satisfied. "Jim has been playing roots on the boys, and is a thousand dollars better off fur havin' done so. But dog me ef I don't think the race ought to be run over agin. I wouldn't stand being cheated that way ef I was one of 'em."

At this moment fierce, angry words were heard within the circle. Several persons appeared to be taking part in the dispute, and again the crowd pressed forward to see what was the matter. Suddenly the sharp report of a pistol rang out, and the crowd which had formed the circle fled pell-mell. Turning quickly, Husker saw that a murder had been committed. The winner of the purse was lying motionless upon the snow, while the blood, pouring in a stream from a wound in his bosom, was rapidly crimsoning the ground. The bullet had passed through his heart, and death had been instantaneous. A few feet distant stood Chadwick, coolly returning his revolver to its resting-place in the scabbard which hung over his hip.

"What in hell have yer been a doing?" yelled Husker as he jumped toward the murderer.

"Bin a givin' a dern skunk his deserts. No dang dead-beat can ever git any of my money by such a fraud upon the community as this one. I go fur all sich, every time, you bet!"

"I guess we'll have to go fur you," said Husker, as he laid his hand upon the shoulder of the murderer.

"Don't you lay yer hands on me, or by the holy St. Paul I'll put daylight through you," yelled the gambler as he leaped back and made a motion as if to draw a weapon.

"That's played out, and it won't be remarkably healthy fur you to attempt to draw yer weapons on old Gabe. He has fit too many grizzlies to be afeard of such a catamount as you. Ef you surrender yerself into custody, I'll see that you have a fair, square trial, but ef you make a dern fool of yerself, you'll go up the flume without judge or jury."

"I don't propose to have you interfere in my affairs, and I guess I'll prepare you for a funeral," cried the gambler, as he drew his pistol and pointed it at Gabe.

Before the desperado had time to pull the trigger, his arms were beaten down and he was seized from behind by some of the miners, who soon overpowered and securely bound him, hand and foot, and carried him into the tavern, around the door of which a number of excited persons instantly collected. Some proposed to satisfy the ends of justice by hanging the prisoner at once, but Gabe, who appeared to have been intuitively accepted as a leader, declared that the fair name of the Rabbit Creekers should not be tarnished by acts of lawlessness.

The prisoner, notwithstanding that he was bound hand and foot, and entirely at the mercy of his captors, was as cool and collected as if he was seated behind his gambling-table, shuffling cards for a lot of greenhorns. He would sneeringly address those who were crying out for his life, and say:

"You dern fools are a-wastin' of yer breaths. Yer can't hang me. 'Tain't in the cards. I wasn't born to be hung. So 'tain't no use making a fuss about sich a little matter, and you'd be making money ef you'd stop botherin' me."

"What makes you think there is no danger of our hanging you?" asked one of those who had been stationed as guard over the prisoner.

"'Cause when I was born'd, the stars showed that I was to be drownded."

"May be the stars will fail."

"They can't. They have shone in the heavens ever since the creation, and will remain thar until the end of time; so 'tis impossible for 'em to fail."

"We'll see about it after a while."

The question of how the prisoner should be tried was a difficult one to settle. There was no regularly instituted court nearer than Marysville, and to send him there and await the law's delays would cost too much money, occupy too much time, and be certain to result in the prisoner's escaping merited punishment. After the subject had been thoroughly canvassed in all its bearings, it was decided to organize a court, and have the trial take place immediately. Gabe Husker was chosen judge, another miner sheriff; a jury was then selected to try the prisoner, and sworn by the judge to perform their duties to the best of their ability. A person who had witnessed the shooting volunteered to act as prosecuting attorney, and a gambler who had been a friend of the prisoner was sent for to appear and conduct the defense.

In response to the summons, the latter entered the room where the court was being held, and seated himself beside the prisoner. His eyes no sooner rested on the faces of those chosen as jurors than he felt that the fate of his client was decided, and, though he labored ever so hard, he would be unable to accomplish anything.

The preliminaries having been arranged, Judge Husker took a seat upon the table, and directed the sheriff to declare the court open for business.

"Oh, yes! Oh, yes! All ye are hereby notified that this court is now open for the trial of David Chadwick for the high crime of murder. All assembled will take notice, and govern themselves accordingly," cried the sheriff.

A few moments' confusion followed this announcement, during which the crowd endeavored to secure seats or favorable positions from which to observe the proceedings. Silence having been secured, the judge said:

"This 'ere honorable court is now open for the trial of a person accused of the murder of a human being. I find myself in a peculiar situation, and must own that I have some misgivings of my ability to discharge the duties of that position. But I'll try my level best to be equal to the occasion. We are away up here in the mountains whar we hain't got no Californy law, therefore I propose to put it to a vote whether we shall try the prisoner by Lynch law or Missouri law. I hold in my hand a copy of the Constitution and By-Laws of the State of Missouri, which are good enough law for me, and ought to be good enough for any one. It will look better abroad ef we try the prisoner by real law than by Lynch law, consequently I'm in favor of usin' Missouri law on this trial; but having been elected judge by you, I shall be governed entirely by your decision.

"Your head is level, you bet, Judge," cried one of the spectators.

"Now all that is in favor of trying the prisoner by Missouri law say yes," continued his Honor.

A tremendous "yes" went up from the throats of the assembled multitude, the prisoner voting in the affirmative, and saying:

"I like Missouri law better than Lynch law, 'cause you see real law has a restrainin' influence onto the jurors."

"You have decided that this trial shall be governed by real law," continued the Court. "I think it would be doin' the neat thing ef some one would heft up a prayer as a sort o' starter. Ef any of you have had experience in wrestling with the Lord, I hope you won't be backward about volunteerin.' Tom Rayburn, yer father was an old prayer fighter; can't you give us a heft?"

"No, thank you, Judge; the old man consumed all the prayer there was in our family, and didn't leave any for his boys."

"Bill Gillam, you used to 'tend meetin' afore you come to Californy; what do you say?"

"Raly, Gabe, yer Honor, ef yer please, I don't feel ekal to the task."

After calling upon several others with like results, Gabe knelt down and offered up a fervent but homely petition to the Throne of Grace for guidance during the trial. He prayed that the hearts of the jurors might be softened towards the accused, so that they might judge the prisoner at the bar justly, and deal with him rightly. He pleaded for courage to perform the disagreeable duty that had been imposed on him, and closed with an appeal for mercy for him whose hands were yet warm with the blood of a fellow-being.

"I say, Judge, let's have something to drink afore we go any further with this ere show," said the prisoner; "that dern long prayer of yourn has made me feel as dry as a tinder-box."

"Well, I don't keer ef I do take a little tarantaler juice to make things run smooth," replied the Court.

The sheriff, without waiting for orders, hastened to fetch the liquors and some glasses from the bar. His Honor and the prisoner took a drink together, the latter saying:

"I drink to the success of yer show; now go ahead and get through with this dern nonsense. I want to get back to my game."

The sheriff was going to remove the bottle, when his Honor stopped him, saying, "This ere will probably be trying work, and I guess you had better leave the liquor, I may want some more of it."

The trial was then commenced, and conducted with perfect fairness. A number of witnesses testified to the shooting; in fact, the prisoner himself declared to the jury that he had killed the miner, and gave as a reason for having done so, that he had fooled everybody by putting on woman's clothing, exciting their curiosity, and swindling those engaged in the race. For his part, he thought "any dern skunk as would humbug a whole mining camp deserved to have a bullet-hole bored through his diaphragm."

After the testimony had been taken, the case was summed up in short speeches by the counsel and submitted to the jury. A whispered conversation for a few moments followed, and then the verdict was announced. The prisoner had been found guilty of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to be hanged by the neck until he was dead.

"I'll bet any man in the room five to one that I am not hanged until I am dead," coolly remarked the prisoner, when the verdict was rendered.

"I'll take you for a half-dozen ounces," replied the foreman of the jury, who was none other than our old friend, Hank Seymour, "fur it's the only time I ever had a dead thing on you. And now, my dying friend, let me give you a little advice. Select the spot you want to buried in, and engage your undertaker."

"Thank you for your advice, but I guess it hain't waxed warmer as it got nearer the landing. At last a bet of five dollars was offered that no man had jumped overboard, and a taker was found at once; had the first party offered to bet that a man did jump overboard, number two would have been equally ready to bet the other way. The money was placed in the hands of the bar-keeper, and left there until he should decide who won. Next day it was discovered that A. Marius Chappelle, at one time one of the wealthiest men in San Francisco, impelled by the fear of becoming insane—a fear which was the effect of insanity itself—had loaded himself down with old iron, jumped overboard and gone immediately to the bottom of the bay, never to rise again alive, he having left letters on shore announcing his determination to drown himself. The money was paid over to the winner on this discovery being made known.

A man known as "Little Zeke" applied one day for a position on the police force of San Francisco. His appearance at the police office was the signal for a regular burst of laughter. His face had called up a ludicrous reminiscence of old times. Some years ago an animated contest was going on between Frank Whitney and James Nuttman for the office of Chief Engineer of the Fire Department, and the present applicant for the silver star was an excited and deeply devoted partisan of the latter. Little Zeke was in a saloon where Whitney had his headquarters, late in the evening of election day, pretty well panned out and deeply dejected, but still clinging to the hope of his friend's election, as a drowning kitten will cling to a stick. There was a rush at the door, and a friend of Whitney, half breathless, crowded in and announced that Frank was elected. At that, Little Zeke, struggling wonderfully to suppress the sobs which rose in his throat and would choke his utterance in spite of him, exclaimed:

"Well, boys, I (sob) am dead busted—have treated away all my money, *but this eye cost* (sob) *fifty dollars* (sob, sob), *and I'll put that up agin twenty-five that Jim Nuttman wins, after all!*"

As he said that, he ran his finger under his glass eye, and slipping it out of the socket, laid it defiantly down on the counter, glaring around at the crowd with a single optic and an unsightly hole in his head. One of the opposition was just hauling out his money to see Little Zeke on the glass eye bet, when one of Nuttman's friends came in and said: "We give it up—Jim's beaten!" Whereupon, Little Zeke snatched up his eye, slipped it back into the socket, and started out on the run, while yells of laughter from the crowd made the building fairly shake.

Such are some of the eccentricities of Californians.

any use to take it, for I tell you that I'll be riding over these mountains when your bones are bleaching in the wind."

"Ef you do ride over these hills after to-day, it will be as a first-class ghost, for you will be a dead man in an hour from now."

At this moment Gabe Husker approached the prisoner and said: "I hope you'll 'scuze me for the part I've taken in this matter, and b'lieve that I've only done my dooty to my feller-citizens. You have had a fair trial, 'cording to the by-laws of Missouri, and I hope the decision is agreeable to you."

"I hain't got nothing to say agin it; it's all been conducted on the square; nary Jack was turned from the bottom. I am satisfied with everything so far. But you'll be doing me a favor if you'll hurry up matters a little and get through with it. I am anxious to get back to my game. I'm losin' a heap of money through the dern foolishness of you fellers."

"You had better be puttin' your cards in order for a game in the other world, 'cause you'll soon be a lay-out for the devil," remarked a bystander.

"May be you have something to bet that my lamp goes out to-day?"

"Yes, I have."

"Look here, Dave, you are making a dern fool of yourself," exclaimed the gambler, who had acted as the prisoner's counsel. "You are a bettin' agin yerself. The fust thing you know you'll have so many bets out that these fellers will lift you outen the world fur to win their bets. My advice to you is to prepare to shuffle. 'Tain't no use lookin' at fate with your eyes shut. These fellers mean business, and hav got it in fur you."

"You are mistaken in your knowledge of the game of human natur. Thar ain't goin' to be no hangin' so far as I'm consarned. Dog on it, hain't I told yer that a fortune-teller read it in the stars that I was born'd to be drownded; and, if I am to be drownded, I can't be hanged!"

"I'm afeard the fortune-teller had lost the run of the cards when he told you that. Thar ain't no chance for yer neck now."

The sheriff, accompanied by several men who had been erecting a gallows under a tree, which grew near by, now entered and took charge of the prisoner, whom they conducted to the scene where the last act of the drama was to be played. The preliminaries were quickly made, the rope placed around the neck of the doomed man, and when everything was in readiness, the prisoner was asked if he had anything to say before he was launched into eternity.

"This 'ere joke has gone fur enough, and as my feet are gettin' cold, I wish you would wind it up. I'm tired of bein' fooled with."

The sheriff now addressed the prisoner, saying: "You have been tried according to the laws of the State of Missouri; you have been found guilty, and the time for the execution of the sentence of the Court has arrived. I, therefore, must proceed to perform my dooty."

"I say, hold on. I appeal this 'ere case to the Supreme Court of Missouri," said the prisoner, "and you can't carry out the sentence until after the appeal has been decided."

This change in the aspect of affairs somewhat staggered the crowd, and delayed the execution a short while. Judge Husker was called upon to give his views upon the case, and did so, as follows:

"The prisoner was tried by Missouri law, found guilty, and sentenced to death by the law; and thar cannot be a doubt about his right to appeal to the Supreme Court of Missouri. So fur so good. But courts are always in the habit of goin' on until the Supreme Court issues its mandamus stayin' perceedin's. Therefore the sentence of this court will be carried out, unless properly stayed by a mandamus. Ef the perceedin's ain't reg'lar, they can be reviewed when the case reaches the higher court."

The decision of his Honor was received with a shout, the prisoner said, "all right, go ahead." The sheriff gave the signal and the trap was sprung. The rope broke, letting the murderer drop in the snow beneath the scaffold. He struggled to his feet, returned to the scaffold, and looking over the crowd, said:

"Thar, didn't I tell yer that I couldn't be hung? I claim my bets. Now, gentlemen, as this show is over, I thank you for your kind attendance, and all of you as has got any money and wants a lay-out at faro, just foller me and I'll give you a lively game."

He turned to leave the scaffold, when he was met by the sheriff, who held in his hand a much stronger rope than the one first used. This was soon knotted about the neck of the victim, who looked at the rope and then at the faces surrounding him, but failed to see any sympathy for him.

"See here, gentlemen," said he, "this 'ere thing has become serious, and before you make another pull, give me time to change my bets. I'll copper the fortune-teller this time, and play him to lose, 'cause I b'leeve you fellers can call the turn."

He stopped speaking, waived his hand to the Sheriff as a signal to proceed, and in a moment more the unfortunate man was standing in the presence of Him who judgeth all things.

"Times *are* right peart on Rabbit Creek," said Hank Seymour to Gabe Husker, as they turned to leave the scene of execution.

"Yes, right peart," was the reply.

At this point the doctor, who had apparently been asleep for the last hour, rolled over in his blankets and, with a yawn, inquired:

"And how long did you remain on Rabbit Creek after all that took place, Don Carlos?"

"Oh, not long; I left the next day, I believe."

"Well, that is just what I'd have advised you to do if I'd been there."

"So would anybody else if they knew you were practicing your profession there, and I ran any risk of requiring medical advice. It is a pity that many of your patients don't have somebody to give them the same advice in season to be of use to them!"

Charley evidently took the doctor's attempted pleasantry a little ungraciously, and the subject was dropped.

This reprehensible propensity for betting on every possible subject is a peculiarity of California, and crops out distinctly on all occasions. Your genuine Californian, whether of Spanish origin and to the manner born, or Yankee by habit and only a son of the Golden State by adoption, has two peculiarities which strike a stranger most forcibly, next to his pardonable admiration for everything Californian, and, as a matter of course, contempt for anything which is not. He is perfectly cosmopolitan in his sympathy for misfortune, want, or suffering, and ready to give on the instant with reckless liberality, to any person or cause appealing to him for assistance, and is ever ready to bet his last dollar, the shirt off his back, or the boots off his feet, for or against any proposition on any subject which any person may advance in his hearing. Say to him, "Mrs. Smith, who has seven fatherless children, lost her house by fire last night," and he answers, "That is all I want to hear, bet your life, old boy! Here is all the loose change I have got about me; but if you cannot make up enough, come again and I'll give you a check!" Does he ride in a stage-coach over the Sierra Nevada, and in turning a short curve it misses stays and goes over the precipice—a by no means uncommon occurrence—he improves the opportunity as the vehicle goes crashing over the rocks, to shout in his neighbor's ear, "I go you the drinks for all hands, that over half of us ain't killed!" This betting is confined to no class or race; it pervades society from its out-croppings on the surface down to the bed-rock. It appears to be inherent in the air. Juan, the native Californian or Mexican, bets his week's earnings in the mine on the color of the seeds of a watermelon which he bought for a dime, on the result of a break-neck race between two wild mustangs, ridden by two wilder *vaqueros*, on the issue of a cock-fight, or the turn of a card, loses, and is happy. John, from the Celestial Empire, bets his money, earned by the hardest kind of hard work, on the game of "Than," or "Tan," or on the Chinese game of dominoes. Jonathan, from "away down east," loses all regard for his early schooling, and bets his pile on anything, no matter how absurd.

The native Indians are as fond of betting as the native or imported Californian of Caucasian blood. Once upon a time I found myself on the bank of the Colorado River, among the stalwart Mojaves, the largest and finest race of Indians on the continent. An old sub-chief had traded with a gold hunter for a Spanish jackass, known as a *buro* in Spanish-American countries, and was riding him up and down the river-bank in great state, as full of new-born dignity as the King of all the Mosquitoes, when he mounts a new breech-clout, and is saluted as "His Royal Highness, the good friend and ally of Her Majesty, Victoria, by the grace of God," etc., etc. Unluckily, at the moment of his supreme happiness, a fellow Mojave dared him to play a game of the swindling cribbage with Spanish cards, so much affected by the red sons of the burning desert. The banter was accepted, down went both parties on their bellies in the dirt, a ring of admiring spectators was formed, and the game commenced. My chief lost, and in an instant loud jeers arose on all sides; they resemble "Melican man" astonishingly, and have no sympathy for the man who gets cleaned out. Without a word, and with a face as impassive and devoid of expression of any kind as a side of sole-leather, the grim old warrior arose and walked to the spot where the *buro* was tied. Taking the cord in his hand, he solemnly lead the diminutive animal to his new owner and formally delivered him. Thus much for his word, but now for revenge for insulted dignity. As the winner stretched out his hand and took the rope, the loser, quick as lightning, drew a long, sharp knife, and at one blow cut through the *buro's* neck, and dropped him in his tracks, "as dead as Kelsey's hen," then turned away in gloomy silence and sought his first and ugliest wife, doubtless with the intention of giving her a good drubbing on general principles.

I had at that moment a fragmentary suit of clothes in which I had just crossed the desert. The shirt was of many colors—mostly of earthen hue—and the collar was as stiff with sweat and dust as a piece of sheet-iron. The drawers had once been of woollen goods, and had a seat to them, but from contact with the saddle and the great heat of the atmosphere, had done their work, and there was a frightful vacancy where the seat had been. The socks were pretty much of a piece with the shirt, and the cravat ditto. A fit of generosity came over me. I had donned a new suit of under-clothing, and the old one was worthless; I could afford to be liberal. Calling a young buck, I bade him strip himself, put the shirt, drawers—what there was left of them—socks and neck-tie upon him, turned the collar of the shirt up so that it reached nearly to the top of his head, and then turned him loose. I saw him going down to the encampment or *rancheria* all right, with two buxom squaws following admiringly behind him, the condition of his drawers being no draw-back on his appearance in that society. I felt that I had done a noble thing and made a fellow-creature happy. Judge of my surprise, not to say disgust, when I came back an hour later and found him stretched at full length on the dusty earth, playing cards for the various articles of clothing I had bestowed upon him, with a hump-backed squaw and two gallant young bloods belonging to the first families of the Mojaves. They had played everything off him but the neck-tie when I arrived, and, clad in that light and airy costume only, he was then gambling for that, with a fair chance of losing. I almost felt like giving him a new rig, but did not on reflection.

I was once walking along one of the streets of that part of San Francisco most expressively known as the Barbary Coast, where "pirates, rovers and assailing thieves" most do congregate to prey upon the unwary, in company with a friend, a well-known physician, when we heard a shot, and saw a man bareheaded and in his shirt-sleeves run out of a house and dash into an alley, pursued by a crowd of policemen and citizens who chanced to be in the vicinity, all joining with a will in the chase. The pursued ran like a deer, turned and doubled on his pursuers, and climbed fences, and went over low buildings into all sorts of out-of-the-way places to escape, but in vain. At every turn his pursuers increased in number, and he was constantly headed off and more nearly cornered. Several times a policeman raised his revolver to bring him down, but did not fire—for a wonder—lest he should hit somebody else; and as often the pursued would drive back his volunteer pursuers who were closing around him, by pointing at them a pistol, with one barrel of which he had just shot his ex-mistress through the head, and shouting to them to keep out of reach or he would give them the contents. Surrounded at last, he sat down in an area, placed his head against a fence, and putting the pistol to his head, sent a bullet crashing through his skull, before a policeman who was hard upon him could catch his hand. The doctor and myself were in the area in a minute more, and two men who had followed him in all his turnings were close behind us. The doctor stooped to raise the head of the miserable suicide, just as one of these men exclaimed, "He is dead as a mackerel!" "Hold on, doctor, don't touch him yet!" said the other, reaching out to prevent the doctor's hand falling upon him, and then turning to his friend, "I'll bet you $5 that he ain't!" "Done!" said the other. "Is he dead, doctor?" "Dead as the bull-rushes around little Moses!" was the doctor's reply. "Here is your money. Blame me, I never could win, even when I bet on a dead thing!" said the loser with a grim pleasantry, as he turned away.

The writer was riding once on the Cliff House road on a pet mustang which, when pushed, would win a race or kill somebody in the attempt. A friend came up on a livery-stable nag which he fancied had speed in him, and said to me, "I have got an animal here that can beat yours!" Another acquaintance standing near, who knew both animals, replied on the instant, "When, where, how far, and for how much?" The race was made inside of half a minute by the reply, "Now, here, a mile, and for twenty dollars." I afterwards had some of that money.

In the latter part of 1867, the ferry steamer *Washoe* was crossing the Bay of San Francisco to Oakland just at night-fall, when a passenger who had been watching a suspiciously-acting man, thinking him probably a thief, saw him creep stealthily to the stern of the boat, look around to see if he was watched, and then jump overboard. The cry, "man overboard!" was raised in an instant, the steamer stopped, and a boat was lowered to look for the drowning man. He could not be seen in the water, and the man who raised the cry was accused by somebody of selling the crowd; he had not seen anybody jump overboard at all. He swore he had, and would lick any man who said he did not. He found an individual ready to accept the proposition, and licked his man. The boat started on, and the discussion